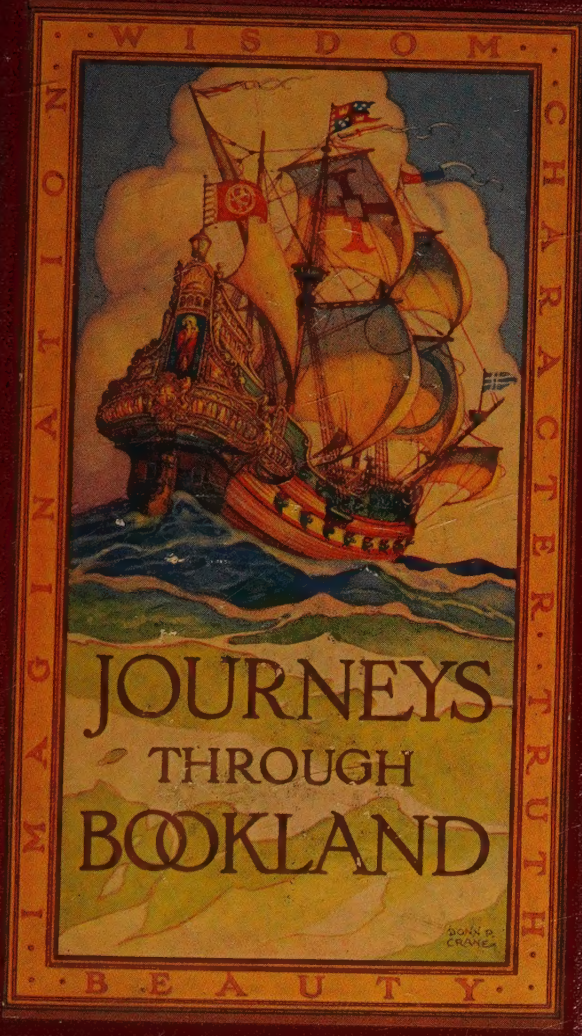
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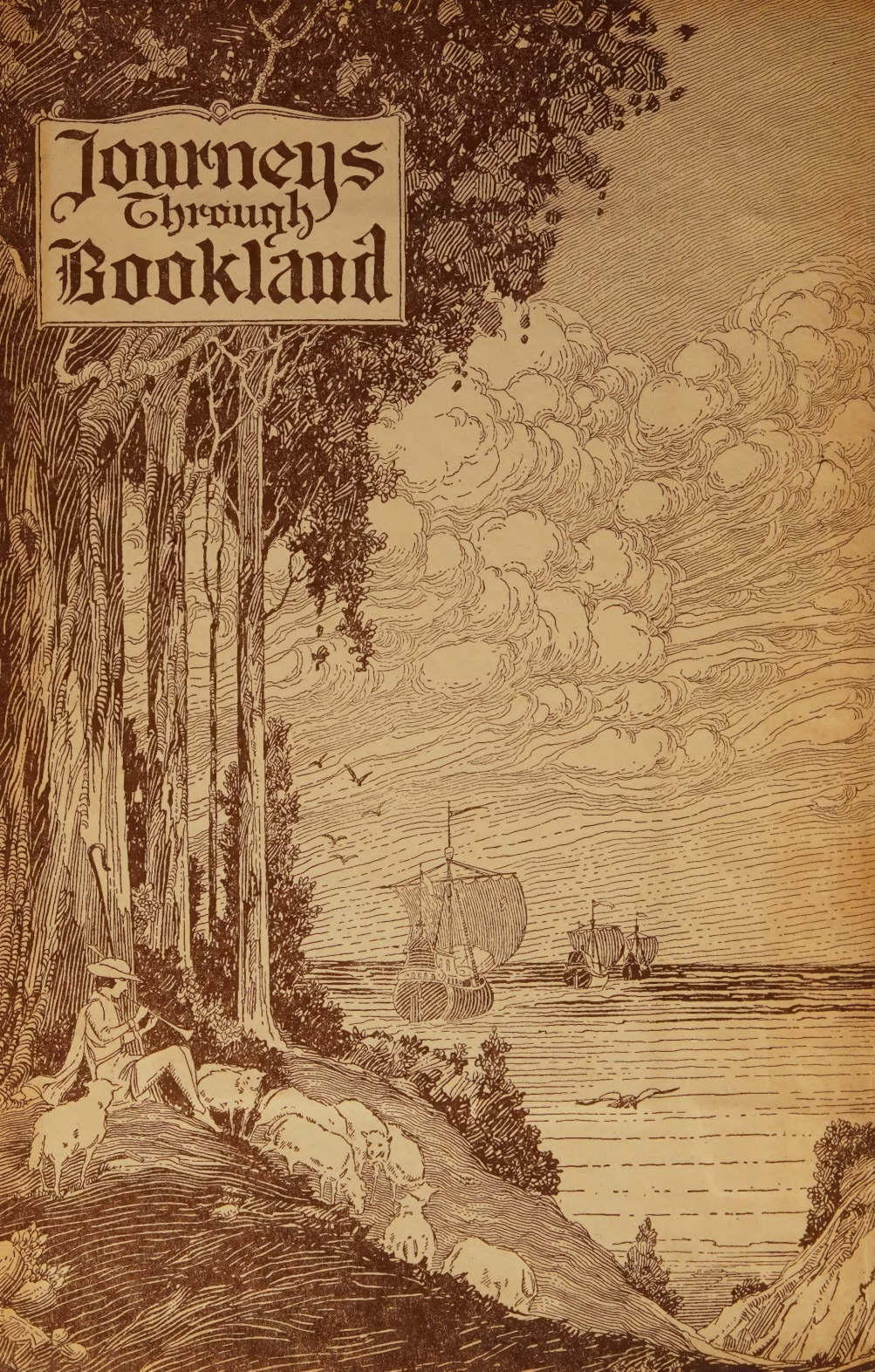
Journeys
Through
Bookland

Journeys Through Bookland

BEFORE HIS PALACE IN THE SUN HE SAT TO SEE HIS PEOPLE PASS

Pippa Passes

Journeys Through Bookland

A NEW AND ORIGINAL
PLAN FOR READING APPLIED TO THE
WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE
FOR CHILDREN

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER
Author of English and American Literature

VOLUME NINE

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ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU

By John Tyndall

I HAD spent nearly a fortnight at the Eggischhorn in 1863, employing alternate days in wandering and musing over the green Alps, and in more vigorous action upon the Aletsch glacier. Day after day a blue sky spanned the earth, and night after night the stars glanced down from an unclouded heaven. There is no nobler mountain group in Switzerland than that seen on a fine day from the middle of the Aletsch glacier looking southward; while to the north, and more close at hand, rise the Jungfrau and other summits familiar to every tourist who has crossed the Wengern Alp. The love of being alone amid those scenes caused me, on the 3rd of August, to withdraw from all society, and ascend the glacier, which for nearly two hours was almost as even as a highway, no local danger calling away the attention from the near and distant mountains. The ice yielded to the sun, rills were formed, which united to rivulets, and these again coalesced to rapid brooks, which ran with a pleasant music through deep channels cut in the ice. Sooner or later these brooks were crossed by cracks; into these cracks the water fell, scooping gradually out for itself a vertical shaft, the resonance of which raised the sound of the falling water

to the dignity of thunder. These shafts constitute the so-called moulins of the glacier, examples of which are shown upon the Mer de Glace to every tourist who visits the Jardin from Chamouni. The moulins can only form where the glacier is not much riven, as here alone the rivulets can acquire the requisite volume to produce a moulin.

After two hours' ascent, the ice began to wear a more hostile aspect, and long stripes of last year's snow drawn over the sullied surface marked the lines of crevasses now partially filled and bridged over. For a time this snow was consolidated, and I crossed numbers of the chasms, sounding in each case before trusting myself to its tenacity. But as I ascended, the width and depth of the fissures increased, and the fragility of the snow bridges became more conspicuous. The crevasses yawned here and there with threatening gloom, while along their fringes the crystallizing power of water played the most fantastic freaks. Long lines of icicles dipped into the darkness, and at some places the liquefied snow had refrozen into clusters of plates, ribbed and serrated like the leaves of ferns. The cases in which the snow covering of the crevasses, when tested by the axe, yielded, became gradually more numerous, demanding commensurate caution. It is impossible to feel otherwise than earnest in such scenes as this, with the noblest and most beautiful objects in nature around one, with the sense of danger raising the feelings at times to the level of awe.

My way upward became more and more difficult, and circuit after circuit had to be made to round the gaping fissures. There is a passive cruelty in

the aspect of these chasms sufficient to make the blood run cold. Among them it is not good for man to be alone, so I halted in the midst of them and swerved back toward the Faulberg. But instead of it I struck the lateral tributary of the Aletsch, which runs up to the Grünhorn Lücke. In this passage I was more than once entangled in a mesh of fissures; but it is marvelous what steady, cool scrutiny can accomplish upon the ice, and how often difficulties of apparently the gravest kind may be reduced to a simple form by skilful examination. I tried to get along the rocks to the Faulberg, but after investing half an hour in the attempt I thought it prudent to retreat. I finally reached the Faulberg by the glacier, and with great comfort consumed my bread and cheese and emptied my goblet in the shadow of its caves. On this day it was my desire to get near the buttresses of the Jungfrau, and to see what prospect of success a lonely climber would have in an attempt upon the mountain. Such an attempt might doubtless be made, but at a risk which no sane man would willingly incur.

On August 6th, however, I had the pleasure of joining Dr. Hornby and Mr. Philpotts, who, with Christian Almer and Christian Lauener for their guides, wished to ascend the Jungfrau. We quitted the Eggischhorn at 2:15 P. M., and in less than four hours reached the grottoes of the Faulberg. A pine fire was soon blazing, a pan of water soon bubbling sociably over the flame, and the evening meal was quickly prepared and disposed of. For a time the air behind the Jungfrau and Monk was exceedingly dark and threatening; rain was

streaming down upon Lauterbrunnen, and the skirt of the storm wrapped the summits of the Jungfrau and the Monk. Southward, however, the sky was clear, and there were such general evidences of hope that we were not much disheartened by the local burst of ill-temper displayed by the atmosphere to the north of us. Like a gust of passion the clouds cleared away, and before we went to rest all was sensibly clear. Still, the air was not transparent, and for a time the stars twinkled through it with a feeble ray. There was no visible turbidity, but a something which cut off half the stellar brilliancy. The starlight, however, became gradually stronger, not on account of the augmenting darkness, but because the air became clarified as the night advanced.

Two of our party occupied the upper cave, and the guides took possession of the kitchen, while a third lay in the little grot below. Hips and ribs felt throughout the night the pressure of the subjacent rock. A single blanket, moreover, though sufficient to keep out the pain of cold, was insufficient to induce the comfort of warmth; so I lay awake in a neutral condition, neither happy nor unhappy, watching the stars without emotion as they appeared in succession above the mountain-heads.

At half-past twelve a rumbling in the kitchen showed the guides to be alert, and soon afterward Christian Almer announced that tea was prepared. We rose, consumed a crust and basin each, and at 1:15 A. M., being perfectly harnessed, we dropped down upon the glacier. The crescent moon was in the sky, but for a long time we had to

walk in the shadow of the mountains, and therefore required illumination. The bottoms were knocked out of two empty bottles, and each of these, inverted, formed a kind of lantern which protected from the wind a candle stuck in the neck. Almer went first, holding his lantern in his left hand and his axe in the right, moving cautiously along the snow which, as the residue of the spring avalanches, fringed the glacier. At times, for no apparent reason, the leader paused and struck his ice-axe into the snow. Looking right or left, a chasm was always discovered in these cases, and the cautious guide sounded the snow, lest the fissure should have prolonged itself underneath so as to cross our track. A tributary glacier joined the Aletsch from our right—a long corridor filled with ice, and covered by the purest snow. Down this valley the moonlight streamed, silvering the surface upon which it fell.

Here we cast our lamps away, and roped ourselves together. To our left a second long ice-corridor stretched up to the Lötsch saddle, which hung like a chain between the opposing mountains. In fact, at this point four noble ice-streams form a junction, and flow afterward in the common channel of the Great Aletsch glacier. Perfect stillness might have been expected to reign upon the ice, but even at that early hour the gurgle of subglacial water made itself heard, and we had to be cautious in some places lest a too thin crust might let us in. We went straight up the glacier, toward the col which links the Monk and Jungfrau together. The surface was hard, and we went rapidly and silently over the snow. There is an earnestness of feel-

ing on such occasions which subdues the desire for conversation. The communion we held was with the solemn mountains and their background of dark blue sky.

"*Der Tag bricht*"[1] exclaimed one of the men. I looked toward the eastern heaven, and could discover no illumination which hinted at the approach of day. At length the dawn really appeared, brightening the blue of the eastern firmament; at first it was a mere augmentation of cold light, but by degrees it assumed a warmer tint. The long uniform incline of the glacier being passed, we reached the first eminences of snow which heave like waves around the base of the Jungfrau. This is the region of beauty in the higher Alps—beauty pure and tender, out of which emerges the savage scenery of the peaks. For the healthy and the pure in heart these higher snow-fields are consecrated ground.

The snow bosses were soon broken by chasms deep and dark, which required tortuous winding on our part to get round them. Having surmounted a steep slope, we passed to some red and rotten rocks, which required care on the part of those in front to prevent the loose and slippery shingle from falling upon those behind. We gained the ridge and wound along it. High snow eminences now flanked us to the left, and along the slope over which we passed the *séracs* had shaken their frozen bowlders. We tramped amid the knolls of the fallen avalanches toward a white wall which, so far as we could see, barred further progress. To our right were noble chasms, blue and

1. The day breaks.

profound, torn into the heart of the *névé* by the slow but resistless drag of gravity on the descending snows. Meanwhile the dawn had brightened into perfect day, and over mountains and glaciers the gold and purple light of the eastern heaven was liberally poured. We had already caught sight of the peak of the Jungfrau, rising behind an eminence and piercing for fifty feet or so the rosy dawn. And many another peak of stately altitude caught the blush, while the shaded slopes were all of a beautiful azure, being illuminated by the firmament alone. A large segment of space enclosed between the Monk and Trugberg was filled like a reservoir with purple light. The world, in fact, seemed to worship, and the flush of adoration was on every mountain-head.

Over the distant Italian Alps rose clouds of the most fantastic forms, jutting forth into the heavens like enormous trees, thrusting out umbrageous branches which bloomed and glistened in the solar rays. Along the whole southern heaven these fantastic masses were ranged close together, but still perfectly isolated, until on reaching a certain altitude they seemed to meet a region of wind which blew their tops like streamers far away through the air. Warmed and tinted by the morning sun those unsubstantial masses rivalled in grandeur the mountains themselves.

The final peak of the Jungfrau is now before us, and apparently *so* near! But the mountaineer alone knows how delusive the impression of nearness often is in the Alps. To reach the slope which led up to the peak we must scale or round the barrier already spoken of. From the coping and the

ledges of this beautiful wall hung long stalactites of ice, in some cases like inverted spears, with their sharp points free in air. In other cases, the icicles which descended from the overhanging top reached a projecting lower ledge, and stretched like a crystal railing from the one to the other. To the right of this barrier was a narrow gangway, from which the snow had not yet broken away so as to form a vertical or overhanging wall. It was one of those accidents which the mountains seldom fail to furnish, and on the existence of which the success of the climber entirely depends. Up this steep and narrow gangway we cut our steps, and a few minutes placed us safely at the bottom of the final pyramid of the Jungfrau.

From this point we could look down into the abyss of the Roththal, and certainly its wild environs seemed to justify the uses to which superstition has assigned the place. For here it is said the original demons of the mountains hold their orgies, and hither the spirits of the doubly-damned among men are sent to bear them company. The slope up which we had now to climb was turned toward the sun; its aspect was a southern one, and its snows had been melted and recongealed to hard ice. The axe of Almer rang against the obdurate solid, and its fragments whirred past us with a weird-like sound to the abysses below. They suggested the fate which a false step might bring along with it. It is a practical tribute to the strength and skill of the Oberland guides that no disaster has hitherto occurred upon the peak of the Jungfrau.

The work upon this final ice-slope was long and heavy, and during this time the summit appeared

to maintain its distance above us. We at length cleared the ice, and gained a stretch of snow which enabled us to treble our upward speed. Thence

A SHARP EDGE LED TO THE TOP

to some loose and shingly rocks, again to the snow, whence a sharp edge led directly up to the top. The exhilaration of success was here added to that derived from physical nature. On the top fluttered a little black flag planted by our most recent

predecessors. We reached it at 7:15 A. M., having accomplished the ascent from the Faulberg in six hours. The snow was flattened on either side of the apex so as to enable us all to stand upon it, and here we stood for some time, with all the magnificence of the Alps unrolled before us.

We may look upon these mountains again and again from a dozen different points of view, a perennial glory surrounds them which associates with every new prospect fresh impressions. I thought I had scarcely ever seen the Alps to greater advantage. Hardly ever was their majesty more fully revealed or more overpowering. The coloring of the air contributed as much to the effect as the grandeur of the masses on which the coloring fell. A calm splendor overspread the mountains, softening the harshness of the outlines without detracting from their strength. But half the interest of such scenes is psychological: the soul takes the tint of surrounding nature, and in its turn becomes majestic.

And as I looked over this wondrous scene toward Mont Blanc, the Grand Combin, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Dom, and the thousand lesser peaks which seemed to join in celebration of the risen day, I asked myself, as on previous occasions: How was this colossal work performed? Who chiselled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth? And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty—with the vigor of a thousand worlds still within him—the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky. It was he who raised aloft the waters which cut out these ravines; it was he who

planted the glaciers on the mountain-slopes, thus giving gravity a plow to open out the valleys; and it is he who, acting through the ages, will finally lay low these mighty mountains, rolling them gradually seaward—

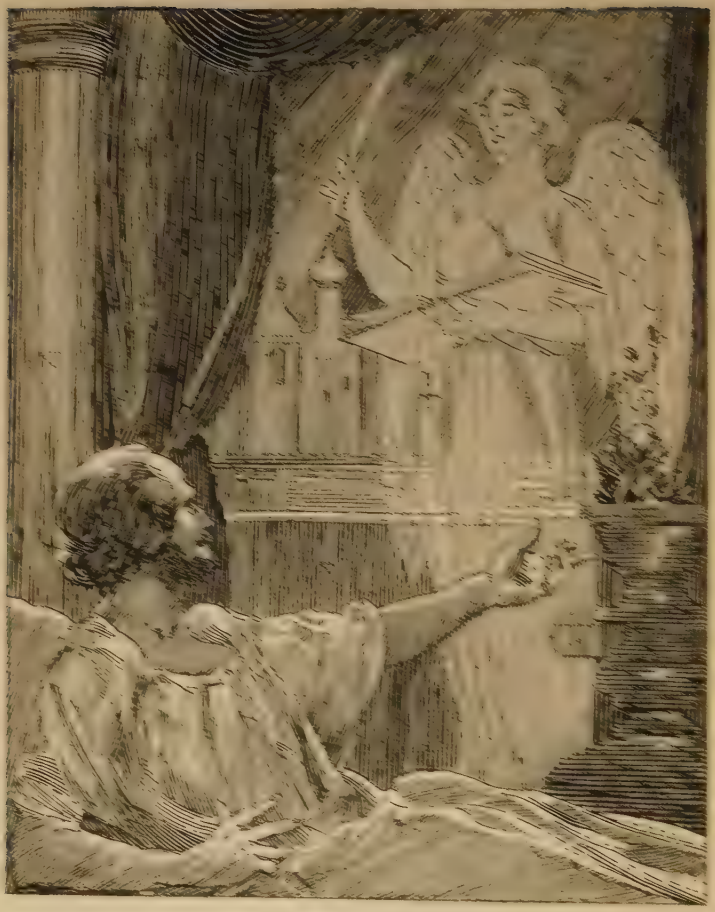
"Sowing the seeds of continents to be";

so that the people of an older earth may see mould spread and corn wave over the hidden rocks which at this moment bear the weight of the Jungfrau.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

By LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."



THE ANGEL CAME AGAIN

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had
bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By Anna McCaleb

LORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the youngest daughter of Edward Shore Nightingale, was born in 1820 in Florence, Italy, and was named for the city. Her father was of the family of Shores of Embley, Hants, and had adopted the name of Nightingale in accordance with the will of his grand-uncle, Peter Nightingale, from whom he had inherited the estate of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire. Mr. Nightingale was a man of wealth and prominence. He had ideas far in advance of his age in regard to the training of girls, and his daughters, Frances and Florence, were instructed in music, in modern languages, in the classics and in mathematics. Miss Florence was a special favorite, and this does not seem strange when one learns what manner of child she was. The desire to do something to help, which was so strong in her all her life, showed itself very early, and one of the best-known stories of her childhood relates to her first attempt at nursing.

According to this story, Florence was one day riding with the vicar, a friend of the family, who was especially fond of the unselfish, helpful child, and who often took her with him on his rounds. They came upon an old shepherd of Mr. Nightingale's, who was in the field attempting to gather his flock together, but with no great success.

"Why, Roger," cried Florence, "what has become of Cap? I never saw you try to care for the sheep without him before."

"Indeed, Miss Florence," replied the man, "I'd not be doing without him now if I could help it, but I am afraid I shall have to do without him always, for he must be killed to-night."

"Oh, Roger," cried the child, "what can dear, good Cap have done that he should have to die?"

"Nothing, indeed, Miss, but he is of no use to me now, for some bad boys have broken his leg with stones, and I cannot afford to keep him and feed him when he is no help to me."

"But how you will miss him," said Florence. "He has always lived right in the house with you like a person."

There were actually tears in the man's eyes as he nodded in reply to her; and partly because she felt sorry for him, and partly because she could not bear the thought of the faithful old dog suffering and being killed, she besought the vicar to go with her to Roger's house to see whether something could not be done for Cap.

"I really don't believe," said the vicar on the way, "that Cap's leg can be broken. It would have to be a very big stone and a very strong boy that could break the leg of a great dog like Cap."

Sure enough, when they reached the house, they found that the dog's leg was badly swollen, and evidently very painful, but was not broken; and though he had barked furiously at their entrance into the cabin, and at first refused to allow them to come near him, he finally seemed to understand that they wanted to help him, and his brown eyes looked

gratefully at Florence as she knelt beside him and stroked his head.

"The first thing to do," said the vicar, "is to bathe the poor leg with hot water."

Instantly Florence was up and out of the house, begging at a neighboring hut for something to start a fire with. Returning, she kindled a fire and put the water on to boil, and then she again ran out of doors in search of some flannel to use in bandaging Cap's leg. A child's petticoat was hung out to dry before one of the neighboring huts, and this Florence snatched and tore into strips. For a long time she remained with the dog, wringing the cloths out of the hot water, and applying them to the swollen leg. Roger, when he returned that evening, carrying a cord with which to hang poor Cap, was delighted when he was told that the sacrifice of the dog's life would not be necessary. In the morning Florence returned, bringing with her two petticoats to replace the one which she had torn up, and she again remained with Cap, doing what she could to make him comfortable.

The tendencies which this circumstance showed in the child were noticeable all her life. Not only did she desire to help people and to relieve suffering, but she usually managed to find some way to do it. She was not a sentimentalist who sat and wept over people's illness and miseries; she was a practical person who sought constantly the means of remedying such illness and miseries.

As she grew older, Miss Nightingale became convinced that the "art," as she called it, of nursing was one which was painfully neglected. She felt that nurses should have as strict and as careful training

as should doctors, and that they should be women of intelligence and of good character.

To find out just what conditions were, she made a tour of inspection through many hospitals in England and in France. The latter country she found to be much in advance of England, for in France nursing was almost entirely in the hands of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who were carefully trained, and who were, many of them, women of great refinement and intelligence. Why, Miss Nightingale wondered, could there not be schools and hospitals where Protestant women could be trained as were the Sisters of Mercy?

There was, indeed, one such place, which was at this time being much discussed, on the Continent and even in England. This was the institution conducted at Kaiserwerth, in Germany, by Pastor Fliedner, for the training of deaconesses, or district nurses. These nurses, trained and given experience in the hospital at Kaiserwerth, were sent out to care for the sick poor free of charge, and to teach them some of the simplest rules of health. To this institution Miss Nightingale determined to go, and her decision caused a stir among those who knew her in England. It was all right, they declared, for German peasants to be trained as nurses—peasants were expected to wait upon other people; but for an English lady of wealth and refinement to place herself in a position where she might be called upon to serve those below her in station—the thing was not to be thought of. However, Miss Nightingale had been thinking of it long and seriously, and nothing that was said could alter her determination. She went to Kaiserwerth in 1849, causing a flutter

Florence Nightingale
1820–1910

among the blue-gowned, white-capped peasant girls there. Soon the heads of the institution came to depend upon her for help such as the other students could not render, and her companions grew to love her very tenderly. A friend of Miss Nightingale's who visited Kaiserwerth years afterward found that the "English Fräulein" was still remembered and loved.

Miss Nightingale's body was by no means as strong as her spirit, and the training at Kaiserwerth told upon her, so that she was obliged to remain at Lea Hurst resting for some time after her return from Germany. The first patient she had after her months of resting was not a person, but an institution. The Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses in London, a most worthy charity, was, owing to mismanagement, in a very bad state. Miss Nightingale, whose organizing ability was of the highest order, undertook to place the institution on a better footing, and for months she scarcely left the Home or saw her friends, so arduous were her labors. In building up the shattered finances, she did not spare her own fortune, and when, at the end of some months, she gave up her patient as cured, the charity was one of which London could well be proud.

All that Miss Nightingale had done hitherto had been but a preparation for the great work which she was soon to be called upon to perform. This work was not of her own choosing; indeed, it was of no one's choosing.

In 1854 the Crimean War broke out between England and Russia, and it was not long before people in England were reading in *The Times* de-

scriptions of the suffering caused the English soldiers by the defective hospital arrangements. There was a hospital at Scutari, a port of the Turkish capital; there was a general hospital and a collection of hut hospitals at Balaklava, and there was what might have been, with good management, a sufficiency of hospital supplies sent out by the British government. But for some reason, never fully understood, no comforts were provided for well soldiers and no effective help was given the sick and wounded.

W. H. Russell in *The Times* wrote: "It is now pouring rain, the skies are black as ink, the wind is howling over the staggering tents, the trenches are turned into dykes; in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep; our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing; they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches; they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign, and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country."

And again the same correspondent wrote in the same paper: "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or clean linen; the stench is appalling; the fetid air can hardly struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs, and for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them.

There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who were not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

These facts had the effect which might have been expected. Letters, expostulations, supplies, offers of assistance began to pour in on the War Office in a flood. No offers of hospital supplies were refused, and before long vast quantities were on their way to the East. But it seemed as if everything were destined to go wrong; part of the supplies were lost, part were landed at Varna and were allowed to lie there and rot, far from the place where men were starving and freezing and dying for the lack of them.

Many nurses volunteered their services, but the head of the War Department, Mr. Sidney Herbert, felt that he could not accept their offers. They were, he knew, little better than the untrained orderlies who were waiting on the soldiers in the hospitals, and they were for the most part women of such character that he felt they would do more harm than good. Something must be done, and he felt that that something must be done by women. At last, with many misgivings, he wrote to his friend, Miss Nightingale, laying the situation fairly before her, and concluding with the statement that there was but one woman whom he knew of in England who was capable of bringing order out of such chaos—and that that woman was herself.

This letter was written on October 15, 1854, and on that same day, strangely enough, Miss Nightin-

gale at Lea Hurst was writing to Mr. Herbert, offering just such service as he had asked of her. Plans were rapidly made, and within eight days Miss Nightingale was ready to start for Scutari with a band of thirty-eight nurses. The selection of these nurses was by no means an easy task, but both Miss Nightingale and Mr. Herbert were well satisfied with the fourteen sisters from the established church, the ten Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity and the fourteen hospital nurses who were finally chosen. Miss Nightingale had insisted, as of course it was her right to do, that she be given absolute control over this band of workers, and the War Department gave her official authority to proceed largely according to her own judgment in all matters connected with the hospital at Scutari.

Much criticism was heard in England of this sending out of women nurses to a military hospital. Many considered it improper; many objected because a part of the nurses were Catholic. The medical staff of the army were by no means unanimous in their approval; they felt that so many women could be nothing but an extra care, and that they would, besides, interfere with the strictness of military rule. But the Lady-in-chief, as she was called, paid no heed to criticism, but went on her way with her "angel band," and arrived at Scutari November 5th.

Appalling indeed were the scenes that greeted her. The Barrack Hospital, as it was called, was a great building loaned to the British by the Turkish government. It was a quarter of a mile long on each side, and had a tower at each corner. Along the corridors of each floor were stretched the rows

of sick and wounded soldiers, side by side on their filthy mattresses, which were placed end to end, and so close together that there was scarcely room for two people to pass each other in the space between. Thus there were actually *miles* of these soldiers, lying in a condition difficult to describe. "The men," wrote one historian of the war, "lay in their uniforms, stiff with gore and covered with filth to a degree and of a kind no one could write about." And within a day or two, hundreds of new patients, the wounded of the Battle of Inkerman, were being borne into this crowded hospital. The poor fellows were often in a desperate condition when they arrived, for among all the awful and shameful things connected with this war, few things were worse than the manner in which the sick and wounded were treated on the transports which carried them from the "Front" to the hospital at Scutari. Even in the dead of winter they lay between decks without any bedding, and often without a blanket for covering. There was food on board, but it was of a character utterly unfit for invalids; and there was water, but it was often so buried under ammunition and baggage that it could not be got at. Men actually died on these transports of want of food and drink.

These conditions on shipboard Florence Nightingale could not touch, but with the hospital conditions she could and did deal. As there were thousands of sufferers, it was not possible that she should start out from bed to bed and nurse each one; her task was the much more difficult one of organization, of management; and it was for her genius for just such work that she had been selected. The first matter to be dealt with was that of cleanliness

and sanitation; nothing could be accomplished while the men lay in such a condition. And so the nurses were immediately set to work ripping up, renovating, replacing the soldiers' mattresses. Then the Lady-in-chief turned her attention to the matter of food. Nothing fitted to the needs of the patients had ever been provided—they had little more than the salt pork and biscuit which the soldiers in action ate. Often when wine or any other delicacy was provided for the sick, the orderlies in attendance upon them, themselves half starved, appropriated it. A kitchen was immediately set up under Miss Nightingale's supervision, and such things as the soldiers had not dreamed of were provided for them. One man wrote home, in delighted surprise, describing his day's rations. When a bowl of hot gruel was brought to him he thought "I'd best take it all, for it's all I'll get, and far better than I've been having;" but later, he says, "another nurse came with a cup of chicken broth—'and wouldn't I drink it for her?' And then, in the afternoon came another 'begging me to eat just a little jelly.'" The supplies which Miss Nightingale had brought with her were of inestimable value in eking out what was provided by the government. Later on a French cook, M. Sayer, a great admirer of Miss Nightingale, came out to Scutari and took charge of the kitchen there.

Another thing that hampered the nurses in their work was the inability to get clean clothing or bedding, and as soon as the kitchens were in working order, Miss Nightingale began to inquire into the laundry arrangements. The washing had been done by contract—or rather, it was supposed to be done

by contract, and in reality was not done at all. A large empty building was secured, and a laundry was set up in it, many of the soldiers' widows and wives working in it and receiving fair pay for their services. The clothes and bedding of those who were suffering from infectious diseases were separated from those of the wounded soldiers—a thing that had not been done before. Another difficulty lay in the fact that the soldiers had no changes of clothing, but this Miss Nightingale remedied by buying for them shirts with her own money. In fact, she used her own fortune throughout most freely.

The early days at Scutari were crowded days for Miss Nightingale and her helpers. Sometimes, when new patients were being brought by hundreds from the battlefield, the Lady-in-chief stood for twenty hours dealing out supplies and issuing instructions. Much of the time she was hampered in her work by the difficulty of securing supplies. These were, in many cases, at hand, for the people of England, roused by the published accounts of conditions in the East, had been sending ship-loads of clothing, hospital accessories, and food; but the "red tape" often rendered these stores practically useless by making it impossible for any one to lay hands upon them when they were most needed. Sometimes Miss Nightingale, on her own authority, dispensed with official inspection and approval, promising to bear all the blame if those in charge of the stores were held to account.

But by no means all of Miss Nightingale's work was of this character. She spent much of her time, after the first rush was over, in looking after the most dangerous cases, showing absolutely no fear

of fever or contagion. One writer in *The Times* said: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

nigh, there is this incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even among the struggles of expiring nature. She is a ministering angel without any

exaggeration in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hands, making her solitary rounds."

It was this picture of the Lady-in-chief moving softly about through the shadows with her lamp shaded by her hand, which gave rise to Longfellow's poem that bestowed upon her the popular name of "the lady with the lamp."

"Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

"The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

"Lo! in that home of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Nor did Longfellow need to make use of poetic license in speaking of the soldiers as kissing her shadow. One poor convalescent said, "To see her pass was happiness. As she passed the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again content." This affectionate admiration was felt by all the soldiers; and these men, many of them of the roughest, coarsest type, were softened by the appearance among them of this refined and delicate woman. "Before she came," wrote one soldier, "there was such cussing and swearing as you never heard; but after she came, it was as holy as a church."

Incredible as it may seem, Miss Nightingale had not, by all her efforts and all her success, silenced the voice of criticism in England. There were those who said, and said openly, that she was doing the soldiers more harm than good! The only reason they could allege for such statements was the old one of the Catholic sisters; Miss Nightingale must be a Catholic, they said, or she would never have chosen Sisters of Mercy to help her. And what harm might she not work, when she had softened the soldiers by her ministration, by drawing them from the established to the Roman Church? Her friends indignantly denied such charges, and the denial was taken up by the press. Indeed, as time went on and the work of the heroic women at Scutari became better known, no one dared speak a word against them, and all were anxious to have a part in their glorious work. From queen to peasant, English women were

scraping lint, making bandages, knitting socks—preparing and collecting anything which might be of use in the hospitals.

And truly, help was needed there. The cleanliness, the care, the organization had accomplished much; the death rate had been cut down from over sixty to one per cent. But a cholera scourge made matters worse again, filling the hospitals, and making days and nights horrible for the devoted nurses. Almost more terrible than the cholera scourge in its effects was the Russian winter. The soldiers at the "Front" had nothing but the thin linen suits in which they had set out in the summer; and the suffering from frost-bite was beyond description. Absolutely gruesome are the accounts of the state of the British soldiers, who were obliged to be in action during the day and to lie without shelter at night, frozen to their clothes and to their neighbors. A continual stream of patients suffering from cholera and from frost-bite was pouring into the hospital at Scutari, but while the nurses blenched and shuddered, they worked on day and night, themselves suffering privations innumerable, yet without complaint.

The hardest thing they had to endure was the pleas of the poor soldiers for warmer clothing, with which they could not be supplied. "Whenever a man opens his mouth with 'Please ma'am, I want to speak to you,' " wrote one nurse, "my heart sinks, for I feel sure it will end in flannel shirts." A re-enforcement of fifty nurses was sent to Miss Nightingale's aid, and it is not reported that any were turned away because there was nothing for them to do.

Throughout the winter of 1854–1855, Miss Nightingale remained at Scutari, but in May of 1855 she set sail for the Crimea for a visit of inspection to the hospitals there. Her arrival caused a stir—there were but four ladies in the Crimea, besides the Sisters of Mercy, who were not seen publicly. And when it was found out who she was, there were shoutings and ovations; and some of the soldiers, whom Miss Nightingale had nursed back to health at Scutari, wept with joy at seeing her again. She visited the General Hospital and the collection of hut hospitals on the height above Balaklava, and gave advice as to the management of them. But the delight of the soldiers at the sight of the "Soldiers' Friend" was soon changed to mourning, for Florence Nightingale contracted Crimean fever in its worst form. Very gently she was carried up to a hut hospital, and very tenderly she was cared for. Some time before a correspondent of *The Times* had written, "The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on the mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation." The right to this title of *martyr,* people feared she was about to earn; but gradually she grew better, and the joyous news spread rapidly to Scutari and to England. In her writings afterward she declared that she dated her recovery from the receipt of a little bunch of flowers which a friend sent to her; and she always advocated flowers in the sickroom, despite what many other nurses say about them. When she recovered, she was ordered home to England, but she refused to obey orders, returning

to Scutari instead. She twice later visited the Crimea, to superintend the carrying out of hospital reforms which she herself had suggested.

On September 8, 1855, Sebastopol was taken; and only then, when the army was withdrawn from the Crimea, did Miss Nightingale consent to leave her post. Before setting out she had placed above Balaklava, at her own expense, a monument to the soldiers who had fallen in the war. This was in the form of a huge white marble cross, twenty feet high. She guessed, what was indeed the truth, that a reception was being prepared for her in England, and with her intense hatred of publicity she determined to avoid it. Under an assumed name, therefore, she journeyed quietly to England, and not until she was in Lea Hurst did the people know that she had reached England. The public was desirous of showing appreciation of her work, and Mr. Herbert was asked what form such a testimony of appreciation ought to take. Knowing Miss Nightingale well, he declared that nothing could please her like the founding of a hospital and nurses' training school. The work was undertaken with enthusiasm, and within a comparatively short time almost two hunderd and fifty thousand dollars was raised. Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) gave a concert of which the proceeds were almost ten thousand dollars, all of which was given to the fund.

Queen Victoria had all along felt the greatest interest in Miss Nightingale's work, and on the return home of the Lady-in-chief, the queen presented her with a beautiful and costly jewel. This was a shield upon which was a cross of red enamel,

bearing in diamonds the letters *V. R.*, and a crown, and surrounded by a black enamel band on which were the words "Blessed are the merciful."

After her return to England, Miss Nightingale was practically an invalid and a recluse. She was not even able to undertake, as she would have so liked to do, the headship of the hospital which was founded and named for her. But, shut up in her room, she was by no means idle. She was constantly consulted by the War Department on all plans for securing better sanitary conditions in the army, and her room often looked like an annex of the War Department, with its plans and diagrams.

Then too, no new hospital was built in England until Miss Nightingale had passed her opinion on the plans, and committees from other countries consulted her on like subjects. During the Civil War in the United States, her advice on questions connected with nursing and hospital arrangements was of inestimable value, as it was some years later in the Franco-German War. She took, as was natural, the greatest interest when the Red Cross Society was proposed, and was active in securing its foundation.

In her writings, too, she gave to the world the benefits of her experience. Her "Notes on Hospitals" have been of immense service to those engaged in building hospitals, while her "Notes on Nursing" contain advice which is as valuable today as when it was first given. In a time when people feared to let out-of-door air into their bedrooms, she pleaded for open bed curtains and windows, and plenty of fresh air.

On the general subject of nursing, she gave her views distinctly. "It seems a commonly received idea among men," she wrote, "and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or an incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'" She contended that nursing, "the finest of the fine arts," demanded not only the best, but the best-trained women, and she has certainly done more than any other one person to bring to pass that in which she so firmly believed.

Some time after the close of the Crimean War, a banquet was given to all the officers, military and naval, who had taken part in that struggle, and while they were assembled it was suggested that each one write on a paper the name of the person that he thought would be longest remembered in connection with the war. When the papers were opened and read, every one had on it the name of Florence Nightingale. And this prophecy has proved correct; for while comparatively few people could recall the name of any of the military leaders, almost any one, on hearing the words "Crimean War," thinks, half unconsciously, of Florence Nightingale.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY[1]

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

ARREN HASTINGS, the remarkable man whose trial is described in this selection, was born on the sixth of December, 1732. As he was in his childhood dependent on his grandfather, a poor man, his early advantages were no greater than those of the peasant children of the neighborhood. He had, however, from his earliest years, an indomitable will, and the determination, made when he was but seven years old, to regain possession of the estate of Daylesford, which had passed out of the hands of the family, he kept before him all his life.

At the age of ten he was sent by an uncle to Westminster School, where he received an excellent education, and at seventeen he was sent to

1. Thomas Babington Macaulay, English statesman and author, was born in 1800. That he was a remarkably precocious child is shown by the fact that he read widely at the age of three, that he wrote a history of the world at seven, and that by the time he was ten, he had written poems, metrical romances and treatises on various subjects. Both at school and at college he showed that the precocity of his childhood was no false promise. He first attracted wide attention in 1825, when he published his famous *Essay on Milton*, and he immediately found himself popular in the social as well as the literary world. Shortly after he left college, the financial reverses of his father made it necessary that he should do something to earn his own living, and to help his family. From this time on he showed the most tireless energy, writing essays, poems and historical articles, which constantly increased his fame. In

India as a clerk in the service of the East India Company. In 1764 he returned to England, and five years later he went back to India as member of the Council of Madras. In 1774 he was made governor-general of India, and it was while in this position that he committed those acts for which he was impeached.

The chief of these were the rendering of military assistance to Sujah Dowlah, Nabob of Oude, in his successful attempt to subdue the province of Katahr, occupied by the Rohillas; his acquiescence in the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, an intriguing Brahmin; the deposition of Cheyte Sing, Rajah of Benares, for alleged disloyalty, and the enrichment of Asaph-ul-Dowlah, son and successor of Sujah Dowlah, at the expense of the Begums, or Princesses, of Oude—the mother and the grandmother of Asaph-ul-Dowlah. It is but just to Hastings to state that these things were done not to enrich himself, but to satisfy the constant demands of the East India Company for funds; and that when he left India in 1785, his great empire was in a prosperous and tranquil state. The selection from Macaulay begins with the arrival of Hastings in England.

1830 he entered Parliament and was a most active and influential member. At times his speeches were so powerful that they changed the vote of the House of Commons.

His greatest work was his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* The fascinating descriptions and exciting episodes made this work instantly popular on both sides of the Atlantic, despite the fact that its most ardent admirer could not claim for it the merit of impartiality.

Macaulay's life was too laborious; by 1852 his health broke down, and seven years later he died.

The essay on *Warren Hastings,* from which this selection is taken, is one of his historical essays, and shows very clearly many of the peculiar characteristics of his style.

THE voyage was, for those times, very speedy. Hastings was little more than four months on the sea. In June, 1785, he landed at Plymouth, posted to London, appeared at Court, paid his respects to Leadenhall Street, then retired with his wife to Cheltenham.

Within a week after he landed at Plymouth, Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India.

Hastings, it is clear, was not sensible of the danger of his position. A man who, having left England when a boy, returns to it after thirty or forty years passed in India, will find, be his talents what they may, that he has much both to learn and to unlearn before he can take a place among English statesmen. This was strikingly the case with Hastings. In India he had a bad hand but he was master of the game, and he won every stake. In England he held excellent cards, if he had known how to play them; and it was chiefly by his own errors that he was brought to the verge of ruin. Of all his errors the most serious was perhaps the choice of his champion, Major Scott. In spite, however, of this unfortunate choice the general aspect of affairs was favorable to Hastings. The King was on his side; the Company and its servants were zealous in his cause; among public men he had many ardent friends. The ministers were generally believed to be favorable to him. Mr. Dundas was the only important member of the administration who was deeply committed to a different view of the subject.

The Opposition was loud and vehement against him. But the Opposition, though formidable from the wealth and influence of some of its members, and from the admirable talents and eloquence of others, was outnumbered in Parliament, and odious throughout the country. Nor, as far as we can judge, was the Opposition generally desirous to engage in so serious an undertaking as the impeachment of an Indian Governor. Such an impeachment must last for years. It must impose on the chiefs of the party an immense load of labor. Yet it could scarcely, in any manner, affect the event of the great political game. The followers of the coalition were therefore more inclined to revile Hastings than to prosecute him. But there were two men whose indignation was not to be so appeased, Philip Francis and Edmund Burke.

Francis had recently entered the House of Commons, and had already established a character there for industry and ability. He labored indeed under one most unfortunate defect, want of fluency. But he occasionally expressed himself with a dignity and energy worthy of the greatest orators. Before he had been many days in Parliament, he incurred the bitter dislike of Pitt,[2] who constantly treated him with as much asperity as the laws of debate would allow. Neither lapse

2. William Pitt (1759–1806), often called the younger Pitt, to distinguish him from his father, was at this time prime minister. He had been advanced to this high office when but twenty-four years of age, and he was, as one writer says, "the most powerful subject that England had had for generations." From this time until his death, the story of Pitt's life and the history of England were to a large extent identical, so did he sway England's policy.

of years nor change of scene had mitigated the enmities which Francis had brought back from the East. After his usual fashion, he mistook his malevolence for virtue, nursed it, as preachers tell us that we ought to nurse our good dispositions, and paraded it, on all occasions, with Pharisaical ostentation.

The zeal of Burke was still fiercer, but it was far purer. Men unable to understand the elevation of his mind have tried to find out some discreditable motive for the vehemence and pertinacity which he showed on this occasion. But they have altogether failed. The idle story that he had some private slight to revenge has long been given up, even by the advocates of Hastings. The plain truth is that Hastings had committed some great crimes, and that the thought of those crimes made the blood of Burke boil in his veins. For Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering, and hatred of injustice and tyranny, were as strong as in Las Casas[3] or Clarkson.[4] And although in him, as in Las Casas and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is, like them, entitled to this great praise, that he devoted years of intense labor to the service of a people with whom he had

3. Bartolomé de Las Casas (1474–1566), was a Spanish monk of the Dominican order, who spent much of his life in the attempt to better the conditions of slaves in the West Indies and in Spanish South America.

4. Thomas Clarkson (1760–1846) early resolved to give up his life to a crusade against African slavery. He wrote books, made speeches, and in various ways labored constantly, and in conjunction with William Wilberforce he was instrumental in bringing about the abolition of slave trade in 1807. In 1833, also in part through his efforts, slavery was abolished in the West Indies.

neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners in common, and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause could be expected.

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry, such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analysed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and colored them. Out of darkness and dullness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich

tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca,[5] the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gypsy camp was pitched, from the bazaar, humming like a bee-hive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas.

It may be doubted whether the personal antipathy of Francis, or the nobler indignation of Burke, would have led their party to adopt extreme measures against Hastings, if his own conduct had been judicious. He should have felt that, great as his public services had been, he was not faultless, and should have been content to make his escape, without aspiring to the honors of a triumph. He and his agent took a different view. They were impatient for the rewards which, as they conceived, were deferred only till Burke's at-

5. The imaum or iman, is a Mohammedan priest, and according to the rules of his religion, must always pray with his face toward Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans.

tack should be over. They accordingly resolved to force on a decisive action with an enemy for whom, if they had been wise, they would have made a bridge of gold. On the first day of the session of 1786, Major Scott reminded Burke of the notice given in the preceding year, and asked whether it was seriously intended to bring any charge against the late Governor-General. This challenge left no course open to the Opposition, except to come forward as accusers, or to acknowledge themselves calumniators. The administration of Hastings had not been so blameless, nor was the great party of Fox[6] and North so feeble, that it could be prudent to venture on so bold a defiance. The leaders of the Opposition instantly returned the only answer which they could with honor return; and the whole party was irrevocably pledged to a prosecution. In April, the charges were laid on the table. They had been drawn by Burke with great ability, though in a form too much resembling that of a pamphlet. Hastings was furnished with a copy of the accusation; and it was intimated to him that he might, if he thought fit, be heard in his own defense at the bar of the Commons.

Here again Hastings was pursued by the same fatality which had attended him ever since the

6. Charles James Fox (1749–1806), entered Parliament in 1768, and a few years later was given his first position in the Cabinet. This he soon lost because of his opposition to the policy of George III and his prime minister, Lord North. For years the brilliant Fox contended with North, objecting particularly to his attitude toward the Revolutionary War, of which Fox was the most determined and able opponent. To the end of his life Fox was active on all subjects of public interest, particularly the abolition of slave trade and the removal of the political restrictions of the Catholics. He favored the French Revolution, and opposed the war with France, as, in fact, he opposed much of Pitt's policy.

day when he set foot on English ground. It seemed to be decreed that this man, so politic and so successful in the East, should commit nothing but blunders in Europe. Any judicious adviser would have told him that the best thing which he could do would be to make an eloquent, forcible, and affecting oration at the bar of the House; but that, if he could not trust himself to speak, and found it necessary to read, he ought to be as concise as possible. Audiences accustomed to extemporaneous debating of the highest excellence are always impatient of long written compositions. Hastings, however, sat down as he would have done at the Government house at Bengal, and prepared a paper of immense length. That paper, if recorded on the consultations of an Indian administration, would have been justly praised as a very able memoir. But it was now out of place. It fell flat, as the best written defence must have fallen flat, on an assembly accustomed to the animated and strenuous conflicts of Pitt and Fox. The members, as soon as their curiosity about the face and demeanour of so eminent a stranger was satisfied, walked away to dinner, and left Hastings to tell his story till midnight to the clerks and the Serjeant-at-arms.

All preliminary steps having been duly taken, Burke, in the beginning of June, brought forward the charge relating to the Rohilla War. Hastings was absolved by a hundred and thirteen votes against sixty-seven. Now was he confident of victory, and indeed it seemed that he had reason to be so. But in a very few days these fair prospects were overcast. On the thirteenth of June, Mr. Fox

brought forward, with great ability and eloquence, the charge respecting the treatment of Cheyte Sing. Francis followed on the same side. The friends of Hastings were in high spirits when Pitt rose. With his usual abundance of felicity of language, the Minister gave his opinion on the case. The necessary inference from Pitt's arguments seemed to be that Hastings ought to be honorably acquitted; and both the friends and the opponents of the Minister expected from him a declaration to that effect. To the astonishment of all parties, he concluded by saying that, though he thought it right in Hastings to fine Cheyte Sing for contumacy, yet the amount of the fine was too great for the occasion. On this ground, and on this ground alone, did Mr. Pitt, applauding every other part of the conduct of Hastings with regard to Benares, declare that he should vote in favor of Mr. Fox's motion.

The House was thunderstruck; and it well might be so. For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office divided against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members voted for Mr. Fox's motion; seventy-nine against it.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year,

these discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by Sheridan,[7] in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equaled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr. Windham,[8] twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in

7. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), was famous both as a dramatist and as a statesman. *The Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* are certainly among the best comedies written since the time of Shakespeare, and would have made him famous had he done naught else. Like Fox, he opposed the war with America, and one speech of his was so masterly that the Congress of the United States offered him as a reward about $100,000, which he declined.

8. William Windham (1750–1810), was an English statesman, who held various offices, first under Fox, then under Fox's opponent, Pitt, and then again under Fox. His chief work was a series of reforms in the army, to which he devoted himself, whatever party he was working with.

the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the finest that had been delivered within the memory of man. Mr. Fox, about the same time, being asked what was the best speech ever made in the House of Commons, assigned the first place, without hesitation, to the great oration of Sheridan on the Oude charge.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight.

At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke to go before the Lords, and to impeach the late Governor-General of High Crimes and Misdemeanors.[9] Hastings was at the same time arrested by the Serjeant-at-arms and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail; and further proceedings were postponed till the Houses should re-assemble.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head; and with him were associated most of the leading members of the Opposition. But when the name of Francis was read a fierce contention arose. It was said that Francis and Hastings were

9. In impeachment cases in England, the prosecutor is the House of Commons, while the court before which the case is tried is the House of Lords.

notoriously on bad terms, that they had been at feud during many years, that on one occasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives, and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham, that impartiality, though the first duty of a judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice among the English, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, that he should be able, well-informed, energetic, and active. The ability and information of Francis was admitted; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager.

The preparations for the trial proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the

near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets,[10] on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon[11] and the just absolution of Somers,[12] the hall where the eloquence of Straf-

10. The first of the royal house of the Plantagenets was Henry II, who came to the throne of England in 1154; the last was Richard II (1377–1399). Some of the ablest kings who have ever ruled England were of this house.

11. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1561–1625), was a great English philosopher and statesman. He entered Parliament at thirty-four, held various offices, and in 1618 was made lord high chancellor. Accused of corruption as a judge, he pleaded guilty, was fined $200,000, and sentenced to imprisonment. Although the sentence was afterward practically remitted, he was disgraced for life. Bacon is known now chiefly through his *Essays*.

12. John Somers (1651–1716), was an English lawyer and statesman. He held offices of increasing importance, and in 1697 was raised to the peerage and made lord chancellor of England. Three

ford[13] had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles[14] had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine

years later he was removed from office, and impeachment proceedings were begun against him. They were, however, soon dropped.

13. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1593–1641), was an English statesman, chief supporter of Charles I in his absolutist policy. Early in his career he sided with Parliament and attempted to check Charles, but feeling that Parliament was going too far, he joined Charles. In Ireland, as lord deputy, he made himself intensely unpopular, and after his return to England he drew upon himself, by his arbitrary character, the hatred of Parliament. At length a bill of attainder was passed against him, and was signed by Charles I, who had assured Strafford that no harm should ever come to him by reason of his allegiance to the king. In May, 1641, he was beheaded.

14. This was, of course, Charles I, who when condemned to death, met his fate with such dignity and composure that many who had been in favor of his execution regarded him afterward as a martyr and a saint.

person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. They were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,[15] in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres,[16] and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.[17] There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds[18] from that easel which preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble

15. Mrs. Sarah Siddons (1755–1831), was one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of English tragic actresses.

16. Verres was a Roman Politician, governor of Sicily. Accused by the Sicilians of oppression and robbery, he was brought to trial, Cicero managing the prosecution. Cicero prepared six orations, but after the first, Verres, seeing that his guilt would be clearly established, fled from Italy.

17. "The oppressor of Africa" was Marius Priscus, who was successfully prosecuted by Tacitus and his friend, Pliny the Younger.

18. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792), the most famous English portrait painter.

matrons. It had induced Parr[19] to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith.[20] There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montagu.[21] And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also

19. Samuel Parr (1747–1825), a once noted English scholar.

20. This was Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, had secretly married in 1785. Later, wishing to obtain help from Parliament for the payment of his debts, he allowed the marriage to be denied in Parliament.

21. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu (1720–1800), was an English society leader, who numbered among her regular visitors Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*,[22] such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession. But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demos-

22. That is, *a mind calm in difficulties.*

thenes and the English Hyperides.[23] There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey,[24]

23. Hyperides was a celebrated Athenian orator, who lived in the fourth century B. C.

24. Charles, Earl Grey (1764–1845), had, as Macaulay here intimates, but just begun his political career. It was a long and

are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not

brilliant one, and throughout it he was concerned chiefly with the question of Parliamentary reform. Several times he presented petitions for such reform, but it was not until 1832, when he had been twenty-three years in the House of Lords, that he succeeded in putting through both houses of Parliament the bill which did away with many of the abuses in the elections to the House of Commons.

unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to consider the question and by a majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte

Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied,[25] to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer; and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard; and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight.

In the session of 1788, when the proceedings had the interest of novelty, and when the Peers had

25. Sheridan's father, Thomas Sheridan, was an actor.

little other business before them, only thirty-five days were given to the impeachment. In 1789, only seventeen days were given to the case of Hastings. It was clear that the matter would be protracted to a length unprecedented in the annals of criminal law.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Serjeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few; and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack, or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things, of the instability of power and fame and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government, while Thurlow, who presided in the Court when it first sat, estranged from all his

old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in procession on that first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigor of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On the other charges, the majority in his favor was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.[26]

26. Hastings passed the remaining twenty-three years of his life at Daylesford, spending his time in reading and writing, and in the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman. The East India Company, grateful for his services, granted him a large annuity, but owing to his extravagance he was often in difficulties, from which the Company always extricated him. He died on August 22, 1818.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

By Charles Lamb

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me,[1] for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together

1. A friend who had traveled extensively in China and Thibet told Lamb this story of the origin of cooking. We do not know that the friend found the story current in China, but we are certain that it is found in very old writings. Of course the quaint, fanciful form of the story is Lamb's own.

with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, not less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest period that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before,—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the

pig that smelt so, and the pig tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like this dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what; what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste; O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off until they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it and they all handled

it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt,* as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. * * * * Thus do the most useful arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy

pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,[2] I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.[3]

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,[4] the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *præludium*[5] of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled,—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted *crackling*, as it is well called,—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance,—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it,—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence —the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food,—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal

2. *Mundus edibilis* is a Latin expression meaning *edible world.*
3. *Princeps obsoniorum* means *chief of viands.*
4. This is a Latin phrase meaning *love of filth.*
5. *Præludium* means *prelude.*

manna,—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation,—from these sins he is happily snatched away,—

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care[6]—

his memory is odoriferous,—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon,—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages,—he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure,—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and

6. From Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant.*

excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl,") capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly, a blessing so

particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience of this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a grayheaded old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake,—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her,—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last,—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never

to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray imposter.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides. "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*,[7]) super-added a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread-crumbs done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are,—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

7. *Per flagellationem extremam* means *by a terrible beating.*

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS

By Charles Lamb

LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper,—old chimney sweepers are by no means attractive,—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not yet effaced from the cheek,—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks —poor blots—innocent blacknesses—I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth[1] without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni,*[2] to pursue him

1. Distinctive dress of the clergy. The "sweeps" are boys who clean the chimneys.

2. *Fauces Averni* means *throat of the lower world.* Avernus was a lake in Italy whose waters it was believed poisoned the birds

in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost forever!"—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle, certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the "Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.[3]

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood, boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury.[4] I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in Lon-

that flew over them and through which Ulysses made his entry into the lower world.

3. A tester is about a sixpence—twelve cents.

4. The "China luxury" is tea.

don) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street—*the only Salopian*[5] *house*—I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney sweeper,—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive;—but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture.

Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

5. *Saloop* was a drink prepared from sassafras bark and other ingredients.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house;* yet be it known to thee, reader,—if thou art one who keepeth what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact,—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to assume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not infrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth the least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapors in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *saloop* — the precocious herb-woman's darling,—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas,—the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the

welkin,—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups,—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney,* invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the lowbred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough,—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth[6]—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him!) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pieman,—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last forever,—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in

6. A celebrated painter (1697–1764), noted for the vividness of his satirical pictures.

his mirth,—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it,—that I could have been content, if the honor of the gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine ladies, or fine gentlemen, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when—

A sable cloud
Turns forth her silvery lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility,— and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree.

In one of the state beds at Arundel castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven —folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was dis-

covered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I can not help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions,—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*,[7] and resting place. By no other theory

7. *Incunabula* means *cradle*.

than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and indeed, upon any other system so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of Saint Bartholomew.[8] Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney sweeper (all is not soot which looks so) was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a

8. A festival of the Roman church held in August.

comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table,—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings,—how he would fit the titbits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors,—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating,"—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust,[9] to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteely he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were

9. The "kissing crust" is that portion of the upper crust of a loaf of bread that has touched another in baking.

not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—"the King!"—"the Cloth"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel!" All these and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

> Golden lads and lassies must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.—

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of Saint Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever.

MR. PICKWICK AND SAM WELLER

By Charles Dickens

MRS. BARDELL AND SAM

MR. PICKWICK'S[2] apartments in Goswell Street,[3] although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in his parlour, or standing

1. These selections are from *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. This was published originally in monthly numbers, and it was not until the appearance of Sam Weller as a character that it gained any great popularity. The preface to the original edition bears date September 27, 1837. Since that time there has been no falling off of interest in the books, and they leave us with their diverting incidents, which amuse and entertain us as much as they did their first readers.

The extracts published here are arranged in the order in which they appear in the books. They give a good idea of Pickwick and his inimitable servant.

2. Mr. Pickwick is elsewhere described as a small, portly man with a bald head, whose beaming eyes were seen twinkling behind circular spectacles. He wore a long-tailed coat, waistcoat, tight breeches, hose and gaiters, and presented altogether an amusing and attractive personality.

His faithful servant Sam says of him, "I never heerd, mind you, nor read of in story books, nor see in picters, any angel in tights and gaiters—not even in spectacles, as I remember, though that may have been done for anythin' I know to the contrairey—but mark my words, he's a reg'lar thoroughbred angel for all that; and let me see the man as wenturs to tell me he knows a better vun."

3. Goswell Street, London.

before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict[4] and sole executrix[5] of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlour; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behaviour on this particular morning would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very un-

4. *Relict* means *widow.*

5. She was left to manage all the property her husband had when he died.

usual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment—

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, colouring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends—" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table—"that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities;

and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humoured glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never

thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh you kind, good playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick;—"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider.—Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the

room, ushering in Mr. Tupman,[6] Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr.

6. Tupman, Winkle and Snodgrass are the three members of the Pickwick Club who travel with Mr. Pickwick, and whose adventures make up the greater part of the *Pickwick Papers*. In another place Dickens speaks of the three men as follows:

"Mr. Tracy Tupman—the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardor of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form; the black waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat; but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion."

"The poetic Snodgrass and the sporting Winkle, the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting-coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitted drabs."

Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting for-

"TAKE THIS LITTLE VILLAIN AWAY!"

ward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What is the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the further end of the apartment). "Now, help me lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir—thank you;" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And downstairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive—" said Mr. Pickwick when his friend returned—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other. This behaviour was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him. "There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick, "I sent for him to the Borough this

morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

"Oh—you remember me, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should think so," replied Sam, with a patronizing wink.

"I want to speak to you about something," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sit down."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without farther bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door.

"Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and before the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer I calls it." On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, wen he swallowed a farden."[7]

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'lm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "*I* should like to know, in the

7. *Farden—farthing.*

first place, whether you're a goin' to purwide me with a better."

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds[8] a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here."

"Take the bill down,"[9] said Sam, emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"You accept the situation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Cert'nly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they'll do."

"You can get a character of course?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, sir," replied Sam.

"Can you come this evening?"

"I'll get into the clothes this minute, if they're here," said Sam with great alacrity.

"Call at eight this evening," said Mr. Pickwick; "and if the enquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided."

8. Twelve pounds equal about sixty dollars.

9. Sam alludes to the bills "Boy Wanted" or "Man Wanted," that are often seen in the windows of stores and offices in the city.

The history of Mr. Weller's conduct was so very blameless, that Mr. Pickwick felt fully justified in closing the engagement that very evening. With the promptness and energy which characterized not only the public proceedings, but all the private actions of this extraordinary man, he at once led his new attendant to one of those convenient emporiums where gentlemen's new and second-hand clothes are provided, and the troublesome and inconvenient formality of measurement dispensed with; and before night had closed in, Mr. Weller was furnished with a gray coat with the P. C. button,[10] a black hat with a cockade to it, a pink striped waistcoat, light breeches and gaiters, and a variety of other necessaries, too numerous to recapitulate.

"Well," said the suddenly-transformed individual, "I wonder whether I'm meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman. I looks like a sort of compo of every one on 'em. Never mind; there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do; and all this suits my complaint uncommon; so, long life to the Pickvicks, says I!"

SAM'S VALENTINE

AS Sam was sauntering away his spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that he should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should have no

10. A brass button with the initials "P. C.," Pickwick Club.

sooner rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

So saying, he at once stepped into a stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar[11] himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

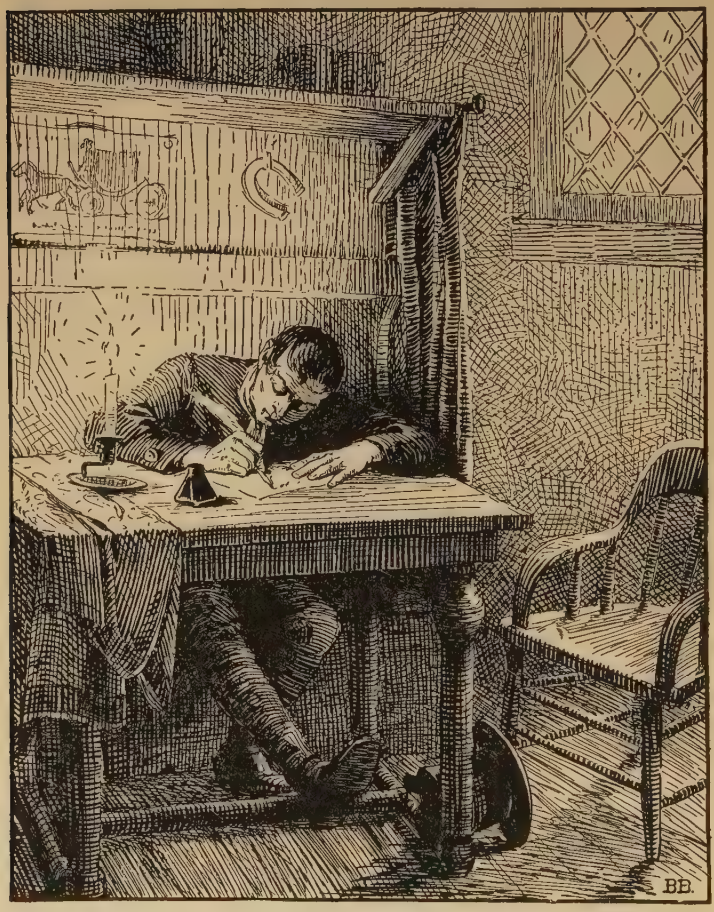
"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine pennorth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, will you miss?"

The brandy and water luke,[12] and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlor, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concur-

11. The Blue Boar is a tavern or inn. The old English inns bore very curious names: *The George and Vulture, The Marquis of Granby, The Pig and Whistle* are examples.

12. *Luke—lukewarm water.*

rence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near



SAM COMPOSED HIMSELF TO WRITE

the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that

there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was aroused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're

a doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!"[13] These reflections

13. In another place Mr. Pickwick is told by Sam how his father came to marry. Sam is speaking about the "touts" who peddled licenses for marriage at the offices. "'What do they do?' asked Mr. Pickwick. 'Do,' said Sam, 'do! *You*, sir! That a'nt the wost on it neither. They puts things into old gen'lm'n's heads as they never dreamed of. My father, sir, wos a coachman. A widower he wos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons, to see the lawyer and draw the blunt—wery smart—top boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'lm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should inwest the money—up comes the touter, touches his hat—'Licence, sir, licence?'—'What's that?' says my father. 'Licence, sir,' says he.—'What licence?' says my father.—'Marriage licence,' says the touter.—'Dash my veskit,' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.'—'I think you wants one, sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up, and thinks a bit—'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old, b'sides I'm a many sizes too large,' says he.—'Not a bit on it,

were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizing trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

sir,' says the touter.—'Think not?' says my father.—'I'm sure not,' says he; 'we married a gen'lm'n twice your size, last Monday.' 'Did you, though,' said my father.—'To be sure, we did,' says the touter, 'you're a babby to him—this way, sir—this way!' and sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a organ, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, sir,' says the lawyer.—'Thankee, sir,' says my father, and down he sat, and stared with all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes. 'What's your name, sir,' says the lawyer.—'Tony Weller,' says my father.—'Parish?' says the lawyer.—'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there wen he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, *he* didn't.—'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Blessed if I know,' says he.—'Not know!' says the lawyer.—'No more nor you do,' says my father, 'can't I put that in arterwards?'—'Impossible!' says the lawyer.—'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'put down Mrs. Clarke.'—'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink.—'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father; 'she'll have me, if I ask, I des-say—I never said nothing to her, but she'll have me, I know.' The licence was made out, and she *did* have him, and what's more she's got him now; and *I* never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. 'Beg your pardon, sir,' said Sam, when he had concluded, 'but ven I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow vith the wheel greased.'"

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a going to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter. There!"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air: " 'Lovely——.' "

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

" 'Lovely creetur,' " repeated Sam.

" 'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows: never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows: " 'Lovely creetur I feel myself a dammed'—."

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't 'dammed'," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.' "

"I FORGET WHAT THIS HERE WORD IS," SAID SAM

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

" 'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.' "

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

" 'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.' "

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is raythe good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is werry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

"Exept of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it, Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it, 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The werry thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller, "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

THE TRIAL[14]

JUSTICE Stareleigh was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in, upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar,[15] who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat, than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black, who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury. Immediately afterward Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed, in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathising and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child,

14. This is the account of the trial of the breach-of-promise suit brought by Mrs. Bardell against Mr. Pickwick.

15. *The bar*—the lawyers who are admitted inside the bar that divides the room and keeps spectators out of the way.

Mrs. Bardell started; suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him in a frantic manner; then relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders turned

MRS. CLUPPINS PLACED MASTER BARDELL ON THE FLOOR

their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg intreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz[16] rubbed his eyes very hard with a

16. Sergeant Buzfuz is the lawyer who will speak to the jury on Mrs. Bardell's side. Dodson & Fogg have prepared the papers and conducted the case until now. In this country, one attorney may attend to everything, but in England the practice is different. Mr. Perker has conducted Mr. Pickwick's affairs, and Serjeant Snubbin will plead at the trial.

large, white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

Mrs. Bardell recovered by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother,—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names

in his note-book, and reading as he wrote: "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case."

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of responsibilty imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plain-

tiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion:

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.' " Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. I intreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence

and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow; 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely, and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was prepared, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz in

the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washer-woman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it

came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness, whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage; previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract: and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's

address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper he proceeded:

"And, now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhand communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture?

Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down —but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day

with his heartless Tomata sauce and warming-pans —Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Cluppins, with the combined assistance of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fogg, was hoisted into the witness-box; and when she was safely perched on the top step, Mrs. Bardell stood on the bottom one, with the pocket-handkerchief and pattens in one hand, and a glass bottle that might hold about a quarter of a pint of smelling salts in the other, ready for any emergency. Mrs. Sanders, whose eyes were intently fixed on the judge's face, planted herself close by, with the large umbrella: keeping her right thumb pressed on the spring, as if she were fully prepared to put it up at a moment's notice.

"Mrs. Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, "pray compose yourself, ma'am." Of course, directly Mrs. Cluppins was desired to compose herself, she sobbed with increased vehemence, and gave divers alarming manifestations of an approaching fainting fit, or, as she afterwards said, of her feelings being too many for her.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, "do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartments?"

"Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?" inquired the little judge.

"My Lord and Jury," said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppense ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She *said* on the jar," said the little judge, with a cunning look.

"It's all the same, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins then resumed:

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was a sound of voices in the front room, and—"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voices were very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness, for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due her to say, that her account was in substance correct.

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here," replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge, sharply, in acknowledgment of the salute; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two or three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favor of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

This argument, was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr. Skimpin, with a glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Skimpin, "attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly—"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say, that—"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question you'll be committed sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his notebook.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that,* Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but I

have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"—

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir." And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously at the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying browbeating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly,—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being, that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about. The witness having been by these means reduced to the requisite ebb of nervous perplexity, the examination was continued as follows:

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place (another look at the jury). Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle, with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if any body should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard. "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him, will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Winkle; "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh no; certainly not;" replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky, in a most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which, I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behaviour towards females on the part of this gentlemen, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My Lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of a projected marriage, and had led, he knew, to the defendant being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich![17]

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box: both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that

17. The little incident told in another part of the story was one in which Mr. Pickwick was wholly innocent and which had been closed to the perfect satisfaction of every one concerned. Mr. Winkle, in his embarrassment, tells only half the truth, and the skilful lawyers on the other side make the most of it.

Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighborhood, after the fainting in July. Had heard Mr. Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same, under similar circumstances.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

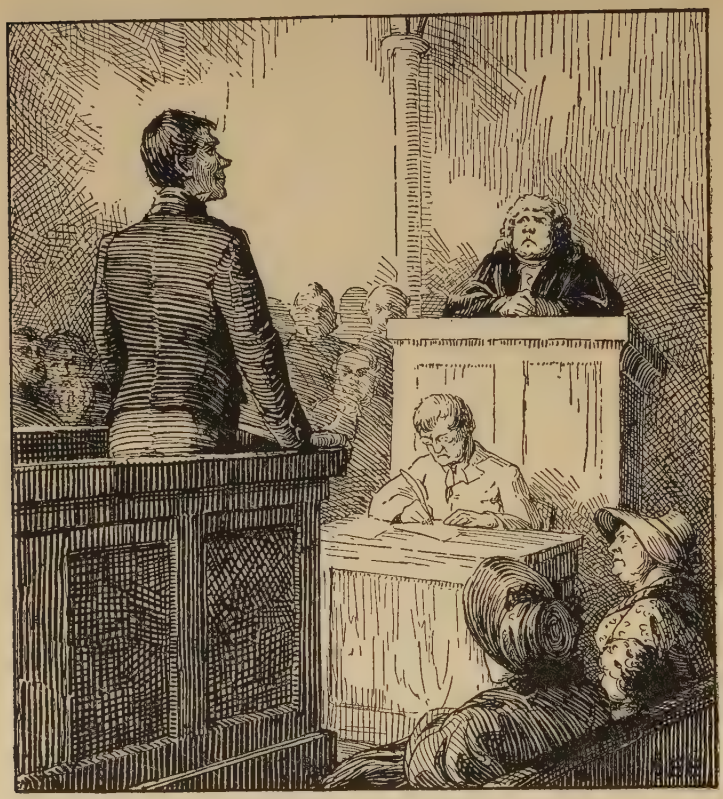
"Sam Weller, my Lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?"

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord," replied Sam, "I never had oc-

casion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.' "

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud,



"SAM WELLER, MY LORD"

"Quite right too, Samuel, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my Lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said, "Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I raythe suspect it was my father, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my Lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgment and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at that time, my Lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit of clothes; wery careful indeed, my Lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam, "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a

show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned towards Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation,

"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh, yes, wery well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I raythe thought that, too, sir," replied Sam: and at that the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with anticipation of some important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! They spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

"I have no objection to admit, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin, "if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property."

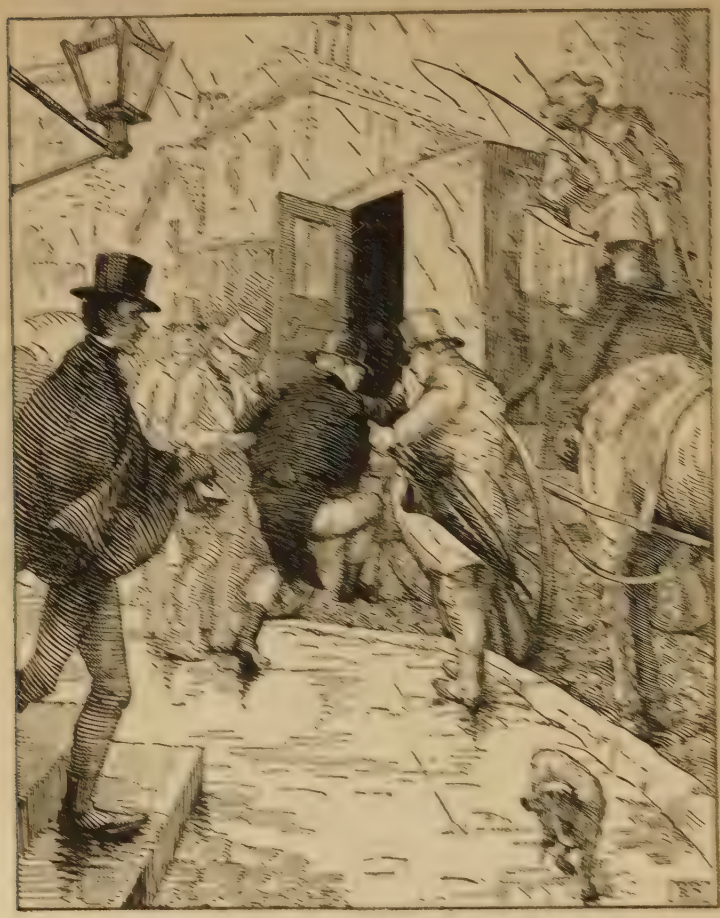
"Very well," said Serjeant Buzfuz, putting in the two letters to be read. "Then that's my case, my Lord."

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant. He attempted to show that the letters which had been exhibited, merely related to Mr. Pickwick's dinner, or to the preparations for receiving him in his apartments on his return home from some country excursion.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old-established and most approved form. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pick-

wick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.



MR. PICKWICK WAS ASSISTED INTO A HACKNEY COACH

"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed on your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Are you bail for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"All the bail, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket, and resignedly followed Mr. Perker and the little boy out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees, and then Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. There was an uncomfortable silence, and a sigh, ushering their hands with every token of sustained satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Perker, for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Perker and Lowten thought a verdict probable. Perker smiled, and said they'd try.

"You must try, and try, and try again, Mr. Perker," said Mr. Pickwick solemnly. "And one more farthing of costs or damages do you never get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Perker. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ha, ha, ha! We'll see who's right then, Mr. Perker," repeated Pickwick.

Overwhelmed with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there confided into a hackney coach, which had been retained for the purpose, by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR[1]

NOTE.—Caius Julius Cæsar (100—44 B. C.) was the greatest of Roman generals. He began early to take part in political life, identifying himself with the popular party, and he filled various offices most satisfactorily. In 62 B. C. he was elected to the consulate, the highest office in the state, and just before entering on his duties he formed with Pompey, then at the height of his power, and with Crassus, the First Triumvirate. This was not a form of government; it was simply a coalition formed to advance the interests of its members.

At the close of his consulship, Cæsar was sent as proconsul, or governor, to Gaul, where he remained for nine years. He did wonderful things in that province, conquering the warlike Gauls and the sturdy German invaders,

1. Plutarch, the author of the *Life of Cæsar*, from which this selection is taken, was a Greek writer who was born about 46 A. D. and lived about eighty years. Of his life not much is known, save that he spent considerable time in travel, and that he returned for his last years to his birthplace, Chæronea in Bœotia. He was, during his lifetime, less famous as an author than as a philosopher and as a teacher and guide to the young people who gathered about him, constituting a sort of informal school.

His *Lives*, for which he is chiefly remembered, are among the most valuable as well as the most delightful writings that have come down to us from ancient times. Most of them are arranged in pairs; that is, a life of Cæsar is joined with a life of Alexander the Great, and a formal comparison is added. These comparisons are often forced, and it is believed by some authorities that they were not written by Plutarch, but were added later.

For our knowledge of many of the great men of antiquity we are chiefly indebted to Plutarch, and English literature owes a special debt to him because it is from his *Lives* that Shakespeare drew the materials for all of his dramas which deal with ancient history. The translation which Shakespeare used was the one quoted from here—that of Sir Thomas North.

For ease in reading, this selection has been divided into paragraphs, and quotation marks have been added, but no other changes have been made.

and reducing the country to complete subjection. Leaving Gaul for a season, he crossed over to Britain and subdued the island. Meanwhile Pompey, at Rome, had become jealous of Cæsar, whose victories had made him a popular idol and he succeeded in getting the Senate to pass a decree ordering Cæsar to disband his army. This Cæsar refused to do, and instead he led his soldiers across the Rubicon, the river which separated Gaul from Italy, and advanced toward Rome. Pompey and his supporters fled, and Cæsar speedily became master of the state. He crossed into Greece and defeated Pompey, and the Senate, subservient to Cæsar as it had been to Pompey, conferred upon him all the offices in its powers. Wars in Spain, in Africa and in Pontus increased his fame, and he became undisputed master of the Roman world.

Cæsar was great not only in war. He was an author as well as a general, and his *Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars* is a masterly history. One of his acts which conferred most benefit on the people was the revision of the Calendar. Many were the projects for the improvement of the city which he planned, but he was not allowed to carry them out. While he was at the height of his power, his death came in the manner which Plutarch describes in the following selection.

AT that time, the feast Lupercalia[2] was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herd men, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæans in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place.

2. The Lupercalia was a Roman festival held annually on February 15th, in honor of the pastoral deity Lupercus.

Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius,[3] who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol.

After that, there were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems upon their heads, like kings. Those, the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes:[4] because of Brutus, who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person, unto the government of the Senate

3. Marcus Antonius, or Mark Antony (83–30 B. C.) had helped Cæsar in his contest with Pompey and was his colleague in the consulship.

4. That is, *Brutuses*. Lucius Junius Brutus was an ancient Roman hero who had taken a chief part in driving Tarquin the King from Rome, and in abolishing the kingly office (509 B. C.).

and people. Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and accusing them, he spake also against the people, and called them Bruti, and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fools.

Hereupon the people went straight until Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother, of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and favor Cæsar showed unto him, kept him back that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life, after the battle of Pharsalia[5] when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many more of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the Prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be Consul, the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius,[6] who likewise made suit for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, "Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Some one day accusing Brutus while he practiced this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but clapping his hand on his body, told them, "Brutus will look for this skin:" meaning thereby,

5. This was the battle in Greece at which Cæsar finally defeated Pompey.

6. Cassius has been a friend of Pompey, whom he had aided in his struggle against Cæsar. After the Battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pardoned him, as he did many of Pompey's supporters and they were to all appearance fully reconciled.

that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet, that for ambition's sake, he would not show himself unthankful or dishonorable.

Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other: they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Prætor's seat where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect. "Thou sleepest Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed." Cassius finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward, and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks."

Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella,[7] that they pretended some mischief toward him: he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them: but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided: considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also

7. Dolabella was a Roman politician who had given Cæsar some aid at the Battle of Pharsalia and who therefore felt himself entitled to great rewards. Since, owing to his turbulence and his profligate character, he was constantly stirring up strife at Rome, Cæsar gave him appointments in Spain and in Africa.

the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place: are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened?

But Strabo[8] the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar himself also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.

That day being come, Cæsar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, "The Ides of March be come:" "So be they," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Cæsar supping with Marcus Lepidus,[9] sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board: so talk falling out among them, reasoning what death was best: he preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for."

8. Strabo (about 64 B. C.–19 A. D.) was a Greek historian and geographer. His *Geography*, in seventeen books, is still extant, but of the forty-three books of his *History*, there remain but fragments.

9. Marcus Æmilius Lepidus had served as consul with Cæsar, and had been appointed by Cæsar governor of Nearer Spain. After Cæsar's death he joined himself with Antony.

Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth fumbling lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms.

Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as among other, Titus Livius[10] writeth, that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle: Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate, until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear or superstition: and then, for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had.

But much more afterward, when the soothsayers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he deter-

10. Titus Livius, or Livy (59 B. C.–19 A. D.), was a famous Roman historian. He wrote a history of Rome in one hundred and forty books, of which, however, only thirty-five are extant.

mined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of

CALPURNIA ENTREATS CAESAR

the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus: he fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved Cæsar, saying: That he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and

that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams: what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself?

"And yet if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and saluting the Senate, to dimiss them till another time."

Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him: and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept, till Cæsar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him.

And one Artemidorus, also born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar: came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed

nearer to him, and said: "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it to him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit others are of opinion, that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people.

For these things, they may seem to come by chance: but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself among other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that Cassius, beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise: he did softly call upon it, to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself.

Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose.

So Cæsar coming into the house, all the Senate

stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came toward him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar, till he was set in his chair. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnester with him: Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him struck him in the neck with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed, the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar, in Latin: "O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?" And Casca in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help me."

At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw; they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere, but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among

them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder: and then Brutus himself gave him one wound about his body. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually, or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed, that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body: and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst among them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut-to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again.

But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses, and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on

the other side, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the Senate, and went in the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troop, and went among them, as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them: among them was Caius Octavius, and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterward put to death, for their vain covetousness of honor, by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger: and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates, or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed.

The next morning, Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reproved, nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and ordained besides that Cæsar's funeral should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done: and gave certain provinces also, and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates.

whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.

But when they had opened Cæsar's testament and found a liberal legacy of money, bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords: then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burned the corpse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the firebrands, and went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire. Others also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses.

There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused, and would not go: and then Cæsar took him by the hand, and led him against his will. Now Cinna hearing at that time that they burned Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides: he went into the market-place to honor his funerals. When he came thither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murdered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called

Cinna as himself), wherefore taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently despatched him in the market-place. This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past, and therefore within a few days after they departed out of Rome.

Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age: and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreme danger: but a vain name only and a superficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime, did continue afterward in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he being overcome in battle at Philippi,[11] slew himself with the same sword, with the which he struck Cæsar. Again, signs in the element, the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death, the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale, and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat: therefore the air being very cloudy

11. This was a city in Macedonia, the scene of the battle between Brutus and Cassius on the one hand, and Antony and Octavius on the other.

and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could

THE DEATH OF BRUTUS

ripe. But above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his af-

fairs (for by report he was as careful a captain, and lived with as little sleep, as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking toward the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness, and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside, and said nothing: at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: "I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi." Then Brutus replied again, and said: "Well, I shall see thee then." Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi, against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drove them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it, and slew himself, but yet as it is reported, with the help of his friend that despatched him.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

From SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR

NOTE.—The following selection from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is given to show how closely Shakespeare followed his source, Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar.* In the other parts of this great drama the similarity is equally great; thus the incident of Antony's offering Cæsar the crown, the warnings "blazed forth" by the heavens, the vision of Brutus at Philippi, are all used by Shakespeare in a masterly manner. This unoriginality in his plot by no means detracts from the genius of Shakespeare; he invented few of his plots, but he showed his wonderful genius in his treatment of them.

Perhaps this selection from *Julius Cæsar* will make you want to read the whole play. It is the easiest and the simplest of all Shakespeare's tragedies, and therefore the best for you to begin with. There are a number of wonderful scenes in it. But perhaps the most wonderful of all is the scene where Antony makes his speech over the body of Cæsar. Plutarch does not tell us that it was Antony who stirred up the wrath of the Romans against the conspirators, but Shakespeare makes him do that in one of the most skilful and masterly speeches in all literature.

ACT II

SCENE II. CÆSAR'S *house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his nightgown.*[1] CÆSAR *speaks.*

NOR heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,

1. His *nightgown* was his dressing-gown.

"Help! ho! they murther[2] Cæsar!"
Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[3]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,[4]
And I do fear them.

2. *Murther* is an old form of *murder.*
3. *Stood on ceremonies* means *insisted on omens.*
4. *Beyond all use* means *unusual, unnatural.*

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers!

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.[5]

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

5. The ancients believed that the condition of an animal offered for sacrifice foretold many things.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time.
To bear my greeting to the Senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, Go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate,
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.[6]
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd,[7] for some one to say
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[8]

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

6. *Cognizance* here means *souvenirs.*

7. *A mock apt to be render'd* means *a sneering reply likely to be made.*

8. *Liable* means *subject, subservient.*

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS,[9] BRUTUS, LIGARIUS,[10] METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS[11] *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.[12]
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will; [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

9-10-11. These are three conspirators whom Plutarch does not mention.

12. This is an anachronism. There were no clocks to strike in Cæsar's time.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*
Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover.

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of[13] emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and* the SOOTHSAYER.[14] *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.* CÆSAR *speaks to the* Soothsayer.

13. *Out of the teeth of* means *beyond the reach of.*

14. This soothsayer had the month before warned Cæsar to beware the ides of March.

THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read.
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer; read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Scene changes to the Senate-house, the Senate sitting. Enter CÆSAR *with his train, the conspirators and others.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

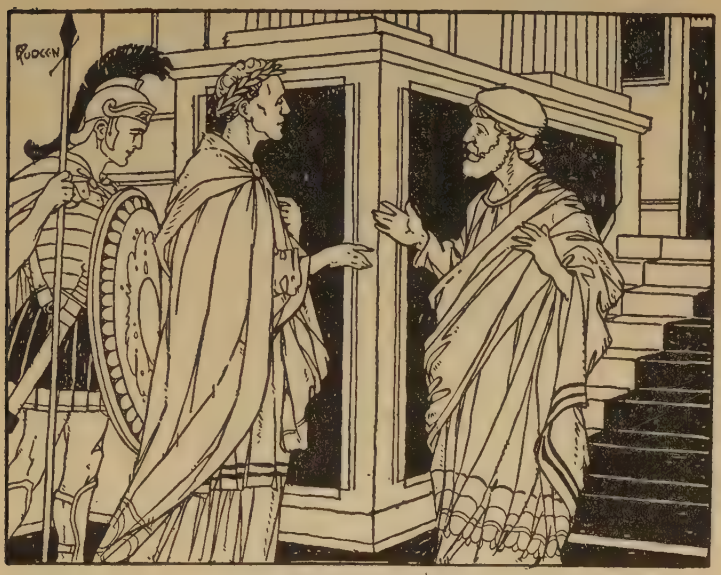
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar does not change.



"THE IDES OF MARCH ARE COME"

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd:[15] press near and second him.

15. *Address'd* means *ready.*

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings[16] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men.
. . . Be not fond,[17]
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of [18] my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

16. *Couchings* means *crouchings*. It may be that Shakespeare wrote *crouchings*, and that the mistake crept in afterward.

17. *Fond* meant, in olden times, *foolish*, and is so used here.

18. *Repealing* is here used in its obsolete sense of *recalling*.

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.

KNOW, CAESAR DOTH NOT WRONG

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca and the other Conspirators stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute!*[19] Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies.*

19. *Et tu, Brute.* There is no record that Cæsar said these words in dying. Most commentators think that it is a decidedly false note for Shakespeare to introduce this Latin exclamation here.

JULIUS CÆSAR[1]

By James Anthony Froude

IN person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off towards the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits.

He was a great bather and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding.

In Gaul he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was ob-

1. This character sketch of Cæsar is from the *Cæsar* of James Anthony Froude (1818-1894), an English historian. His judgment of Cæsar is much more favorable than is that of Plutarch.

served of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On one occasion when he was dining somewhere the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials.

Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia[2] held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms,

2. The capture of Alesia, which was defended by Vercingetorix, the bravest of the Gallic leaders, was one of Cæsar's greatest exploits.

THE ROMAN FORUM

The Heart of the Mighty Empire of the Cæsars

and clothes, and food, and shelter, and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander.

Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. Allies had to be found among tribes as yet unheard of. Countless contingent difficulties had to be provided for, many of which must necessarily arise, though the exact nature of them could not be anticipated. When room for accidents is left open, accidents do not fail to be heard of. But Cæsar was never defeated when personally present, save once at Gergovia, and once at Darazzo; and the failure at Gergovia was caused by the revolt of the Aedui;[3] and the manner in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved showed Cæsar's greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories.

He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He travelled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges.

No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again by his own efforts he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized

3. The Aedui were the first Gallic tribe to form an alliance with the Romans.

a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to the enemy's strength, or if he misstated their numbers it was only to exaggerate.

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionally and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family.

When Sabinus was cut off, he allowed his beard to grow, and he did not shave it till the disaster was avenged. If Quintus Cicero had been his own child, he could not have run greater personal risk to save him when shut up at Charleroy. In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment.

Mutiny and desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent tenth legion into submission by a single word. When the Civil War began and Labienus left him, he told all his

officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him.

When prætor, Cæsar brought back money from Spain to the treasury; but he was never charged at the time with peculation or oppression there. In Gaul the war paid its own expenses; but what temples were there in Gaul which were worth spoiling? Of temples he was, indeed, scrupulously careful. Varro had taken gold from the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz. Cæsar replaced it. Metellus Scipio had threatened to plunder the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Cæsar protected it. In Gaul the Druids were his best friends; therefore he certainly had not outraged religion there; and the quiet of the province during the Civil War is a sufficient answer to the accusation of gratuitous oppression.

The Gauls paid the expenses of their conquest in the prisoners taken in battle, who were sold to the slave merchants; and this is the real blot on Cæsar's career. But the blot was not personally upon Cæsar, but upon the age in which he lived. The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels. That prisoners of war should be sold as slaves was the law of the time, accepted alike by victors and vanquished; and the crowds of libertini who assisted at Cæsar's funeral proved that he was not regarded as the enemy of these unfortunates, but as their special friend.

As far as his public action was concerned, he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible like a force of nature.

From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality.

He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman State as an institution established by the laws. He encouraged or left unmolested the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles.

But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order *Te Deums* to be sung for it; and in the absence of these conventionalisms he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

He fought his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world; and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

From THE CHRONICLES OF FROISSART*

NOTE.—The following selection is from an account of the Hundred Years' War by Froissart. The Hundred Years' War is the name given to a series of contests between the French and the English between 1337 and 1453. The war was undertaken by the English kings and the object was to gain possession of the French crown, to which Edward III of England believed that he was entitled. There were various skirmishes prior to the Battle of Crecy (or Cressy), but that was the first great and decisive contest. The English were victorious, as they were in most of the battles during the reign of Edward III, but these victories, brilliant as they were, gave to England little permanent advantage; and when Edward finally withdrew from the war, England as well as France was in an exhausted condition. The war was continued with varying fortunes during the reigns of Edward's successors, and in the time of Henry V (1413–1422), it really seemed as if England might permanently subdue France. However, with the help of Joan of Arc (Volume IV, page 404) the French losses were retrieved, and when in 1453 the English were finally driven from France, they held nothing in their possession except the city of Calais, which they had captured shortly after the Battle of Crecy.

The English king referred to in Froissart's account is Edward III (1312–1377), and the French king is Philip

*Jean Froissart was a French poet and historian who lived from about 1338 to about 1410. From 1361 to 1366 he was secretary to Philippa, Queen of England, the wife of Edward III, whose exploits are celebrated in this extract from his works. Froissart's great work is his *Chronicles*, in the four books of which he described in a vivid manner the wars and other events of the last three-quarters of the fourteenth century. His account is of especial interest because he received most of his information about the events he described from people who had taken prominent parts in them.

VI (1296–1350). The English prince who distinguished himself at the Battle of Crecy was a son of Edward III, commonly known as the "Black Prince." He was at the time of the Battle of Crecy but sixteen years old.

Of the order of the Englishmen at Cressy, and how they made three battles afoot

N the Friday the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the king made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the king entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly, that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey[1] to his honor; then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the prince his son with him, and the most part of his company were confessed and houselled;[2] and after the mass said he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed.

Then the king caused a park to be made by the wood side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles:[3] in the first was the young

1. *Journey* has here its old meaning of the *day's work.*
2. To *housel* means *to administer the eucharist.*
3. *Battles* means here *battalions.*

Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name: they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other: every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had the king: he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the king leaped on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battle, it was then nine of the day: then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles: then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet[4] and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

4. A *salet, or sallet,* was a sort of helmet made without a visor.

The order of the Frenchmen at Cressy, and how they beheld the demeanor of the Englishmen

THIS Saturday the French king rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the Abbey of Saint Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching toward his enemies, some of his lords said to him: "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the king sent four knights, the Moine of Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu and the Lord d'Aubigny to ride to aview[5] the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing.

The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them: they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French king saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said: "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the king said to the Moine, who pertained to the king of Bohemia and was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world: "Sir, speak you."

Then he said: "Sir, I shall speak, sith[6] it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we

5. *To aview* is an archaic synonym of *to survey.*

6. *Sith* means *since.*

have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night: for or[7] they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find our enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the king commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner: "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and Saint Denis."[8] They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost: and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the king nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies: and as soon as the foremost saw them, they reculed[9] then aback without good array, whereof they be-

7. *Or* was formerly used to mean *before.*

8. Saint Denis was a missionary to the Gauls, sent out from Rome about 250 A. D. He made numerous converts to Christianity, but his preaching was not acceptable to the Roman ruler of Gaul, and Saint Denis was in 272 put to death. For a long time the name of Saint Denis was the war cry of the French soldiers.

9. *Reculed* is an old form of *recoiled.*

hind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list: some went forth and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried: "Down with them! let us slay them all."

There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvellous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, showed me as they knew.

Of the battle of Cressy between the King of England and the French King

HE Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste and arranged their battles. The first, which was the prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse[10] and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the

10. *In the manner of a herse* means that the soldiers were drawn up in the form of a harrow; that is, the line of battle was much longer from side to side than from front to back.

second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and said to his marshals: "Make the Genoways[11] go on before and begin the battle in the name of God and Saint Denis." There were of the Genoways cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables: "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest."

These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said: "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse[12] with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchman's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs.

When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that: then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a

11. *Genoways* were the *Genoese.*

12. *Clipse* was the same as *eclipse.*

fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot: thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly together and so thick, that it seemed snow.

When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them fly away, he said: "Slay these rascals, for they shall let[13] and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them: and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas[14] they saw thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia[15] called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind,

13. *To let* meant *to hinder* or to *prevent.*

14. *Whereas* is here used for *wherever.*

15. The King of Bohemia was an ally of the French king.

when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him: "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said: "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said: "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward, that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea and more than four, and fought valiantly and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French king would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French king had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his

banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours[16] of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, and his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let[17] but for his horse, for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came, there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometimes came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the king: "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore

16. *Currours* were *couriers* or *messengers.*

17. *Let* meant *hindrance.*

handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the king said: "Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the king, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt[18] would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt his brother might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale, his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French king, and the Duke of Lorraine fought under their banners, but at last they were

18. Sir Godfrey of Harcourt was an exiled French noble who rendered much aid to the English King.

closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess.

In the evening the French king, who had left about him no more than a three-score persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the king, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the king: "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself wilfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the king's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the king rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the king called the captain, who came to the walls and said: "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the king said: "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the king, and opened the gate and let down the bridge.

Then the king entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny and the Lord of Montsault. The king would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

How the next day after the battle the Englishmen discomfited divers Frenchmen

ON this Saturday, when the night was come and that the Englishmen heard no more noise of the Frenchmen, then they reputed themselves to have the victory, and the Frenchmen to be discomfited, slain and fled away. Then they made great fires and lighted up torches and candles, because it was very dark. Then the king avaled[19] down from the little hill whereas he stood; and of all that day till then his helm came never on his head. Then he went with all his battle to his son the prince and embraced him in his arms and kissed him, and said: "Fair son, God give you good perseverance; ye are my good son, thus ye have acquitted you nobly: ye are worthy to keep a realm." The prince inclined himself to the earth, honoring the king his father.

This night they thanked God for their good adventure and made no boast thereof, for the king would that no man should be proud or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God. On the Sunday in the morning there was such a mist, that a man might not see the breadth of an acre of land from him. Then there departed from the host by the commandment of the king and marshals five hundred spears and two thousand archers, to see if they might see any Frenchmen gathered again together in any place.

The same morning out of Abbeville and Saint-Riquiers in Ponthieu the commons of Rouen and of

19. *To avale* was an old synonym for *to descend.*

Beauvais issued out of their towns, not knowing of the discomfiture the day before. They met with the Englishmen weening[20] they had been Frenchmen, and when the Englishmen saw them, they set on them freshly, and there was a sore battle; but at last the Frenchmen fled and kept none array. There were slain in the ways and in hedges and bushes more than seven thousand, and if the day had been clear there had never a one scaped. Anon after, another company of Frenchmen were met by the Englishmen, the Archbishop of Rouen and the great Prior of France, who also knew nothing of the discomfiture the day before; for they heard that the French king should have fought the same Sunday, and they were going thitherward.

When they met with the Englishmen, there was a great battle, for they were a great number, but they could not endure against the Englishmen; for they were nigh all slain, few escaped; the two lords were slain. This morning the Englishmen met with divers Frenchmen that had lost their way on the Saturday and had lain all night in the fields, and wist not where the king was nor the captains. They were all slain, as many as were met with; and it was showed me that of the commons and men afoot of the cities and good towns of France there was slain four times as many as were slain the Saturday in the great battle.

20. *Weening* here means *imagining.*

How the next day after the battle of Cressy they that were dead were numbered by the Englishmen

THE same Sunday, as the King of England came from mass, such as had been sent forth returned and showed the king what they had seen and done, and said: "Sir, we think surely there is now no more appearance of any of our enemies." Then the king sent to search how many were slain and what they were. Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Richard Stafford with three heralds went to search the field and country: they visited all them that were slain and rode all day in the fields, and returned again to the host as the king was going to supper. They made just report of that they had seen, and said how there were eleven great princes dead, fourscore banners, twelve hundred knights, and more than thirty thousand other. The Englishmen kept still their field all that night: on the Monday in the morning the king prepared to depart: the king caused the dead bodies of the great lords to be taken up and conveyed to Montreuil, and there buried in holy ground, and made a cry in the country to grant truce for three days, to the intent that they of the country might search the field of Cressy to bury the dead bodies.

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA[1]

By E. S. Creasy

THE war which rent away the North American colonies from England is, of all subjects in history, the most painful for an Englishman to dwell on.[2] It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it cannot be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777; a defeat which rescued the revolted colonists from certain subjection, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their behalf, insured the independence of the United States, and the formation of that transatlantic power which not only America, but both Europe and Asia now see and feel.[3]

1. This description of the defeat of Burgoyne is taken from *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, a very interesting historical work, written over sixty years ago by a man recognized as an eminent scholar, a professor of history and a judge of the English Courts.

2. It should be remembered in reading this account that the author is a patriotic Englishman. We shall have a chance to test his fairness, to see if he is too much prejudiced to be a good historian. What does the next sentence in the text indicate?

3. The earlier part of the essay, from which this selection is taken, contains a brief sketch of the growth of the colonies, and an

Still, in proceeding to describe this "decisive battle of the world," a very brief recapitulation of the earlier events of the war may be sufficient; nor shall I linger unnecessarily on a painful theme.

The five northern colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, usually classed together as the New England colonies, were the strongholds of the insurrection against the mother country.[4] The feeling of resistance was less vehement and general in the central settlement of New York, and still less so in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the other colonies of the South, although everywhere it was formidably strong.[5] But it was among the descendants of the stern Puritans that the spirit of Cromwell and Vane breathed in all its fervor; it was from the New Englanders that the first armed opposition to the British crown had been offered; and it was by them that the most stubborn determination to fight to the last, rather than waive a single right or privilege, had been displayed. In 1775 they had succeeded

estimate of the position and importance of the United States at the time the essay was written. The author says that the United States was increasing so rapidly in wealth, power and influence, that any opinions he could form would soon be out of date. Nearly seventy years have passed since then, and we can appreciate the changes that have occurred by comparing his picture with our present condition. The whole world now sees and feels the power of the United States in a way that was not dreamed of sixty years ago.

4. What reasons can you give for the fact that the New England colonies were the strongholds of insurrection?

5. What does he mean by "the central settlement of New York?" Why was the feeling of resistance less vehement in the central settlement of New York? What was there in the nature of the colonists of Pennsylvania that made them still less inclined to resist? Why should the southern colonies partake of the nature of the New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians, rather than of the New Englanders? Find the answers to these questions in the characters of the early settlers.

in forcing the British troops to evacuate Boston; and the events of 1776 had made New York (which the Royalists captured in that year) the principal basis of operations for the armies of the mother country.

A glance at the map will show that the Hudson River, which falls into the Atlantic at New York, runs down from the north at the back of the New England States, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the line of the coast of the Atlantic, along which the New England States are situate. Northward of the Hudson we see a small chain of lakes communicating with the Canadian frontier. It is necessary to attend closely to these geographical points, in order to understand the plan of the operations which the English attempted in 1777, and which the battle of Saratoga defeated.[6]

The English had a considerable force in Canada, and in 1776 had completely repulsed an attack which the Americans had made upon that province.[7] The British ministry resolved to avail themselves, in the next year, of the advantage which the occupation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defense, but for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the revolted colonies. With this view the army in Canada was largely re-enforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England, with a corps of artillery abundantly supplied and led by select and

6. If you are not familiar with the region described, study the map closely. It will make the text clearer.

7. This was the expedition under Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, which, though both armies reached Quebec, and attacked with vigor in December, was repulsed with great loss of life; in fact most of the assailants were either killed, wounded or taken prisoner.

experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers, who were expected to join the expedition. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes, and thence along the banks of the Hudson River. The British army from New York (or a large detachment of it) was to make a simultaneous movement northward, up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to unite at Albany, a town on that river. By these operations, all communication between the northern colonies and those of the center and south would be cut off.[8] An irresistible force would be concentrated, so as to crush all further opposition in New England; and when this was done, it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. The Americans had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Their principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over Pennsylvania and the South. At any rate, it was believed that, in order to oppose the plan intended for the new campaign, the insurgents must risk a pitched battle, in which the superiority of the Royalists, in numbers, in discipline, and in equipment, seemed to promise to the latter a crowning victory. Without question the plan was ably formed; and had the success of the execution been equal to the ingenuity of the design, the reconquest or submission of the

8. The map shows you how excellent a military plan this was. The lakes and the river made a natural highway, both ends of which the British held. The Eastern colonies lay in a rude triangle, with the English, by land and sea, on two sides of them. When the British should hold the line along the Hudson, the third side of the triangle would be filled in, and the New England colonies would be entirely surrounded as well as cut off from the Middle and Southern colonies.

thirteen United States must in all human probability have followed, and the independence which they proclaimed in 1776 would have been extinguished before it existed a second year. No European power had as yet come forward to aid America. It is true that England was generally regarded with jealousy and ill-will, and was thought to have acquired, at the treaty of Paris, a preponderance of dominion which was perilous to the balance of power; but, though many were willing to wound, none had yet ventured to strike; and America, if defeated in 1777, would have been suffered to fall unaided.

Burgoyne had gained celebrity by some bold and dashing exploits in Portugal during the last war; he was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops; he had considerable skill as a tactician; and his general intellectual abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He had several very able and experienced officers under him, among whom were Major-General Philips and Brigadier-General Frazer. His regular troops amounted, exclusively of the corps of artillery, to about 7,200 men, rank and file. Nearly half of these were Germans. He had also an auxiliary force of from two to three thousand Canadians. He summoned the warriors of several tribes of the red Indians near the Western lakes to join his army. Much eloquence was poured forth both in America and in England in denouncing the use of these savage auxiliaries. Yet Burgoyne seems to have done no more than Montcalm, Wolfe, and other French, American and English generals had done before him. But, in truth, the lawless ferocity of

the Indians, their unskillfulness in regular action, and the utter impossibility of bringing them under any discipline, made their services of little or no value in times of difficulty; while the indignation which their outrages inspired went far to rouse the whole population of the invaded districts into active hostilities against Burgoyne's force.[9]

Burgoyne assembled his troops and confederates near the River Bouquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain. He then, on the 21st of June, 1777, gave his red allies a war feast, and harangued them on the necessity of abstaining from their usual cruel practices against unarmed people and prisoners. At the same time, he published a pompous manifesto to the Americans, in which he threatened the refractory with all the horrors of war, Indian as well as European.[10] The army proceeded by water to Crown Point, a fortification which the Americans held at the northern extremity of the inlet, by which the water from Lake George is conveyed to Lake Champlain. He landed here without opposition; but the reduction of Ticonderoga, a fortification about twelve miles to the south of Crown Point, was a more serious matter, and was supposed to be the critical part of the expedition. Ticonderoga commanded the passage along the lakes, and was considered to be the key to the route which Burgoyne wished to follow. The English had been repulsed in an attack on it in the war with the

9. Does the writer think Burgoyne profited from the use of the Indians as soldiers? Does he think it was wrong for Burgoyne to use them? What is your opinion?

10. To how great an extent would Burgoyne's words influence the Indians? Do you think he expected them to refrain from their barbarities?

French in 1758 with severe loss. But Burgoyne now invested it with great skill; and the American general, St. Clair, who had only an ill-equipped army of about 3,000 men, evacuated it on the 5th of July. It seems evident that a different course would have caused the destruction or capture of his whole army, which, weak as it was, was the chief force then in the field for the protection of the New England States. When censured by some of his countrymen for abandoning Ticonderoga, Saint Clair truly replied "that he had lost a post, but saved a province."[11] Burgoyne's troops pursued the retiring Americans, gained several advantages over them, and took a large part of their artillery and military stores.

The loss of the British in these engagements was trifling. The army moved southward along Lake George to Skenesborough, and thence, slowly and with great difficulty, across a broken country, full of creeks and marshes, and clogged by the enemy with felled trees and other obstacles, to Fort Edward, on the Hudson River, the American troops continuing to retire before them.

Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson River on the 30th of July. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army in the South. But their feelings, and those of the English nation in general

11. Do you think St. Clair acted wisely or in a cowardly manner?

when their successes were announced, may best be learned from a contemporary writer. Burke, in the *Annual Register* for 1777, describes them thus:

"Such was the rapid torrent of success, which swept everything away before the Northern army in its onset. It is not to be wondered at if both officers and private men were highly elated with their good fortune, and deemed that and their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt; considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands; and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of some time than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger.

"At home, the joy and exultation was extreme; not only at court, but with all those who hoped or wished the unqualified subjugation and unconditional submission of the colonies. The loss in reputation was greater to the Americans, and capable of more fatal consequences, than even that of ground, of posts, of artillery, or of men. All the contemptuous and most degrading charges which had been made by their enemies, of their wanting the resolution and abilities of men, even in their defense of whatever was dear to them, were now repeated and believed. Those who still regarded them as men, and who had not yet lost all affection to them as brethren; who also retained hopes that a happy reconciliation upon constitutional principles, without sacrificing the dignity of the just authority of government on the one side, or a dereliction of the rights of freemen on the other, was not even now impossible, notwithstanding their

favorable dispositions in general, could not help feeling upon this occasion that the Americans sunk not a little in their estimation. It was not difficult to diffuse an opinion that the war in effect was over, and that any further resistance could serve only to render the terms of their submission the worse. Such were some of the immediate effects of the loss of those grand keys of North America—Ticonderoga, and the lakes."

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were naturally great; but in the midst of their disasters, none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take the command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, a favorite leader of the Americans, was dispatched by Washington to act under him, with re-enforcements of troops and guns from the main American army. Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Though he labored hard to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilized warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders not droop, but rage.

Such was their effect; and though, when each man looked upon his wife, his children, his sisters, or his aged parents, the thought of the merciless

Indian "thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child," of "the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles," might raise terror in the bravest breasts; this very terror produced a directly contrary effect to causing submission to the royal army. It was seen that the few friends of the royal cause, as well as its enemies, were liable to be the victims of the indiscriminate rage of the savages; and thus "the inhabitants of the open and frontier countries had no choice of acting: they had no means of security left but by abandoning their habitations and taking up arms. Every man saw the necessity of becoming a temporary soldier, not only for his own security, but for the protection and defense of those connections which are dearer than life itself. Thus an army was poured forth by the woods, mountains, and marches, which in this part were thickly sown with plantations and villages. The Americans recalled their courage, and, when their regular army seemed to be entirely wasted, the spirit of the country produced a much greater and more formidable force."

While resolute recruits, accustomed to the use of firearms, and all partially trained by service in the provincial militias, were thus flocking to the standard of Gates and Arnold at Saratoga, and while Burgoyne was engaged at Fort Edward in providing the means for the further advance of his army through the intricate and hostile country that still lay before him, two events occurred, in each of which the British sustained loss and the Americans obtained advantage, the moral effects of which were even more important than the immediate re-

sult of the encounters. When Burgoyne left Canada, General Saint Leger was detached from that province with a mixed force[12] of about 1,000 men and some light field pieces across Lake Ontario against Fort Stanwix, which the Americans held. After capturing this, he was to march along the Mohawk River to its confluence with the Hudson, between Saratoga and Albany, where his force and that of Burgoyne's were to unite. But, after some successes, Saint Leger was obliged to retreat, and to abandon his tents and large quantities of stores to the garrison.[13] At the very time that General Burgoyne heard of this disaster, he experienced one still more severe in the defeat of Colonel Baum, with a large detachment of German troops, at Bennington, whither Burgoyne had sent them for the purpose of capturing some magazines of provisions, of which the British army stood greatly in need. The Americans, augmented by continual accessions of strength, succeeded, after many attacks, in breaking this corps, which fled into the woods, and left its commander mortally wounded on the field:[14] they then marched against a force of five hundred

12. The Indians were Mohawks under the command of Chief Joseph Brant, a blood-thirsty man, much feared and hated by the whites.

13. Fort Stanwix was held by Colonel Peter Gansevoort, with about six hundred men. General Nicholas Herkimer raised a force of eight hundred men from among the settlers of that vicinity and attacked St. Leger from the rear. At the time the soldiers made a sortie from the fort. In the struggle that followed, Herkimer was mortally wounded, and it is said that fully one-third of the troops engaged were killed.

14. The Americans were commanded by Colonel John Stark and Colonel Seth Warner, both strong types of the sturdy, patriotic American colonists. Seth Warner led a company of Green Mountain boys, the famous Vermont militia, and had already distinguished himself by his bloodless capture of Crown Point the year before.

grenadiers and light infantry, which was advancing to Colonel Baum's assistance under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, who, after a gallant resistance, was obliged to retreat on the main army. The British loss in these two actions exceeded six hundred men; and a party of American Loyalists, on their way to join the army, having attached themselves to Colonel Baum's corps, were destroyed with it.[15]

Notwithstanding these reverses, which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of the American forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march; but having, by unremitting exertions, collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of Saratoga, about sixteen miles from Albany. The Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no further.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy and unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clin-

15. The loss to the British may have been much under-estimated. An American authority says that of the more than fifteen hundred British troops, scarcely one hundred escaped death or capture.

ton, a brave and skillful officer, was left with a considerable force at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for re-enforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till Septem-

THE BATTLE LASTED UNTIL SUNSET

ber. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about 3,000 of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships-of-war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and water-courses; but, after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the

afternoon of the 19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself and a strong body of the enemy, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained masters of the field; but the loss on each side was nearly equal (from five to six hundred men); and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts; and the Americans also improved their defenses. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way, with great difficulty, to Burgoyne's camp, and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany, Burgoyne, in reply, stated his hopes that the promised co-operation would be speedy and decisive, and added, that unless he received assistance before the 10th of October, he would be obliged to retreat to the lakes through want of provisions.

The Indians and Canadians now began to desert Burgoyne, while, on the other hand, Gates' army was continually re-enforced by fresh bodies of the militia. An expeditionary force was detached by the Americans, which made a bold, though unsuccessful attempt to retake Ticonderoga. And find-

ing the number and spirit of the enemy to increase daily, and his own stores of provisions to diminish, Burgoyne determined on attacking the Americans in front of him, and, by dislodging them from their position, to gain the means of moving upon Albany, or, at least, of relieving his troops from the straitened position in which they were cooped up.

Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than 6,000 men. The right of his camp was on high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his intrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, their line being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream. The lines were fortified in the center and on the left with redoubts and field-works. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still.[16] The right of the American position, that is to say, the part of it nearest to the river, was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success, and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavor to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of 1,500 regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. He headed this in person, having Generals Philips, Reidesel,[17] and Frazer under him. The enemy's force immediately in front of his lines was so strong that he dared not weaken the troops who guarded them by detaching any more to strengthen his column of attack. The

16. The Americans had now probably twenty thousand men, counting regulars and militia.

17. Baron Reidesel was in command of the German troops.

right was commanded by Generals Hamilton and Spaight; the left by Brigadier Goll.

It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne led his column on to the attack; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against the two American forts which barred his progress up the Hudson. He had captured them both, with severe loss to the American forces opposed to him; he had destroyed the fleet which the Americans had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of their forts; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He was now only a hundred and fifty-six miles distant from Burgoyne, and a detachment of 1,700 men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Unfortunately, Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the other's movements; but if Burgoyne had won his battle on the 7th, he must, on advancing, have soon learned the tidings of Clinton's success, and Clinton would have heard of his. A junction would soon have been made of the two victorious armies, and the great objects of the campaign might yet have been accomplished.[18] All depended on the fortunes of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful 7th of October, 1777, advanced against the American position. There were brave men, both English and German, in its ranks; and, in particular, it comprised one of the best bodies of Grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract the enemy's attention, and led

18. What a dramatic situation the author shows. In so doing does he give force to his claim that Saratoga was really one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world?

his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates' camp, and then deployed his men into line. The Grenadiers under Major Ackland were drawn up on the left, a corps of Germans in the center, and the English Light Infantry and the 24th regiment on the right. But Gates did not wait to be attacked; and directly the British line was formed and began to advance, the American general, with admirable skill, caused a strong force to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left. The Grenadiers under Ackland sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But Gates sent more Americans forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the center, so as to prevent the Germans from sending any help to the Grenadiers. Burgoyne's right was not yet engaged; but a mass of the enemy were observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident intention of turning the British right, and cutting off its retreat. The Light Infantry and the 24th now fell back, and formed an oblique second line which enabled them to baffle this maneuver, and also to succor their comrades in the left wing, the gallant Grenadiers, who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for this aid, must have been cut to pieces. Arnold now came up with three American regiments and attacked the right flanks of the English double line. Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat toward their camp; the left and center were in complete disorder; but the Light Infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp, leaving six of their guns in the possession

of the enemy, and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillery-men, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the Light Infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew toward evening, Arnold having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret, he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack; but the English also continued their obstinate resistance and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments. But in another part the attack had been more successful. A body of the Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the German reserve under Colonel Breyman.

The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defense of his post, but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of. They had, by establishing themselves on this point, acquired the means of completely turning the right flank of the British, and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity, Burgoyne effected during the night a complete change of position. With great skill, he removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day. But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson to prevent the British from recrossing that river and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and, accordingly, the troops were marched through a stormy and rainy night towards Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded, and the greater part of their baggage to the enemy.[19]

Before the rear guard quitted the camp, the last sad honors were paid to the brave General Frazer, who had been mortally wounded on the 7th, and expired on the following day. The funeral of this

19. The battles around Saratoga are given different names by different authors. Creasy writes of all the engagements under the general title of the Battle of Saratoga. Other writers speak of the battles of Freeman's Farm and Bemis Heights, and others still, of the battles of Stillwater.

gallant soldier is thus described by the Italian historian Botta:

"Toward midnight the body of General Frazer was buried in the British camp. His brother officers assembled sadly round while the funeral service was read over the remains of their brave comrade, and his body was committed to the hostile earth. The ceremony, always mournful and solemn of itself, was rendered even terrible by the sense of recent losses, of present and future dangers, and of regret for the deceased. Meanwhile the blaze and roar of the American artillery amid the natural darkness and stillness of the night came on the senses with startling awe. The grave had been dug within range of the enemy's batteries, and while the service was proceeding, a cannon-ball struck the ground close to the coffin, and spattered earth over the face of the officiating chaplain."

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogized by many native historians, but I prefer quoting the testimony of a foreign writer, as free from all possibility of partiality. Botta says:

"It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians, and the effective force of the whole

army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from 10,000 combatants to less than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than 3,000 were English.

"In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own numbers whose position extended three parts of a circle round them, who refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy's cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the lines, the troops of Burgoyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude."

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a Convention.

General Gates in the first instance demanded that the royal army should surrender prisoners of war. He also proposed that the British should ground their arms. Burgoyne replied, "This article is inadmissible in every extremity; sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter." After various messages,

a convention for the surrender of the army was settled which provided that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

The Articles of Capitulation were settled on the 15th of October; and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged; and the army was indeed too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack, if made; and Gates certainly would have made it, if the Convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the Convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this Convention 5,790 men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and wounded left in the camp when the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German and Canadian troops who were killed, wounded or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding part of the expedition, were reckoned to be 4,689.

The British sick and wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the battle of the 7th were treated with exemplary humanity; and when the Convention was executed, General

Gates showed a notable delicacy of feeling, which deserves the highest degree of honor. Every circumstance was avoided which could give the appearance of triumph. The American troops remained within their lines until the British had piled their arms; and when this was done, the vanquished

DISPATCHED COLONEL WILKINSON

officers and soldiers were received with friendly kindness by their victors, and their immediate wants were promptly supplied. Discussions and disputes afterward arose as to some of the terms of the Convention, and the American Congress refused for a long time to carry into effect the article which provided for the return of Burgoyne's men to Europe; but no blame was imputed to General Gates or his army, who showed themselves to be generous as they had proved themselves to be brave.

Gates, after the victory, immediately dispatched Colonel Wilkinson to carry the happy tidings to Congress. On being introduced into the hall, he said: "The whole British army has laid down its arms at Saratoga; our own, full of vigor and courage, expect your orders. It is for your wisdom to decide where the country may still have need for their service." Honors and rewards were liberally voted by the Congress to their conquering general and his men; and it would be difficult (says the Italian historian) to describe the transports of joy which the news of this event excited among the Americans. They began to flatter themselves with a still more happy future. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. *"There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves."*

The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga, and of the victorious march of Burgoyne toward Albany, events which seemed decisive in favor of the English, instructions had been immediately dispatched to Nantz, and the other ports of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity; as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of the sea. The American commissioners at

Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French government; and they even endeavored to open communications with the British ministry. But the British government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation. But when the news of Saratoga reached Paris the whole scene was changed. Franklin and his brother commissioners found all their difficulties with the French government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the house of Bourbon to take a full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged *the Independent United States of America.* This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France; and, before long, Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, the Americans vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. But the struggle was too unequal to be maintained by this country for many years; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognized by their ancient parent and recent enemy, England.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

VERYONE wishes to know something of the first of the really great English writers, the one who has gained and richly deserves the title of Father of English Poetry, but the information we have about him is vague and unsatisfactory. We know that he was born about the year 1340 in the city of London and lived in comparative ease. As a youth he studied in both Oxford and Cambridge and was a page in the house of one of the royal family. For a while he served with the army in France and was taken prisoner there. He was at one time Comptroller of the Port of London, at another was a member of Parliament, and in the course of his life he held a number of other important offices. He died in the year 1400 and was the first poet honored by burial in the "Poets' Corner" of Westminster Abbey. He was a stout and jovial man, with fine, soft eyes peering out of a bright face, and by his gracious manners he gained the warm friendship of most of the leading men of his time. To quote Lowell, "If character may be divined by works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly human, and friendly with God and man."

His best writing was done between the years 1381 and 1389, during which time he wrote *The*

House of Fame, Legend of Good Women, and the best part of the *Canterbury Tales.* It is upon this last work that his fame chiefly rests.

The plan of the *Canterbury Tales* is as follows: Chaucer imagined that there met at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, England, about thirty people representing nearly all classes of society and types of men. Different as these persons were, they were united by one common interest: all were pilgrims to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. It was proposed that they should travel together, and to while away the time each person was to tell to the others two stories, one on the journey to the shrine and another while returning. The teller of the best tale was to be feasted by the others. Chaucer did not complete his work, and but two dozen of the stories now exist.

The best part of the *Tales* is the *Prologue,* in which Chaucer describes one by one the persons who make up his party. These descriptions are bright and keen and in them Chaucer shows marvelous power of penetration into character and has given us just such types of humanity as exist today. He has drawn them so perfectly that they are for all time. They seem like the people we know around us, for human nature is the same in all ages. The knight would be still a very perfect gentleman, and the manners of the nun would be as faultless now as they were in the fourteenth century. One of the finest characters is the parish priest.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure Persoun[1] of a toun;

1. Parson, the parish priest.

But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a learned man, a clerk[2]
That Cristes gospel treweley wolde preche;
His parischens[3] devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.[4]
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,[5]
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his poure parischens aboute,
Of his offrynge,[6] and eek of his substaunce.[7]
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte not[8] for reyne ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief[9] to visite
The ferreste in his parische, moche and lite,[10]
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed[11] man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,[12]
A (foule) schepherde and a clene schepe;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
By his clennesse, how that his scheep schulde lyve.

2. A scholar educated in the University.
3. Parishioners.
4. Times.
5. It was hateful for him to excommunicate any of his flock because they did not pay their tithes.
6. The voluntary contributions he received from his parishioners.
7. Income.
8. He did not stop.
9. Misfortune.
10. Great and small.
11. Ignorant.
12. Take heed.

He sette not his benefice to hyre,[13]
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;[14]
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye;
He was a schepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous,[15]
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,[16]
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To draw folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was busynesse;
But if were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbe[17] scharply for the nones.[18]
A bettre prest, I trowe, ther nowher non is,
He waytede[19] after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced[20] conscience,
But Cristis lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.

The *Canterbury Tales* are written in heroic meter; that is, in rhymed couplets of iambic pentameter. But there are many irregularities and inaccuracies in the meter; so many, in fact, that Chaucer has been mercilessly criticised for his careless verse. The better class of critics, however, give

13. He did not let his curacy to a stranger.

14. He did not run to London, to St. Paul's, where he could find a better paying employment in singing masses for souls, and be maintained by a brotherhood.

15. Cruel.

16. Haughty.

17. Snub.

18. Once.

19. Sought.

20. Too particular.

him the highest kind of approval, and this seems wholly right when one considers how little Chaucer had to assist him, how much he created for himself. Mrs. Browning says, "Not one of the Queen Anne's men, measuring out tuneful breath upon their fingers, like ribbons for topknots, did know the art of versification as the old, rude Chaucer knew it. Call him rude for the picturesqueness of the epithet, but his verse has, at least, as much regularity in the sense of true art, and more manifestly in proportion to our increasing acquaintance with his dialect and pronunciation."

That he was an ardent lover of nature his writings show, as they contain several positive assertions of the fact and numberless indirect allusions that tell more certainly the state of his feelings. For flowers and the spring time, his fondness became almost a passion. In the *Legend of Good Women* he says:

"Now have I then eke this conditioun,
That of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun;
To hem I have so great affectioun,
As I sayd erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day,
That I nam up and walking in the mede,
To seen this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it upriseth early by the morrow.
This blisfull sight softeneth all my sorrow.
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,
As she that is of all floures the floure,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honore,
And every ylike faire, and fresh of hewe.
And ever I love it, and every ylike newe,

And ever shall, till that mine herte die,
All sweare I now, of this I woll not lie."

He had a keen appreciation of amusing incidents, and worked them into his stories in witty form. He drew these incidents from many sources and used them freely, but withal in a way so altogether original that we cannot charge him with any form of plagiarism. He is probably the greatest narrative poet England has known. Of this phase of his genius Lowell has written: "Chaucer's best tales run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly, as a water lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into a ripple."

Of the long line of English writers, most have spoken of him in terms of warmest praise. Occleve, a devoted friend, and himself a writer of no mean power, said:

"O mayster dere and fadir reverent,
My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence."

Spenser called his works a "well of English undefiled." Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes:

"And Chaucer with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine."

THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

N THE generation that followed Chaucer there appeared a book that became very popular and was accepted in good faith by its readers. Now we know that it is a compilation from many sources and not a record of any man's travels. However, in the prologue is this account of the author and his purpose:

"I, John Mandeville, Knight, albeit I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, and passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesu Christ, 1322, in the day of St. Michael; and hitherto have been long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse lands, and many provinces and kingdoms and isles where dwell many diverse folks, and of diverse manners and laws, and of diverse shapes of men; . . . I shall tell the way that they shall hold thither.

"And ye shall understand that I have put this book out of Latin into French, and translated it again out of French into English, that every man of my nation may understand it. But lords and knights and other noble and worthy men that con[1] Latin but little, and have been beyond the sea, know and understand if I say truth or no, and if I err in devising, for[2] forgetting or else, that they may

1. Know.
2. Because of.

redress it and amend it. For things passed out of long time from a man's mind or from his sight, turn soon into forgetting; because that the mind of man ne may not be comprehended ne withholden, for the frailty of mankind."

Again in the conclusion this is written:

"And I, John Mandeville, Knight, abovesaid (although I be unworthy), that departed from our countries and passed the sea, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and twenty-two, that have passed many lands and many isles and countries, and searched many full strange places, and have been in many a full good honorable country, and at many a fair deed of arms (albeit that I did none myself, for mine unable insufficience), now I am come home, maugre myself, to rest, for gouts arthritic that me distrain[3] that define[4] the end of my labor; against my will (God knoweth).

"And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the time past, I have fulfilled these things, and put them written in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and fifty-six, in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our countries. Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they would pray to God for me; and I shall pray for them."

The book has proved entertaining to thousands of people and furnishes us with a delightful example of the language of that early day. You will enjoy better the selections given below, because the spelling has been modernized and some notes have been added.

3. Afflict. 4. Mark.

THE HOLY CROSS

AND ye shall understand that the cross of our Lord was made of four manner of trees, as it is contained in this verse—*In cruce fit palma, cedrus, cypressus, oliva.*[5] For that piece that went upright from the earth to the head was of cypress; and the piece that went overthwart, to the which his hands were nailed, was of palm; and the stock, that stood within the earth, in the which was made the mortise, was of cedar; and the table above his head, that was a foot and a half long, on the which the title was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, that was of olive.

And the Christian men that dwell beyond the sea, in Greece, say that the tree of the cross, that we call cypress, was of that tree that Adam ate the apple off; and that find they written. And they say also that their scripture saith that Adam was sick, and saith to his son Seth, that he should go to the angel that kept Paradise, that he would send him oil of mercy, for to anoint with his members, that he might have health. And Seth went. But the angel would not let him come in; but said to him, that he might not have the oil of mercy. But he took him three grains of the same tree that his father ate the apple off; and bade him, as soon as his father was dead, that he should put these three grains under his tongue, and grave[6] him so; and so he did. And of these three grains sprang a tree, as the angel said that it should, and bare a fruit, through the which fruit Adam should be saved.

5. Palm, cedar, cypress and olive were in the cross.

6. Bury.

And when Seth came again, he found his father near dead. And when he was dead, he did with the grains as the angel bade him; of the which sprung three trees, of the which the cross was made, that bare good fruit and blessed, our Lord Jesu Christ; through whom Adam and all that come of him should be saved and delivered from dread of death without end, but[7] it be their own default.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE

AND between the city and the church is the field *Floridus*, that is to say, the "field flourished."[8] Forasmuch as a fair maiden was blamed with wrong and slandered; for which cause she was condemned to death, and to be burnt in that place to the which she was led. And as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to our Lord, that as wisely[9] as she was not guilty of that sin, that he would help her and make it to be known to all men, of his merciful grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and anon was the fire quenched and out; and the brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw; and thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is that field clept[10] the field of God flourished, for it was full of roses.

7. Unless.
8. In flower.
9. Surely.
10. Called.

THE EARTH IS ROUND

IN that land, ne in many other beyond that, no man may see the Star Transmontane, that is clept the Star of the Sea, that is unmovable and that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star.[11] But men see another star, the contrary to him, that is toward the south, that is clept Antarctic. And right as the ship-men take their advice here and govern them by the Lode-star, right so do the men beyond those parts by the star of the south, the which star appeareth not to us. And this star that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star, ne appeareth not to them. For which cause men may well perceive that the land and the sea be of round shape and form; for the part of the firmament showeth in one country that showeth not in another country. And men may well prove by experience and subtle compassment of wit, that if a man found passages by ships that would go to search the world, men might go by ship all about the world and above and beneath.[12]

WONDERFUL TREES

AFTER that isle, in going by sea, men find another isle, good and great, that men clepe Pathen, that is a great kingdom full of fair cities and full of towns. In that land grow trees that grow meal, whereof men make good bread and white and of good savor; and it seemeth as it were of wheat, but it is not allinges[13] of such savor. And

11. The North Star or Pole Star.
12. This was written long before the time of Columbus.
13. Altogether.

there be other trees that bear honey good and sweet, and other trees that bear venom, against the which there is no medicine but one; and that is to take their proper[14] leaves and stamp them and temper them with water and then drink it, and else he shall die; for triacle[15] will not avail, ne none other medicine. And other trees there be also that bear wine of noble sentiment.[16] And if you like to hear how the meal cometh out of the trees I shall say you. Men hew the trees with an hatchet, all about the foot of the tree, till that the bark be parted in many parts, and then cometh out thereof a thick liquor, the which they receive in vessels, and dry it at the heat of the sun; and then they have it to a mill to grind and it becometh fair meal and white.[17] And the honey and the wine and the venom be drawn out of other trees in the same manner, and put in vessels for to keep.

In that isle is a dead sea, that is a lake that hath no ground;[18] and if anything fall into that lake it shall never come up again. In that lake grow reeds, that be canes, that they clepe Thaby,[19] that be thirty fathoms long; and of these canes men make fair houses. And there be other canes that be not so long, that grow near the land and have so long roots that endure well a four quarters of a furlong or more; and at the knots of those roots men find precious stones that have great virtues.

14. Own.

15. A compound (treacle), which the ancients thought an antidote to every poison.

16. Flavor.

17. This is about the way tapioca is made from cassava roots.

18. Bottom.

19. Bamboo.

And he that beareth any of them upon him, iron ne steel may not hurt him, ne draw no blood upon him; and therefore, they that have those stones upon them fight full hardily both upon sea and land, for men may not harm them on no part. And therefore, they that know the manner, and shall fight with them, they shoot to them arrows and quarrels without iron or steel, and so they hurt them and slay them. And also of those canes they make houses and ships and other things, as we have here, making houses and ships of oak or of any other trees. And deem no man that I say it but for a trifle, for I have seen of the canes with mine own eyes, full many times, lying upon the river of that lake, of the which twenty of our fellows ne might not lift up ne bear one to the earth.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

AND beyond the land and the isles and the deserts of Prester John's lordship, in going straight toward the east, men find nothing but mountains and rocks, full great. And there is the dark region, where no man may see, neither by day ne by night, as they of the country say. And that desert and that place of darkness dure[20] from this coast unto Paradise terrestrial, where that Adam, our foremost[21] father, and Eve were put, that dwelled there but little while; and that is towards the east at the beginning of the earth. But that is not that east that we clepe our east on this half, where the sun riseth to us. For when the sun is east in those parts towards Paradise terrestrial, it is then midnight in our part.

20. Extend.
21. First.

on this half, for the roundness of the earth, of the which I have touched[22] to you of before. For our Lord God made the earth all round in the mid place of the firmament.

Of Paradise ne can I not speak properly. For I was not there. It is far beyond. And that forthinketh me.[23] And also I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of[24] wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will.

Paradise terrestrial, as wise men say, is the highest place of earth, that is in all the world. And it is so high that it toucheth nigh to the circle of the moon, there as the moon maketh her turn; for she is so high that the flood of Noah ne might not come to her, that would have covered all the earth of the world all about and above and beneath, save Paradise only alone. And this Paradise is enclosed all about with a wall, and men wit not whereof it is; for the walls be covered all over with moss, as it seemeth. And it seemeth not that the wall is stone of nature ne of none other thing that the wall is. And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north, and it hath not but one entry that is closed with fire, burning; so that no man that is mortal ne dare not enter.

And in the most high place of Paradise, even in the middle place, is a well that casteth out the four floods that run by divers lands. And men there beyond say, that all the sweet waters of the world, above and beneath, take their beginning of the well of Paradise, and out of that well all waters come and go.

22. Told.
23. Causes me regret.
24. By.

And ye shall understand that no man that is mortal ne may not approach to that Paradise. For by land no man may go for wild beasts that be in the desert, and for the high mountains and great huge rocks that no man may pass by, for the dark places that be there, and that many. And by the rivers may no man go. For the water runneth so rudely and so sharply, because that it cometh down so outrageously from the high places above, that it runneth in so great waves, that no ship may not row ne sail against it. And the water roareth so, and maketh so huge a noise and so great tempest, that no man may hear other in the ship, though he cried with all the craft that he could in the highest voice that he might. Many great lords have assayed with great will, many times, for to pass by those rivers towards Paradise, with full great companies. But they might not speed on their voyage. And many died for weariness of rowing against those strong waves. And many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the noise of the water. And some were perished and lost within the waves. So that no mortal man may approach to that place without special grace of God, so that of that place I can say you no more; and therefore I shall hold me still, and return to that that I have seen.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

By James Boswell

Introductory Note.—The Life of Johnson was published for the first time in 1791, and has increased in fame until now it has far surpassed in interest the writings of the great man himself. In fact the latter is known among modern readers principally through his biography.

The work is long, at times tedious, and yet as a whole very interesting to people of literary taste. Boswell was a Scotchman of good family and education; but he became the humble friend and follower of Johnson when the latter was about sixty-four years old, and at once devoted himself to jotting down the sayings of the great lexicographer and to collecting facts for the biography he had determined to write.

The portrait of Johnson is drawn at full length, and with an intimacy of knowledge that would have been impossible to any other than such a combination of toady and hero-worshipper as Boswell seems to have been. He made no attempt to conceal his own slavish admiration, nor did he hesitate to set down the petty faults as well as the good traits of his friend.

It is impossible to give any notion of this greatest biography of our language in the brief space we have, but this condensed account of Johnson's boyhood and his youth until the time he entered college will be interesting in itself.

SAMUEL Johnson was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, 1709; and his initiation into the Christian church was not delayed; for his baptism is recorded, in the register of St. Mary's parish in that city, to have been performed on the day of his birth. His father was Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they married, and never had more than two children, both sons; Samuel their first-born, who lived to be the illustrious character whose various excellence I am to endeavor to record, and Nathanael, who died in his twenty-fifth year.

Mr. Michael Johnson was a man of a large and robust body, and of a strong and active mind; yet, as in the most solid rocks veins of unsound substance are often discovered, there was in him a mixture of that disease, the nature of which eludes the most minute enquiry, though the effects are well known to be a weariness of life, an unconcern about those things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and a general sensation of gloomy wretchedness. From him then his son inherited, with some other qualities, "a vile melancholy," which, in his too strong expression of any disturbance of mind, "made him mad all his life, at least not sober." Michael was, however, forced by the narrowness of his circumstances to be very diligent in business, not only in his shop, but by occasionally

resorting to several towns in the neighbourhood, some of which were at a considerable distance from Lichfield. At that time booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there was not one even in Birmingham, in which town old Mr. Johnson used to open a shop every market-day. He was a pretty good Latin scholar and a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Lichfield, and being a man of good sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which, however, he afterwards lost the greatest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in a manufacture of parchment.

Johnson's mother was of distinguished understanding. I asked his old school-fellow, Mr. Hector, surgeon, of Birmingham, if she was not vain of her son. He said, "she had too much good sense to be vain, but she knew her son's value." Her piety was not inferior to her understanding; and to her must be ascribed those early impressions of religion upon the mind of her son, from which the world afterwards derived so much benefit. He told me, that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of Heaven, "a place to which good people went," and hell, "a place to which bad people went," communicated to him by her, when a little child in bed with her.

In following so very eminent a man from his cradle to his grave, every minute particular which can throw light on the progress of his mind is interesting. That he was remarkable, even in his earliest years, may easily be supposed; for to use his own words in his Life of Sydenham, "That the strength of his understanding, the accuracy of his

discernment, and the ardor of his curiosity might have been remarked from his infancy, by a diligent observer, there is no reason to doubt. For there is no instance of any man, whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour."

In all such investigations it is certainly unwise to pay too much attention to incidents which the credulous relate with eager satisfaction, and the more scrupulous or witty enquirer considers only as topics of ridicule. Yet there is a traditional story of the infant Hercules of toryism, so curiously characteristic, that I shall not withhold it. It was communicated to me in a letter from Miss Mary Adye, of Lichfield.

"When Dr. Sacheverel was at Lichfield, Johnson was not quite three years old. My grandfather Hammond observed him at the cathedral perched upon his father's shoulders, listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Mr. Hammond asked Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so great a crowd. He answered, because it was impossible to keep him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he had caught the public spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would have staid forever in the church, satisfied with beholding him."

Nor can I omit a little instance of that jealous independence of spirit, and impetuosity of temper, which never forsook him. The fact was acknowledged to me by himself, upon the authority of his mother. One day, when the servant who used to be sent to school to conduct him home had not come in time, he set out by himself, though he was then

so near-sighted that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it. His schoolmistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall into the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some distance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. Feeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he ran back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength would permit.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told me in his presence at Lichfield, in 1776, by his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his mother. When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the common prayer-book into his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him to study it: but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What's the matter?" said she.

"I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

But there has been another story of his infant precocity generally circulated, and generally believed, the truth of which I am to refute upon his own authority. It is told, that, when a child of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which, it is said, he dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

"Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd have an *odd one*."

There is surely internal evidence that this little composition combines in it, what no child of three years old could produce, without an extension of its faculties by immediate inspiration; yet Mrs. Lucy Porter, Dr. Johnson's step-daughter, positively maintained to me, in his presence, that there could be no doubt of the truth of this anecdote, for she had heard it from his mother. So difficult is it to obtain an authentic relation of facts, and such authority may there be for errour; for he assured me, that his father made the verses, and wished to pass them for his child's. He added, "my father was a foolish old man; that is to say, foolish in talking of his children."

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrophula, or king's-evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much, that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other. There is amongst his prayers one inscribed *"When my* EYE *was restored to its use,"* which ascertains a defect that many of his friends knew he had, though I never perceived it. I supposed him to be only near-sighted; and indeed I must observe, that in no other respect could I discern any defect in his vision; on the contrary, the force of his attention and perceptive quickness made him see and distinguish all manner of objects, whether of nature or of art, with a nicety rarely to be found.

It has been said, that he contracted this grievous malady from his nurse. His mother, yielding to the superstitious notion, which, it is wonderful to think, prevailed so long in this country, as to the virtue of the regal touch, carried him to London, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. Being asked if he could remember Queen Anne,—"He had [he said] a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood." This touch, however, was without any effect.

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He told me she could read the black letter, and asked him to borrow for her, from his father, a Bible in that character. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment: adding, with smile, that "this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive." His next instructor in English was a master, whom, when he spoke of him to me, he familiarly called Tom Brown, who, said he, "published a spelling book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE; but, I fear, no copy of it can now be had."

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or undermaster, of Lichfield school, "a man [said he] very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the headmaster, who, according to his account, "was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used [said he] to beat

us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

However, Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which, I believe, he was exceeded by no man of his time; he said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. "I would rather [said he] have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

When Johnson saw some young ladies in Lincolnshire who were remarkably well behaved, owing

to their mother's strict discipline and severe correction, he exclaimed, in one of Shakespeare's lines a little varied,

"*Rod,* I will honour thee for this thy duty."

That superiority over his fellows, which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through life, was not assumed from vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind, of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference, which in other cases of comparison of characters is often a matter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as the superiority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did not strut or stand on tip-toe; he only did not stoop. From his earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning a king of men. His school-fellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished me with many particulars of his boyish days; and assured me that he never knew him corrected at school but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else. In short, he is a memorable instance of what has been often observed, that the boy is the man in miniature: and that the distinguishing characteristics of each individual are the same, through the whole course of life. His favourites used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain his regard, that three of

the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigour is very remarkable, and does honour to human nature.—Talking to me once himself of his being much distinguished at school, he told me, "they never thought to raise me by comparing me to anyone; they never said, Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one; but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson; and this was said but of one, but of Lowe, and I do not think he was as good a scholar."

He discovered a great ambition to excel, which roused him to counteract his indolence. He was uncommonly inquisitive; and his memory was so tenacious, that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses, which, after a little pause, he repeated *verbatim,* varying only one epithet, by which he improved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions: his only amusement was in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, who pulled him along by a garter fixed around him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large. His defective sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports; and he once pleasantly remarked to me, "how wonderfully well he had contrived to be idle without them." Lord Chesterfield, however, has justly observed in one of his

letters, when earnestly cautioning a friend against the pernicious effects of idleness, that active sports are not to be reckoned idleness in young people; and that the listless torpor of doing nothing alone deserves that name. Of this dismal inertness of disposition, Johnson had all his life too great a share. Mr. Hector relates that "he could not oblige him more than by sauntering away the hours of vacation in the fields, during which he was more engaged in talking to himself than to his companion."

Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who was long intimately acquainted with him, and has preserved a few anecdotes concerning him, regretting that he was not a more diligent collector, informs me that "when a boy he was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry, and he retained his fondness for them through life; so that [adds his Lordship] spending part of a summer at my parsonage-house in the country, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish romance of *Felixmarte of Hircania,* in folio, which he read quite through. Yet I have heard him attribute to these extravagant fictions that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his ever fixing in any profession."

After having resided for some time at the house of his uncle, Cornelius Ford, Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master. This step was taken by the advice of his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ford, a man in whom both talents and good dispositions were disgraced by licentiousness, but who was a very able judge of what was right. At this school he did not receive

so much benefit as was expected. It has been said that he acted in the capacity of an assistant to Mr. Wentworth, in teaching the younger boys. "Mr. Wentworth [he told me] was a very able man, but an idle man, and to me very severe; but I cannot blame him much. I was then a big boy; he saw I did not reverence him; and that he should get no honour by me. I had brought enough with me to carry me through; and all I should get at his school would be ascribed to my own labour, or to my former master. Yet he taught me a great deal."

He thus discriminated, to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, his progress at his two grammar-schools. "At one, I learned much in the school, but little from the master; in the other, I learnt much from the master, but little in the school."

The two years which he spent at home, after his return from Stourbridge, he passed in what he thought idleness, and was scolded by his father for his want of steady application. He had no settled plan of life, nor looked forward at all, but merely lived from day to day. Yet he read a great deal in a desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as chance threw books in his way, and inclination directed him through them. He used to mention one curious instance of his casual reading, when but a boy. Having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples; but the large folio proved to be Petrarch, whom he had seen mentioned, in some preface, as one of the restorers of learning. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sat down with avidity, and read a great part of

the book. What he read during these two years, he told me, was not works of mere amusement, "not voyages and travels, but all literature, Sir, all ancient writers, all manly: though but little Greek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod: but in this irregular manner [added he] I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the Universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, now master of Pembroke College, told me, I was the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there."

In estimating the progress of his mind during these two years, as well as in future periods of his life, we must not regard his own hasty confession of idleness; for we see, when he explains himself, that he was acquiring various stores; and indeed he himself concluded the account with saying, "I would not have you think I was doing nothing then." He might, perhaps, have studied more assiduously; but it may be doubted, whether such a mind as his was not more enriched by roaming at large in the fields of literature than if it had been confined to any single spot. The analogy between body and mind is very general, and the parallel will hold as to their food, as well as any other particular. The flesh of animals who feed excursively is allowed to have a higher flavour than that of those who are cooped up. May there not be the same difference between men who read as their taste prompts, and men who are confined in cells and colleges to stated tasks?

OWLS

By Gilbert White

Introductory Note.—This extract is from White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne.* Gilbert White, curate and naturalist, lived almost all his life in the obscure village of Selborne, in Hampshire, England, and from his letters to two of his friends was compiled this delightful book, which was first published in 1789. Its precise yet not too technical descriptions, its simple style, its quaint, charming accounts of birds and animals, have made it what few treatises on natural history have become—a classic.

E have had, ever since I can remember, a pair of white owls that constantly breed under the eaves of this church. As I have paid good attention to the manner of life of these birds during their season of breeding, which lasts the summer through, the following remarks may not perhaps be unacceptable:—About an hour before sunset (for then the mice begin to run) they sally forth in quest of prey, and hunt all round the hedges of meadows and small enclosures for them, which seem to be their only food. In this irregular country we can stand on an eminence and see them beat the fields over like a setting-dog, and often drop down in the grass or corn. I have minuted these birds with my watch for an

hour together, and have found that they return to their nest, the one or the other of them, about once in five minutes; reflecting at the same time on the adroitness that every animal is possessed of as far as regards the well-being of itself and offspring. But a piece of address which they show when they return loaded should not, I think, be passed over in silence. —As they take their prey with their claws, so they carry it in their claws to their nest; but as the feet are necessary in their ascent under the tiles, they constantly perch first on the roof of the chancel, and shift the mouse from their claws to their bill, that their feet may be at liberty to take hold of the plate on the wall as they are rising under the eaves.

White owls seem not (but in this I am not positive) to hoot at all; all that clamorous hooting appears to me to come from the wood kinds. The white owl does indeed snore and hiss in a tremendous manner; and these menaces well answer the intention of intimidating; for I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins, and spectres.

White owls also often scream horribly as they fly along; from this screaming probably arose the common people's imaginary species of screech-owl, which they superstitiously think attends the windows of dying persons.

The plumage of the remiges of the wings of every species of owl that I have yet examined is remarkably soft and pliant. Perhaps it may be necessary that the wings of these birds should not make much resistance or rushing, that they may be enabled to

steal through the air unheard upon a nimble and watchful quarry.

While I am talking of owls, it may not be improper to mention what I was told by a gentleman of the county of Wilts. As they were grubbing a vast hollow pollard-ash that had been the mansion of owls for centuries, he discovered at the bottom a mass of matter that at first he could not account for. After some examination he found that it was a congeries of the bones of mice (and perhaps of birds and bats) that had been heaping together for ages, being cast up in pellets out of the crops of many generations of inhabitants. For owls cast up the bones, fur, and feathers of what they devour, after the manner of hawks. He believes, he told me, that there were bushels of this kind of substance.

When brown owls hoot their throats swell as big as a hen's egg. I have known an owl of this species live a full year without any water. Perhaps the case may be the same with all birds of prey. When owls fly they stretch out their legs behind them as a balance to their large heavy heads, for as most nocturnal birds have large eyes and ears, they must have large heads to contain them. Large eyes, I presume, are necessary to collect every ray of light, and large concave ears to command the smallest degree of sound or noise.

THE GOLD-BUG

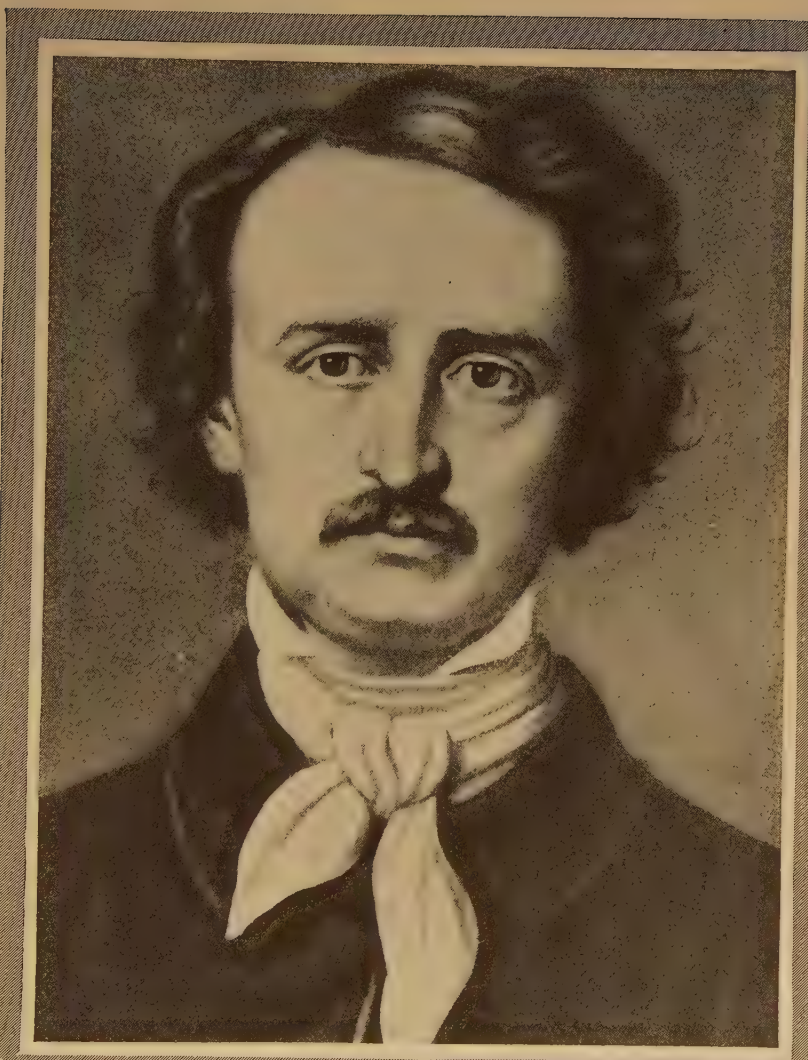
By Edgar A. Poe

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.[1]
All in the Wrong.

MANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust

1. The tarantula is a spider found in Italy. It was supposed that its bite made people insane and that they could be cured only by dancing to a kind of wild music.



Edgar Allan Poe
1809–1849

and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens;—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm.

In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into

Jupiter, with a view to the guardianship of the wanderer.

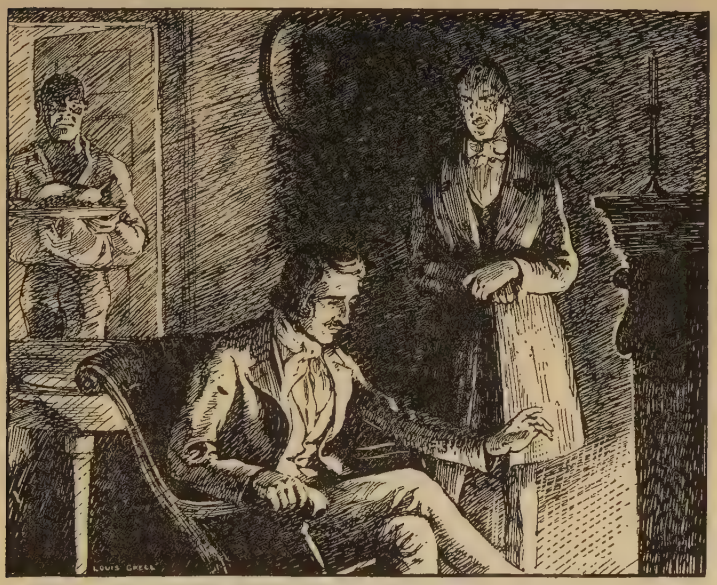
The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's help, a *scarabæus*[2] which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

2. *Scarabæus* is the name of a genus of beetles, some of which are very handsome. The Egyptians considered the Scarabs holy, and images of them were buried in the graves with the body.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of scarabæi at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit



"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" I ASKED

this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What!—sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory-nut—

with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ*[3] are"——

"Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole-bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was completed, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention dur-

3. The *antennæ* are the so-called *feelers* of insects, placed on the head near the eyes.

ing previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this *is* a strange *scarabœus*, I must confess; new to me: never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head—which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—"Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabœus* must be the queerest *scarabœus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabœus caput hominis*,[4] or something of that kind—there

4. In naming insects, flowers and animals, two words at least are used. The first gives the name of the genus, the second, the name of the species. The suggestion in the text is that the beetle be called *the man's head scarab*.

are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ*!" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them"; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his

demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. During the evening he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could rouse him. I had intended to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? —how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it!—him nebber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No dat he ain't!—he ain't 'find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, 'tain't worf while for to get mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all ain't

de matter wid him—but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time"——

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. I'se gittin' to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow—don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, day ain't bin noffin onpleasant *since* den—'twas *fore* den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, Massa, I mean de bug—dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a deuced bug—he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him

fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, no how, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff—dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if 'tain't cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heard bout dem goole-bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why, cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, Massa, I bring dis here pissel;" and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"MY DEAR ——

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie*[5] of mine; but no, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely

5. Rudeness.

know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*,[6] among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crochet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

6. Alone.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de dibbel's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and debbil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement*[7] which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After inquiring as to his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

7. Eager nervousness.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold.*" He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus!*"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rather not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a lone one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug"——

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will

remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and"——

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next"——

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! —but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicity, as that of your physician?"

"Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

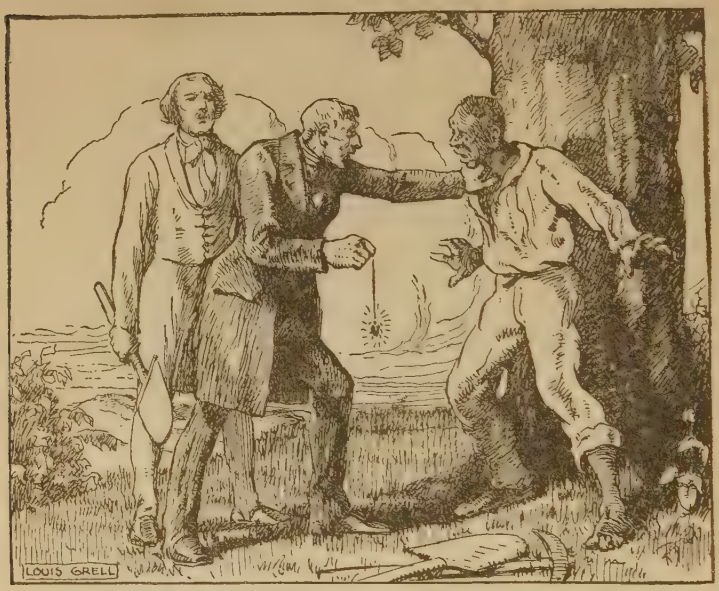
With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus,* which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. When I observed this last plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned

to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,



"TAKE THIS BEETLE WITH YOU"

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole-bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—d—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, —why, you can carry it up by this string—but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin any how. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious to get him home. While I was pondering upon what to do, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far —'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out lettle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself!—What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"WHAT IS DIS HERE PON DE TREE?"

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly—"mos out to the eend now."

"Out to the end!" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, 'tain't noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why dare ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked, "Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined

it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus,* or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions—especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so obstreperous, that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand;—for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced.

We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from beneath his clenched teeth—"you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will; ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked, mutely, from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter; "the game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when he had reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes, good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

" 'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of play-

fulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him he made furious resistance, and leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors

served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lantern fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied —thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy,

"And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger?—answer me dat!"

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing

He Seemed Stupefied—
Thunderstricken

two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled with some trouble to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burthens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred

and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy;—three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments; nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings;—rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember;—eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes;—five gold censers of great value;—a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being

worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless; the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion—but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire.

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite

dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact, that unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus,* and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus.* I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the

other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glowworm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration.

"I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—*not a paper*—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask 'Where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head.

"I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since the latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus?*"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*,[8] and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again becomes apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

8. A mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid. It was called *aqua regia* (*king's water*) because of its great power to dissolve metals.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any special connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature; because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me

that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided attempts, to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found, involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the deaths'-head and the goat:

53‡‡†305)) 6*;4826) 4‡.) 4‡) ;806*;48†8¶60)) 85; 1‡) ;:‡*8†83 (88) 5*†;46 (;88*96*?;8) *‡ (;485) ;5*† 2:*‡ (;4956*2 (5*—4) 8¶8*;4069285) ;) 6†8) 4‡‡;1 (‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4) 485†528806*81 (‡9;48; (8 8;4 (‡?34;48) 4‡;161;:188;‡?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning: but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely

gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature.

"The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured.

"But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

Of the character	8	there are	33.
	;	"	26.
	4	"	19.
	‡)	"	16.
	*	"	13.
	5	"	12.
	6	"	11.
Of the character	†1	there are	8.
	0	"	6.
	92	"	5.
	:3	"	4.
	?	"	3.
	¶	"	2.
	—.	"	1.

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' 'speed,' 'seen,' 'been,' 'agree,' etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8 then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the *'th,'* as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t;* since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into:

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole

possible reading. We thus gain another letter *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr ‡ ? 3h the,

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr. . . h the,

when the word *'through'* makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u* and *g*, represented by ‡ ? and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement:

83 (88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †. Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination:

;46(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th.rtee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53‡‡†.

"Translating, as before, we obtain

.good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5	represents	a	6	represents	i
†	"	d	*	"	n
8	"	e	‡	"	o
3	"	g	(	"	r
4	"	h	:	"	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale*[9] of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

" 'A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.' "

9. Systematic method.

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hotels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural divisions intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS. in the present instance you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

" 'A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's head—a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.' "

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle,* and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches

and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it, gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what

it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head,' admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and hence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the 'devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed for some weeks past the abstraction of my

demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall

from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

The Gold-Bug is one of Poe's best stories, and has for its readers a double interest. In the first place, it is an exciting story of a search for buried treasure; and in the second place, it gives vividly a splendid example of clear reasoning.

The author has separated the two interests completely, and narrates first the story of the finding of the treasure and follows this by an explanation of the processes by which Legrand convinced himself that treasure might be hidden there.

The following outline will put the main incidents of *The Gold-Bug* before you in such a way that you can quickly see the plot and understand how it was developed:

I. The Introduction.
  1. William Legrand.
    a. His poverty.
    b. His island home.
    c. His servant, Jupiter.

2. My visit.
    a. The scarab.
        Legrand's sketch.
        Resemblance to skull.
    b. The disagreement.
3. Jupiter's call.
    a. His master's condition.
    b. The invitation.

II. The Search for the Treasure.
1. Fears of insanity.
2. The journey.
    a. The utensils.
    b. By boat.
    c. On foot.
    d. The tree.
3. Jupiter's climb.
    a. Counting limbs.
    b. Finding the skull.
    c. Dropping the gold-bug.
4. The search.
    a. Locating the spot.
    b. Digging.
    c. Jupiter's mistake.
    d. The second location.
    e. Success.
5. The return.
6. Examining the treasure.

III. How the Parchment was Translated.
1. Discovery of the second drawing.
2. The use of heat.
3. Finding the picture of the kid.
4. The characters deciphered.
5. Translating the inscription.
    a. Letters:
    b. Separation of words and sentences.
    c. The search for the *Bishop's Hostel.*
    d. Finding the *Devil's Seat.*
    e. The location of the tree.

IV. The meaning of the Skeletons.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

By Joseph Addison

Note.—Robert Burns has said that the earliest composition that he recollected taking any pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirza.* If it pleased Robert Burns, it will be pleasing to us. It formed 159 of *The Spectator,* a periodical, each number of which consisted of a single literary essay. *The Vision* was dated September 1, 1711, and appeared about five months after the paper started. *The Spectator* was at first a daily, and was printed with regularity for a little more than a year and a half, when it was discontinued, to reappear for a short life about two years later.

HEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me.[1] Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:

On the fifth day of the moon—which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy—after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of

1. We need not suppose that Addison actually found such manuscripts, or that what he gives us is a translation from one of them. The Orientals believe in visions, and their literature is full of references to them. The name *Mirza* and the suggestion of an Oriental vision give Addison a chance to let his own imagination run more freely, and pave the way for his figurative narrative.

Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.[2] As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountain, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

While I was musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that was inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasure of that happy place.[3] My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius,[4] and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the

2. These are the acts of a devout Mohammedan, and make a fitting introduction to an Oriental story.

3. This comparison is in keeping with the Oriental character of the story. Are there other places in *The Vision* where we can recognize Eastern imagery and feel that Addison remembers that he is writing as an Oriental, or that this is after all a translation from an Arabic manuscript?

4. A genius, in this sense, is a spirit, good or bad, that attends on human beings, helping or hindering them.

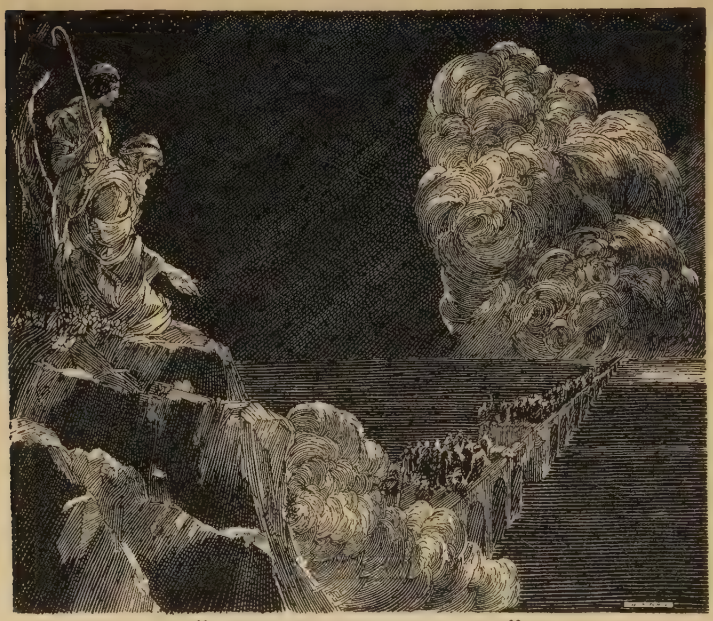
pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me!"

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it at-

tentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches,[5] with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred.[6] As I was counting the arches, the



"THE BRIDGE IS HUMAN LIFE"

genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest,[7] and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing

5. Why should there be three-score and ten arches in this bridge?

6. What do the broken arches signify, and why should the number be about one hundred?

7. To what does Addison refer here?

over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors[8] that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge,[9] so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.[10] I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves.[11] Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture,

8. What, in reality, are some of the trapdoors that lie concealed in the bridge of life?

9. Do more human beings die in infancy than at any other time till near the end of the three-score years and ten?

10. Do very old people remind you of a person tired and spent with a long walk? Can you think of them as climbing on the broken arches?

11. Have you ever known any instances of this sort?

and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.[12]

Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles[13] that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with cimeters[14] in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."[15]

12. Does Addison mean to convey in this, that we should not be so wrapped up in thinking about being good that we forget to care for our health, or that death comes even to the most devout?

13. Do you think one of these bubbles represented great riches? What do you think some of the others were?

14. Who were the persons with these curved swords in their hands? Can you think of different classes of people that might be said to be pushing others to death?

15. Which of the cares and passions that infest human life did the little winged boys represent?

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

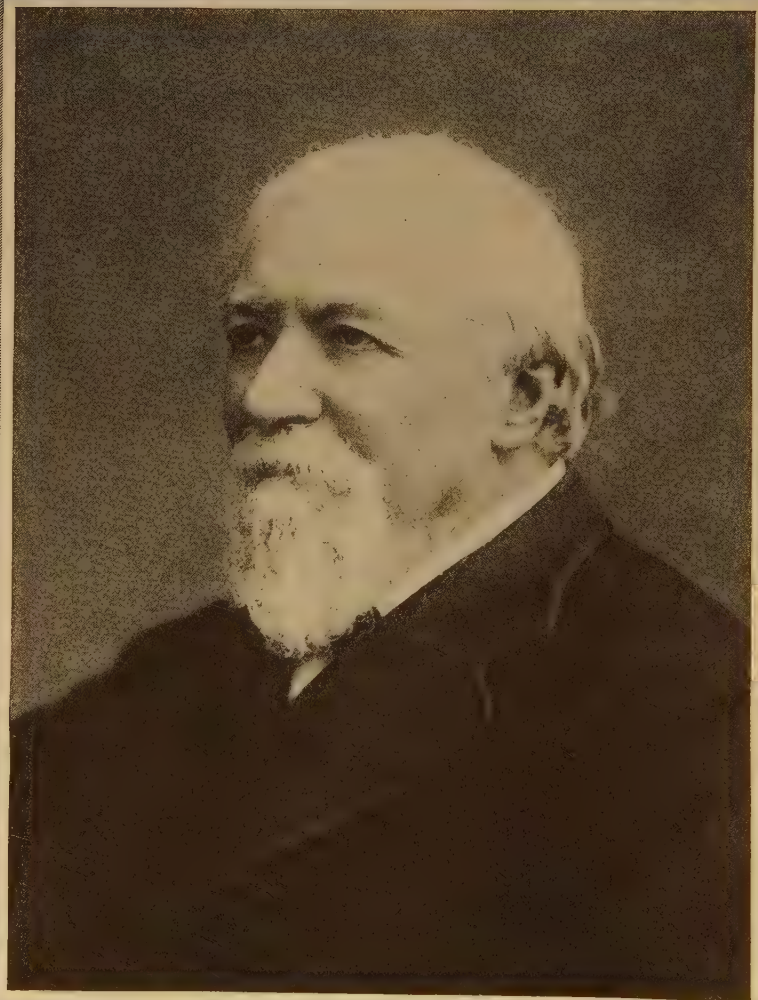
The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment

upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

"These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

At length said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.



Robert Browning
1812–1889

PIPPA PASSES

Adapted from THE DRAMA BY ROBERT BROWNING

WHO PIPPA[1] WAS

AMONG the silk-winders who worked in the mills of the Italian city of Asolo[2] was a young girl of thirteen or fourteen years named Felippa, but better known as Pippa. Like the other peasants among whom she toiled, she was forced by her poverty to wear ragged clothes and to go about hatless and barefoot; yet her beauty and her natural grace were so rare that, on meeting her, you would soon forget how torn and faded was her dress, in wondering what it was that drew you to her with such kindly admiration. As you looked more closely you would find that not a little of the charm of her appearance lay in the rich olive brown of her cheeks and in the luster of her black hair that waved back lightly from her intelligent face. But almost surely you would dis-

1. This character was created by the poet Robert Browning for the leading part in his drama *Pippa Passes*, published in 1841. Doubtless you will sometime wish to study the entire poem, for it is one of the most thoroughly poetic and thought-stimulating of literary productions; but now perhaps you will be interested in scarcely more than the story contained in the little play and in the character of the principal person in that story. Hence the extracts that are quoted are taken mostly from the parts in which Pippa speaks or sings, and these passages are bound together by an outline of the omitted portions.

2. Asolo, in northeastern Italy. The city and the surrounding country are famous for the production of great quantities of silk.

cover that your interest had been chiefly attracted by her large, dark eyes.

So wonderful were Pippa's eyes that you could never find all that they expressed. If you tried to read their meaning they would tell you much of the play-dreams with which the little girl relieved the long, monotonous hours spent in the silk-mills. In these games of the fancy, you could well believe, Pippa's thoughts would wander far away from the work of her deft fingers, and she would then become her own little mistress, free to take her pleasure where she chose.

Sometimes, perhaps, she would steal away in imagination from the "wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil," far into the depths of the silent woods, where she could close her eyes, and rest under the shelter of the friendly trees. Probably a favorite game was to pretend that she was rich old Luca, owner of ten silk-mills. She would not be hard-hearted like Luca, though, but would go about among the silk-workers giving freely of her plenty and even more bountifully of kindly words and looks. At such times her eyes would shine with the soft radiance that never quite left them.

Yet Pippa was not a mere dreamer. She could not afford to be idle-minded, for she needed to make her own way in the world. Indeed, in thus providing for herself she must have become more practical than many other girls. However, if she seems to be unusually fanciful and old-fashioned, remember that she lived alone and had to make her own thoughts take the place of friends and teachers.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE

IT is scarcely an hour past dawn on New Year's Day[3] in Asolo. Pippa springs lightly from her bed and, as she dresses, gazes with eager interest through the window that opens toward the east. There, far across the valley that lies between, for Asolo is built on a hillside, the sun is mounting above a somber cloud and filling the world with its brightness. So clear is the air that were you looking straight to the southward you could see the city of Padua, lying twenty-five miles distant; and so blue is the sky that you can think only of the blue of deep waters, softened of all its glare. Across a corner of the window extends a branch of a mulberry tree swaying so slightly that it flutters the leaves with a gentle beckoning motion, as if it were calling Pippa into the gladness of the out-of-door world. On the window sill is blooming a flame-red martagon[4] that glows in the brilliance of the sunshine.

By contrast with the cheerful scene outside, the great, bare room that Pippa calls her home seems more than usually plain and dingy. It is an uncarpeted attic, and meagerly furnished with scarcely more than a cheap little bed, an unsteady table bearing a pitcher and a basin, an old cupboard in one corner, and a battered chair or two. Yet not even the dreariness of these surroundings nor the

3. New Year's Day in Italy, it must be remembered, may be like a warm spring day in the more northerly latitudes of the United States.

4. A martagon is a kind of lily.

scantiness of the meal of bread and milk, which is all that the nearly empty cupboard shelves afford, can take away the least part of the joy she feels in this day's freedom, for is it not her only holiday, the one brief vacation allowed the silk-workers through all the long twelve months? This day is her own, to do with as she likes. Not one of the bright hours shall be wasted, not even one of the precious moments shall be lost. Thus musing to herself, Pippa welcomes her New Year's Day:

"Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
In which earth turns from work in gamesome mood—
All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
As the prosperous are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa—old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,[5]
Get more joy one way, if another less:
Thou art my single day God lends to leaven

5. "Make general plenty cure particular dearth"—that is, "let particular loss or disappointment be forgotten in enjoying the many opportunities of pleasure that come to one."

What were all earth else with a feel[6] of heaven;
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy sun's!
Try, now! Take Asolo's Four Happiest Ones—
And let thy morning rain on that superb
Great haughty Ottima, can rain disturb
Her Sebald's homage? All the while thy rain
Beats fiercest on her shrub-house window-pane,
He will but press the closer, breathe more warm
Against her cheek; how should she mind the storm?
And, morning past, if midday shed a gloom
O'er Jules and Phene, what care bride and groom
Save for their dear selves? 'Tis their marriage-day;
And while they leave church, and go home their way
Hand clasping hand, within each breast would be
Sunbeams and pleasant weather spite of thee.
Then, for another trial, obscure thy eve
With mist, will Luigi and his mother grieve—
The lady and her child, unmatched, forsooth,
She in her age, as Luigi in his youth,
For true content? The cheerful town, warm, close,
And safe, the sooner that thou art morose,
Receives them! And yet once again, outbreak
In storm at night on Monsignor they make
Such stir about—whom they expect from Rome
To visit Asolo, his brother's home,
And say here masses proper to release
A soul from pain—what storm dares hurt his peace?

6. *Feel* here means *feeling*.

Calm would he pray, with his own thoughts to ward
Thy thunder off, nor want the angels' guard.
But Pippa—just one such mischance would spoil
Her day that lightens the next twelvemonth's toil
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!

"And here I let time slip for nought!
Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam, caught
With a single splash from my ewer![7]
You that would mock the best pursuer,
Was my basin overdeep?
One splash of water ruins you asleep,
And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits
Wheeling and counterwheeling,
Reeling, broken beyond healing—
Now grow together on the ceiling!
That will task your wits.
Whoever it was quenched fire first, hoped to see
Morsel after morsel flee
As merrily, as giddily—
Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on?
Where settles by degrees the radiant cripple?[8]
Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?
New-blown and ruddy as Saint Agnes'[9] nipple,
Plump as the flesh-bunch on some Turk bird's poll![10]

7. A *ewer* is a water pitcher, especially one used to provide water for the toilet.

8. *Radiant cripple,* the broken sunbeam.

9. Saint Agnes, a Christian martyr, beheaded in the reign of the Roman emperor Diocletian. Her great beauty brought her many suitors, all of whom, however, she refused because of her consecration to the Christian life.

10. *The flesh-bunch on some Turk bird's poll,* the crest on the bird's head.

Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the ripple
Of ocean, bud there, fairies watch unroll
Such turban flowers; I say, such lamps disperse
Thick red flame through that dusk green universe![11]
I am queen of thee, floweret;
And each fleshy blossom
Preserve I not—safer
Than leaves that embower it,
Or shell that embosom—
From weevil and chafer?[12]
Laugh through my pane, then; solicit the bee;
Gibe[13] him, be sure; and, in midst of thy glee,
Love thy queen, worship me!

"Worship whom else? For am I not, this day,
Whate'er I please? What shall I please to-day?
My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my day?
To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk:
But, this one day, I have leave to go,
And play out my fancy's fullest games;
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!"

Eager to play her game, she looks up the hillside toward Ottima's dwelling, and begins to fancy

11. "Such lamps disperse . . . universe." The coral budding in such turban-flowers as the martagon, is likened to lamps sending thick red flame through the shadowy green depths of the ocean.

12. The weevil and the chafer are kinds of beetles. Many varieties of the former are especially injurious to plants.

13. *Gibe* means *mock at.*

that she herself is the proud mistress of the home and is ardently loved by Sebald. Soon, however, she decides,

"there's better love I know!
This foolish love was only day's first offer."

Then, her thought turning to Jules and the beautiful Greek girl who is soon to become his bride, she exclaims:

"I MAY FANCY ALL DAY AND IT SHALL BE SO"

"Why should not I be the bride as soon
As Ottima?"

Surely one would wish to be, like Phene, sheltered from all that makes life harsh and ugly. And one might envy the lily-like fairness of the young girl's beauty. Yet after all, is it not better to be a little peasant girl free to love deeply and to feel the warmth of true affection than to be so cold and unresponsive as Phene appears? Thus reflecting, she concludes that had she

"leave to take or to refuse"

she would not choose to be the bride. Somehow the game is failing; it is not giving the pleasure she expected. She has not found the love that she is seeking, for it is true, she believes, that

"Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives."

Ah! then she would know such affection as that bestowed on the young boy Luigi by his devoted mother; and even a purer, broader love than that.

"Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
Let me be Luigi!—If I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father, too!

"Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
Is God's; then why not have God's love befall
Myself as, in the palace by the Dome,[14]
Monsignor?—who to-night will bless the home
Of his dead brother; and God will bless in turn
That heart which beats, those eyes which mildly burn
With love for all men! I, to-night at least,
Would be that holy and beloved priest.

"Now wait!—even I already seem to share
In God's love: what does New-Year's hymn declare?
What other meaning do these verses bear?
"All service ranks the same with God,
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

14. *The Dome,* the old cathedral.

"Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small?'
Costs it more pain that this ye call
A 'great event' should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life one deed
Power shall fall short in it or exceed![15]

"And more of it and more of it!—oh, yes—
I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
A pretty thing to care about
So mightily, this single holiday!
But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,
Down the grass-path gray with dew,
Under the pine-wood blind with boughs,
Where the swallow never flew
Nor yet cicala[16] dared carouse—
No, dared carouse! [*She enters the street.*"

MORNING

IN one of the homes on the hillside a terrible scene has been enacted. Ottima, with the help of her lover Sebald, has put to death her husband, Luca, an old man for whom she had no affection. Although the guilty pair are trying to assure themselves that their love for each other is so great as to wipe out all

15. "Untwine me . . . or exceed" means "Separate for me (if you can), from the mass of deeds that make up life, one deed that is either greater or less in power than others."

16. The cicala, or cicada, is a kind of insect that makes a shrill sound by means of drum-like membranes under its wings. The American locust is a species of cicada.

remembrance of their crime, yet Sebald is from time to time almost overcome with regret and remorse. These signs of repentance, however, instead of moving Ottima to pity, cause her to fear the loss of her lover's regard. She is succeeding in recalling his affection when the outer stillness is broken by a clear young voice, singing of the pure joy of life. Pippa passes the shrub-house where

PIPPA PASSES THE SHRUB HOUSE

the lovers are concealed, and through the open window are borne lightly the words of her song:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

"God's in his heaven! Do you hear that? Who spoke? You, you spoke!" exclaims Sebald, keen

remorse beginning to revive in his troubled thoughts.

But Ottima, wishing to check at once the startling effect of the little peasant girl's words, answers with indifference:

"Oh—that little ragged girl!
She must have rested on the step: we give them
But this one holiday the whole year round.
Did you ever see our silk-mills—their inside?
There are ten silk-mills now belong to you.
She stoops to pick my double heart's-ease—Sh!
She does not hear: call you out louder!"

Sebald, however, scarcely heeds her words. The thought "God's in his heaven!" has taken such hold upon him that at length the full meaning of his crime becomes clear to him, and he even welcomes the punishment of torturing remorse. Then Ottima, too, affected by the great change in her lover, begins to repent, and prays God to be merciful to Sebald.

NOONTIME

IPPA is now approaching the home of Jules, which overlooks Orcana valley. Several students of painting and sculpture are seen in hiding about the dwelling of the young artist, spying upon him as he returns with his bride from the church at Possagno. Moved by envy, these students have heartlessly tricked Jules into the belief that the young girl whom he has just wed is of high social station and is a patroness of art; whereas she is really very poor and of humble origin, though beautiful and graceful.

All unconscious of the eager curiosity of which he is the object, Jules leads his bride into her new home and there speaks long and ardently of his love for her. Apparently as unmoved as the statues that surround her, the girl continues to listen, until, overcome by her lover's earnestness, she tells him all about the cruel plot by which he has been deceived. Then, so violent a change takes place in the young sculptor's feelings that his passionate love gives way to indifference for his bride, and he can feel only hatred for those who have so basely betrayed him. Just as he is deciding to send Phene away and to seek revenge upon those who have wronged him, Pippa passes, blithely singing of "Kate the Queen." As the sweet tones float upward to Jules, he pauses to listen, though half unwillingly:

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!
When—where—
How—can this arm establish her above me,
If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
There already, to eternally reprove me?
('Hist!' said Kate the Queen;
But 'Oh!' cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
' 'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
Crumbling your hounds their messes!')[17]

"Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honour,
My heart!
Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?
Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part!
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!

17. "Crumbling your hounds their messes," means "preparing food for your hounds."

('Nay, list!' bade Kate the Queen;
And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
' 'Tis only a page that carols unseen
Fitting your hawks their jesses!') "[18]

Jules has moved to the window, and as his eyes follow the little singer tripping along the street, he muses to himself,

"WHAT NAME WAS THAT THE LITTLE GIRL SANG FORTH?"

"What name was that the little girl sang forth?
Kate? The Cornaro,[19] doubtless, who renounced
The crown of Cyprus to be lady here
At Asolo, where still her memory stays,

18. The allusion is to falconry, a favorite kind of entertainment in the Middle Ages. Trained hawks, held by long leashes, were allowed to range about in pursuit of game. The jesses were the straps of leather or silk bound about the legs of the hawks, bearing rings to which were attached the lines held by those engaging in the sport. The line means, then, binding the jesses about the hawk's legs.

19. *The Cornaro.* The allusion is to Caterina Cornaro, who upon the death of her husband became Queen of Cyprus in 1472. Seventeen years later Venice took control of the government of the little kingdom, and the Queen then went to live at the castle of Asolo.

And peasants sing how once a certain page
Pined for the grace of her so far above
His power of doing good to 'Kate the Queen'—
'She never could be wronged, be poor,' he sighed,
'Need him to help her!' "[20]

A queen, then, could humble herself for love's sake. Shall he do less? No; let him give up his proud resolve, accept instead the loving companionship of her whom he was about to send away, and, with the past forgotten, remove to

"some isle
With the sea's silence on it; there
To begin art afresh."

EVENING

AS the twilight deepens into night, the young patriot Luigi, accompanied by his mother, enters the Turret. They are talking in low tones about the dangerous mission on which Luigi is about to go because of his ardent patriotism,—a mission by which Italy is to be freed from a despotic ruler. Fearing that his enthusiasm is becoming madness, the mother tries to persuade the boy to give up his project. To her question: "Ah, will you let me tell you what you are?" Luigi replies:

"Why not? Oh, the one thing you fear to hint,
You may assure yourself I say and say
Ever to myself. At times—nay, even as now
We sit—I think my mind is touched, suspect
All is not sound; but is not knowing that

20. The word *nor* is understood at the beginning of this line.

What constitutes one sane or otherwise?
I know I am thus—so all is right again.
I laugh at myself as through the town I walk,
And see men merry as if no Italy
Were suffering; then I ponder—'I am rich,
Young, healthy; why should this fact trouble me
More than it troubles these?' But it does trouble.
No, trouble's a bad word; for as I walk
There's springing and melody and giddiness,
And old quaint turns and passages of my youth,[21]
Dreams long forgotten, little in themselves,
Return to me—whatever may amuse me,
And earth seems in a truce with me, and heaven
Accords with me, all things suspend their strife,
The very cicala laughs 'There goes he, and there!
Feast him, the time is short; he is on his way
For the world's sake: feast him this once, our
friend!'
And in return for all this, I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go
This evening, mother!"

"But mistrust yourself—" counsels the mother;
"Mistrust the judgment you pronounce on him!"[22]
"Oh, there I feel—am sure that I am right!" confidently replies the boy.
Still doubtful, the mother continues,

"Mistrust your judgment, then, of the mere
means
To this wild enterprise: say you are right,
How should one in your state e'er bring to pass

21. "And old quaint turns and passages of my youth," odd little expressions or passages come upon in books read in youth or in childish experiences.

22. The reference is to the ruler who is oppressing Italy.

What would require a cool head, a cold heart,
And a calm hand? You never will escape."

"Escape?" cries Luigi, "to even wish that
would spoil all.
The dying is best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,
To leave myself excuse for longer life:
Was not life pressed down, running o'er with joy,
That I might finish with it ere my fellows
Who, sparelier feasted, make a longer stay?
I was put at the board-head, helped to all
At first; I rise up happy and content.
God must be glad one loves his world so much.
I can give news of earth to all the dead
Who ask me:—last year's sunsets, and great stars
That had a right to come first and see ebb
The crimson wave that drifts the sun away —
Those crescent moons with notched and burning
rims
That strengthened into sharp fire, and there stood,
Impatient of the azure[23]—and that day
In March, a double rainbow stopped the storm—
May's warm, slow, yellow moonlit summer
nights—
Gone are they, but I have them in my soul!"

The mother, however, is not convinced, nor can she be made to feel that it is right for her loved child to sacrifice himself. After trying vainly to point out the foolhardiness of his plot, and the selfishness of a devotion to country that causes him to forget the grief of those who love him, she makes

23. "Impatient of the azure" means "eager for the blue of the sky to fade into the blackness of night."

use of her last resource. The young and beautiful Chiara is to visit them in June. Can Luigi give up the pleasure that he expects from this visit of his betrothed? Will not the expected delight prove stronger than his resolve to die for his country? Let him weaken, perhaps, for a moment: the influence that is abroad this New Year's day, finding its way to his heart through the song of the little peasant girl Pippa, will call him back to what he feels to be his duty:

"Mother. Chiara will love to see
That Jupiter an evening star next June.
"Luigi. True, mother. Well for those who live through June!
Great noontides, thunder-storms, all glaring pomps[24]
Which triumph at the heels of June the God
Leading his revel thro' our leafy world.
Yes, Chiara will be here—
"Mother. In June: remember,
Yourself appointed that month for her coming.
"Luigi. Was that low noise the echo?
"Mother. The night-wind.
She must be grown—with her blue eyes upturned
As if life were one long and sweet surprise:
In June she comes.
"Luigi. We were to see together
The Titian[25] at Treviso.[26] There, again!

24. *Glaring pomps* means *brilliant displays* or *spectacles.*

25. Titian (1477-1576) was one of the greatest Italian painters. The artist is figuratively named, instead of one of his works.

26. Treviso, the capital of the province of the same name. The city is eighteen miles northwest of Venice and a little more than the same distance southeast of Asolo. In its medieval cathedral is to be found one of Titian's paintings.

(*From without is heard the voice of* PIPPA *singing.*)

"A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now;
And the king's locks curled,
Disparting[27] o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—[28]
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its bane, so sure gone by—
The gods so loved him while he dreamed,
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.

"*Luigi.* No need that sort of king should ever die!

"Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sat to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him[29] many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief
Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,
Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,

27. *Disparting* is an archaic word used to mean *parting.*

28. The allusion is to the ancient custom of sacrificing bullocks in religious ceremonies.

29. *Haled him* means *dragged,* or *pulled, to him.*

A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen thickset brows;
And sometimes from the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
Who through some chink had pushed and pressed,
On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm-like into the temple,—caught
At last there by the very god,
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!
These, all and every one,
The king judged, sitting in the sun.

"*Luigi.* That king should still judge sitting in the sun!

"His councillors, on left and right,
Looked anxious up,—but no surprise
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes,
Where the very blue had turned to white.
'Tis said, a Python[30] scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old king sat to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair,
Girt with a crown of berries rare
Which the god will hardly give to wear
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites—

30. The Python, in Greek mythology, was a terrible serpent who was believed to deliver oracles at Delphi. It was slain by Apollo. Hence the term has come to be applied to one who would govern through evil power.

Seeing this, he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!
(PIPPA *passes.*)

"*Luigi.* And such grace have they, now that the world ends!
The Python at the city, on the throne,
And brave men, God would crown for slaying him,
Lurk in bye-corners lest they fall his prey.
Are crowns yet to be won, in this late time,
Which weakness makes me hesitate to reach?
'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay? Farewell!"

NIGHT

RECLINING in his palace near the cathedral, Monsignor the bishop has just been served his evening meal. Meanwhile he is holding an interview with Maffeo, a knavish fellow who has helped one of the bishop's brothers, now dead, to do away with the heir of an elder brother, and thus to obtain a fortune. Monsignor is now demanding the charge of this property. But Maffeo, unwilling to give up his interest in the estate, tries to show the bishop that his wish cannot be carried out, since the heir to the possessions is still living,—is, in fact, "a little, black-eyed, pretty-singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl." Then, not at all daunted after thus exposing the baseness by which Pippa has been deprived of her father's fortune, and anxious to win the bishop's favor, he proposes a cruel plot for removing the

unsuspecting girl and retaining the property that is rightly hers. Eager to gain the bishop's consent, he cries sharply, "Is it a bargain?" Just at that moment, Pippa passes, all unconscious of the terrible fate that is threatening her.

From the street below rises in clear tones her quaint little song:

OVERHEAD THE TREE-TOPS MEET

"Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
There was nought above me, nought below,
My childhood had not learned to know;
For what are the voices of birds—
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life begun.
But I had so near made out the sun,
And counted your stars, the seven and one;[31]
Like the fingers of my hand:

31. *The seven and one,* probably the Pleiades and some other star that had especially attracted the singer's notice.

Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me! (PIPPA *passes.*)"

Irresistibly, the sweet innocence of her words fills the bishop's heart with tenderness; and at the close, becoming terrified all at once by the returning thought of the evil plot in which he is asked to take part, he cries in his alarm:

"My people—one and all—all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares —I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!*[32] quick, I say!"

Shortly afterward, having "played out her fancy's fullest games," Pippa returns to her room, tired after her long ramblings. As her holiday draws to an end she feels a little sad and disappointed. For how can she realize even in the least the greatness of the changes that her songs have brought about in the lives of the "Happiest Four in Asolo?" How can she know of the good fortune that is to transform so completely her own hard-working life?

"Oh, what a drear, dark close to my poor day!
How could that red sun drop in that black cloud?
Ah, Pippa, morning's rule[33] is moved away,
Dispensed with, never more to be allowed!
Day's turn is over—now arrives the night's.
[*After she has begun to undress herself.*

32. *Miserere mei, Domine! Have mercy on me, O Lord!*

33. *Morning's rule*—that is, the brightness and cheerfulness shown by nature, in the morning hours.

Now, one thing I should like to really know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day—
Approach, I mean, so as to touch them, so
As to—in some way—move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wind
Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind
[*Sitting on the bedside.*
And broider Ottima's cloak's hem.
Ah, me and my important part with them,
This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True in some sense or other, I suppose.
[*As she lies down.*
God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.
[*She sleeps.*"

Even though we have not really seen the curtain going down while Pippa sleeps in the big, cheerless room, we are sure to think more about her and wonder what kind of a girl she becomes after Maffeo is forced to give her the fortune of which she has been heartlessly cheated. Do you suppose that she could grow to be like the proud Ottima, who looks with such scorn and indifference upon the poor silk-winding girls? Though we cannot be sure, do we not feel that even if Pippa were to become the mistress of a great house and many servants, she would still treat with humble sympathy the working-people among whom she has lived, and would keep on believing that "All service ranks the same with God?"

Sometimes it is interesting to think out why it is that we like a person in a story just as we like our real friends. Probably one of the chief reasons for our liking Pippa is

that she is so cheerful and plucky. Of course, some one may say, it was the day of all days in the year when she would be cheerful, and even at that she was somewhat inclined to complain and to be sad when her holiday came to a close. Yet do you think that Pippa would seem real if she had gone to bed just as joyful as she was when she arose, although for all she knew she must keep on working day after day, and month after month, to earn a bare living?

Then another especially likable thing is that Pippa is not one of the "goody-goody" sort of story-book girls. She has a very amiable disposition and is naturally so loving that she wishes deeply to make other people happy. Yet does she ever act as if she took credit to herself for these attractive qualities? Does she not very simply look upon herself as neither better than other people nor perhaps inferior to them? Notice again her words:

> "I will pass each, and see their happiness,
> And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
> Useful to men, and dear to God as they!"

Probably every one will agree that Pippa was a quaint little person. She seems to have known so much of what life means, and expresses herself so wisely yet so merrily. How do you suppose she had learned so much of the practical way to be happy?

Page 296. Notice what a fanciful way Pippa has of speaking to the Day, as if it could understand her thoughts and feelings. She pretends that it has duties and pleasures and gifts of various sorts for the people of the world. Most of the time the duties are all that it gives her, but this morning it is offering pleasures, and she must not lose one of these. Why does she think that the Day should be especially kind to her and should not treat her as if she were of the fortunate people of Asolo, who are free to take the pleasures of all the year? When she chooses the happiest four in Asolo, why is she so very earnest in trying to convince her holiday that these people do not mind at all what it has for them?

Page 297. "If you were to send rain," she asks, "would that trouble Ottima, so long as her lover Sebald is with her? Could your clouds shut out the 'sunbeams and pleasant weather' from the hearts of Jules and Phene, who are to be married this noon? Would Luigi and his mother, safe in their cheerful home, notice your gloom? Or could the raging of your storm disturb Monsignor the bishop's hours of prayer?" But it is very different with Pippa. Why must the Day be warned again of this?

Does she not become suddenly more hopeful when she says that she is wasting time in such doubting? How do we soon find that she has forgotten all her fear and has become playful and happy? Why do you think it is that she likes to treat the Day and the sunbeam and her flower as if they were friends who can think and feel with her? What is it that she is doing when she wakens the sunbeam from its sleep in the ewer and it begins to dance and wheel upward along the walls and across the ceiling? Have you ever seen a sunbeam do this? How does it "grow together on the ceiling?" On what does the sunbeam finally settle?

Page 299. Is it not a very pretty fancy to think of the martagon as a flower of coral watched by fairies as it unfolds in the "dusk green" depths of the sea and sends out its "thick red flame?" How is the girl's great fondness for her flower shown?

It is plain by now that Pippa's imagination is wide awake and bent on a good time. It seems to take the part of fairy godmother to her, as it changes her from a poor little silk-winder into one after another of the happiest four people in Asolo. To play that she is thus changed will be fun enough for one day.

Page 301. What do you think are Pippa's feelings when she says:

> "Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
> And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
> Let me be Luigi!—If I only knew
> What was my mother's face—my father, too!"

Do you suppose she says "best love of all is God's" merely because she has been taught these words, or does

she really feel that they are true? Does she at first think that God's love is too great a blessing for any but those who hold such offices in the Church as that of Bishop? Is is not a very happy moment for her when she suddenly begins to realize that she too shares in this blessing? What feelings must show themselves in her face and voice as she sings the New Year's hymn?

Notice how soon the thought of the little song that each one's place and work in the world is as important as another's affects Pippa. "I can be as useful to God and dear to men as other people are," she exclaims to herself. What then do you think is her hope as she leaves her bare room for the cheerful world outdoors, to begin her holiday?

Page 301. Does it not seem as if all the brightness of the morning has found its way into Pippa's song? What lines especially show that she still feels the influence of the New Year's hymn? Notice how wicked and miserable the lovers are made to seem by contrast with the innocent, light-hearted little girl who passes the window. Would you have liked this scene better if Pippa had known of the effect of her song?

Page 305. Did not Kate the Queen, as she listened in secret with such eager interest when the page was singing of the devotion and valor with which he would like to serve her, show that love takes away all differences in rank? How then is this song called to Pippa's mind by the New Year's hymn? Do you think that this song is just what Jules needs, or would he be moved in the same way by either of the other songs that Pippa has sung?

Page 307. Do you feel more sorry for Luigi, or for his mother, in this scene? Since Luigi has health and riches and one of the kindest of mothers, why can he not be content? What does he think he must do to repay the world for the favor it has shown him?

Page 308. What lines show that Luigi is of a poetic nature? Do you think that he is carried away with foolish enthusiasm to become a hero, or is he a real patriot? Does he seem cruel to his mother in holding to his purpose of dying for his country?

Page 310. Notice how much Luigi's imagination is like Pippa's when he speaks of June as a god, leading through the world all the beauties and wonders of the summer.

Of what other ruler is Luigi thinking all the time that Pippa is singing of the good king? What is meant by the line, "When earth was nigher heaven than now?" Do you think that if you were an artist you could paint a portrait of the old king from the poet's description?

Page 311. Can you see why it was a fine idea on the poet's part to picture the king as sitting in the bright sunlight while he judged the dark deeds of the guilty ones brought before him? What do you think it really was that made the wicked Python turn away from the king and leave him in peace?

Page 313. To whom does Luigi liken the Python in the song? Does he mean that he himself, as a reward for his patriotic deed, will win a crown such as a king wears, and will sit upon a throne? If not, what is the crown that he thinks God will give him?

Page 314. Does not this little nature song make you think of the tender care with which Pippa has watched her martagon grow? Do lines five, six or seven seem true, or are they only fanciful? After reading this song, can you see better why it is that Pippa likes to talk to the sunbeam and flower, and other things of nature, as if they could hear and answer her?

Page 315. Do you feel sorry for Pippa when she comes back to her room tired and rather discouraged? Or, do you like to think of how surprised and happy she will be when her father's fortune is given her and she can help other people more than she has ever before dreamed or hoped? Do you think that the close of the play would seem as interesting and touching if some one were to tell Pippa how important a part she has played in the lives of the Happiest Four in Asolo?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1809–1865

Statue by St. Gaudens, Lincoln Park, Chicago

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

By Abraham Lincoln

Note.—On the nineteenth of November, 1863, a great crowd of people was gathered on the battlefield of Gettysburg to dedicate a beautiful monument, which had been erected to the memory of those gallant soldiers who, but four months before, had fallen in their effort to prevent a further invasion of the north. It was a ceremonious occasion, and Edward Everett, the orator of the day, delivered one of his eloquent and polished addresses. On the same day, and at the same place, Abraham Lincoln, then president of the United States, spoke the few words which follow. The oration of Everett has been forgotten except by the scholarly, while almost every one knows what Lincoln said.

OURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it

far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,— that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

When anything so brief and simple as this address lives and grows more popular year by year, we ought to study it carefully in order that we may understand it better, and appreciate the causes of its wonderful power.

The whole address consists of but ten sentences and only about two hundred and seventy-five words. It is almost impossible to express the meaning in fewer words, but a tabulation of the thought may enable us to understand it at a glance. The outline which follows does not show all the minor thoughts, merely the main trend of the argument. What, that are in the oration, have been omitted from this? The Arabic numerals appearing at the left in the outline call attention to the sentences by number.

I. Introduction.

1. Spirit of the nation.
   (a) Conceived in liberty.
   (b) Dedicated to equality.
2. Shall such a nation endure?
   The war will determine.
3. Where we meet.
   A great battlefield.

4. Why we meet.
   To dedicate.
5. A fitting meeting.

II. Body.
6. Impossible, in a larger sense, to dedicate.
7. Because the soldiers dedicated more perfectly.
8. World's opinion of:
   (a) Our words.
   (b) The soldiers' deeds.

III. Conclusion.
9-10. Our duty:
   (a) To be dedicated.
   (b) To take increased devotion.
   (c) To resolve:
      (1) That their deaths shall not be in vain.
      (2) That this nation shall have greater freedom.
      (3) That the people's government shall not perish.

When you have thought of the meaning, noticed the form of the several sentences, and the words that compose them, consider whether there is anything in the arrangement of the words that does not please you.

Study, to determine their delicate shades of meaning, the three words *dedicate*, *consecrate* and *hallow*. Which is the strongest of the three words? Has Lincoln used these in the order in which they should appear?

What is the "last full measure of devotion" which a soldier can pay—that beyond which he can give no more?

Is it possible for us to hallow, to consecrate or even to dedicate ground any more completely than the soldiers did when they shed their blood upon the soil?

See how perfectly the eighth sentence is balanced, one part against another—how vividly the phrases *what we say here*, and *what they did here* are contrasted.

What is a government *of* the people? How does it differ from a government *by* the people, and from a government *for* the people?

Do some sentences seem to you fuller of meaning than others? Do some sound better than others? Which sen-

tences are the fullest of meaning? Which sentences sound best? Are the sentences so arranged that those fullest of meaning and those sounding best come at the close of the address? If they are so arranged, they are in the order of a climax.

Now, when you have studied the address and answered the questions which have been asked here to your own satisfaction, can you not see that the arrangement is logical, that the sentences are faultless in structure, that the whole thing is simple, forceful and elegant? Could there be any more sincere or heartfelt sentiment uttered? There is nowhere in our language anything so brief and simple, and at the same time so elegant, forcible and full of patriotic inspiration.

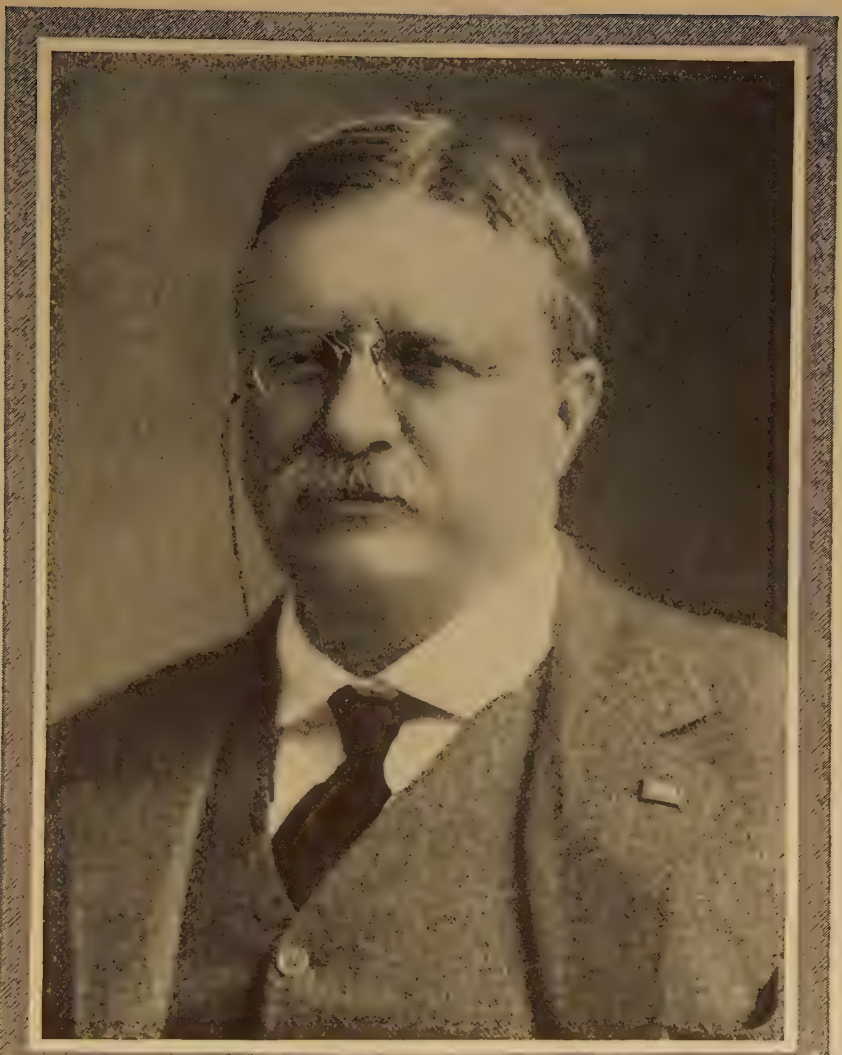
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOTE.—On the twelfth of February, 1909, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated at Hodgenville, Kentucky, at the farm on which Lincoln was born. At that time the corner stone of the Memorial Hall, in which is to be preserved the cabin where he was born, was laid by Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States. Many distinguished visitors were present, and a large number of people gathered together from different parts of the United States.

The following tribute to Lincoln was President Roosevelt's speech on that occasion:

E HAVE met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This railsplitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poor-



Theodore Roosevelt
1858–1919

est of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when the leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time.

He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia

landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others.

There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man

and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil, member of the community, if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was

holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for president, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough.

He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the sol-

emn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS[1]

By E. S. Creasy[2]

A LITTLE time before the death of King Edward,[3] Harold[4] was in Normandy. The causes of the voyage of the Saxon earl to the Continent are doubtful; but the fact of his having been, in 1065, at the ducal court, and in the power of his rival, is indisput-

1. This selection is taken from *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, a very interesting work in which the author describes the fifteen great battles from Marathon to Waterloo, which, in his opinion, have really changed the history of the world. The battles are as follows: 1. Marathon (B. C. 490); 2. Syracuse (B. C. 413); 3. Arbela (B. C. 331); 4. Metaurus (B. C. 207); 5. Victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus (A. D. 9); 6. Chalons (451); 7. Tours (732); 8. Hastings (1066); 9. Joan of Arc's victory at Orleans (1429); 10. Defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588); 11. Blenheim (1704); 12. Pultowa (1709); 13. Saratoga (1777); 14. Valmy (1792); 15. Waterloo (1815).

2. Sir Edward S. Creasy was born in 1812, three years before the Battle of Waterloo. He was a lawyer of considerable reputation, a professor of history and chief justice of Ceylon. He was the author of several historical works, but the one from which this selection is taken is his most successful one. He was an original thinker and at the same time a vivid writer. Accordingly, his pages are always full of interest and rarely fail to give the reader something new to reflect upon. His skill in language is so great that he brings the great battles before you so closely that you can almost hear the noise of conflict and feel your heart throb in sympathy with the struggling men whom you seem to know personally. Creasy died in 1878.

3. This is Edward the Confessor, who ruled from 1042 to 1066. In his reign Westminster Abbey was founded (1065).

4. Harold was the second of the six sons of Godwin, Earl of Essex.

able. William[5] made skillful and unscrupulous use of the opportunity. Though Harold was treated with outward courtesy and friendship, he was made fully aware that his liberty and life depended on his compliance with the duke's requests. William said to him, in apparent confidence and cordiality, "When King Edward and I once lived like brothers under the same roof, he promised that if ever he became King of England, he would make me heir to his throne. Harold, I wish that thou wouldst assist me to realize this promise." Harold replied with expressions of assent; and further agreed, at William's request, to marry William's daughter, Adela, and to send over his own sister to be married to one of William's barons. The crafty Norman was not content with this extorted promise; he determined to bind Harold by a more solemn pledge, the breach of which would be a weight on the spirit of the gallant Saxon, and a discouragement to others from adopting his cause. Before a full assembly of the Norman barons, Harold was required to do homage to Duke William, as the heir apparent of the English crown. Kneeling down, Harold placed his hands between those of the duke, and repeated the solemn form by which he acknowledged the duke as his lord, and promised to him fealty and true service.

But William exacted more. He had caused all the bones and relics of saints, that were preserved in the Norman monasteries and churches, to be collected into a chest, which was placed in the council-

5. William was the Duke of Normandy, a province of Northern France, just across the English Channel. He claimed the English throne after Edward, who had no sons, because of his relationship to Emma, the wife of Ethelred the Unready.

room, covered over with a cloth of gold. On the chest of relics, which were thus concealed was laid a missal.[6] The duke then solemnly addressed his titular guest and real captive, and said to him, "Harold, I require thee, before this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises which thou hast made me, to assist me in obtaining the crown of England after King Edward's death, to marry my daughter Adela, and to send to me thy sister, that I may give her in marriage to one of my barons." Harold, once more taken by surprise, and not able to deny his former words, approached the missal, and laid his hands on it, not knowing that the chest of relics was beneath. The old Norman chronicler, who describes the scene most minutely, says, when Harold placed his hand on it, the hand trembled, and the flesh quivered; but he swore, and promised upon his oath to take Adela to wife, and to deliver up England to the duke and thereunto to do all in his power, according to his might and wit, after the death of Edward, if he himself should live; so help him God. Many cried, "God grant it!" and when Harold rose from his knees, the duke made him stand close to the chest, and took off the pall that had covered it, and showed Harold upon what holy relics he had sworn; and Harold was sorely alarmed at the sight.

Harold was soon after permitted to return to England; and, after a short interval, during which he distinguished himself by the wisdom and humanity with which he pacified some formidable tumults

6. A missal is a book containing the mass service for the year. An oath upon the sacred relics was considered most solemn and binding, even though the man who swore had no idea what was beneath his hand.

of the Anglo-Danes in Northumbria, he found himself called on to decide whether he would keep the oath which the Norman had obtained from him, or mount the vacant throne of England in compliance with the nation's choice. King Edward the Confessor died on the 5th of January, 1066, and on the following day an assembly of the thanes and prelates present in London, and of the citizens of the metropolis, declared that Harold should be their king. It was reported that the dying Edward had nominated him as his successor. But the sense which his countrymen entertained of his pre-eminent merit was the true foundation of his title to the crown. Harold resolved to disregard the oath which he made in Normandy as violent and void, and on the 7th day of that January he was anointed King of England, and received from the archbishop's hands the golden crown and sceptre of England, and also an ancient national symbol, a weighty battle-ax. He had truly deep and speedy need of this significant part of the insignia of Saxon royalty.

A messenger from Normandy soon arrived to remind Harold of the oath which he had sworn to the duke "with his mouth, and his hand upon good and holy relics." "It is true," replied the Saxon king, "that I took an oath to William; but I took it under constraint:[7] I promised what did not belong to me—what I could not in any way hold; my royalty is not my own; I could not lay it down against the will of the country, nor can I, against

7. Is an oath taken under such circumstances as Harold took his considered binding now? What do you think of Harold's other reasons for refusing to be bound by his oath?

the will of the country, take a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the duke claims that he may marry her to one of his chiefs, she has died within the year; would he have me send her corpse?"

William sent another message, which met with a similar answer; and then the duke published far and wide through Christendom what he termed the perjury and bad faith of his rival, and proclaimed his intention of asserting his rights by the sword before the year should expire, and of pursuing and punishing the perjurer even in those places where he thought he stood most strongly and most securely.

Before, however, he commenced hostilities, William, with deep-laid policy, submitted his claims to the decision of the pope. Harold refused to acknowledge this tribunal, or to answer before an Italian priest for his title as an English king. After a formal examination of William's complaints by the pope and the cardinals, it was solemnly adjudged at Rome that England belonged to the Norman duke; and a banner was sent to William from the Holy See, which the pope himself had consecrated and blessed for the invasion of this island. The clergy throughout the Continent were now assiduous and energetic in preaching up William's enterprise as undertaken in the cause of God. Besides these spiritual arms (the effect of which in the eleventh century must not be measured by the philosophy or the indifferentism of the nineteenth), the Norman duke applied all the energies of his mind and body, all the resources of his duchy, and all the influence he possessed among vassals or allies, to the collection of "the most remarkable and

formidable armament which the Western nations had witnessed." All the adventurous spirits of Christendom flocked to the holy banner under which Duke William, the most renowned knight and sagest general of the age, promised to lead them to glory and wealth in the fair domains of England. His army was filled with the chivalry of Continental Europe, all eager to save their souls by fighting at the pope's bidding, eager to signalize their valor in so great an enterprise, and eager also for the pay and the plunder which William liberally promised. But the Normans themselves were the pith and the flower of the army, and William himself was the strongest, the sagest, and the fiercest spirit of them all.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1066, all the seaports of Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany rang with the busy sound of preparation. On the opposite side of the Channel King Harold collected the army and the fleet with which he hoped to crush the southern invaders. But the unexpected attack of King Harald Hardrada of Norway upon another part of England disconcerted the skillful measures which the Saxon had taken against the menacing armada of Duke William.

Harold's renegade brother, Earl Tostig, had excited the Norse king to this enterprise, the importance of which has naturally been eclipsed by the superior interest attached to the victorious expedition of Duke William, but which was on a scale of grandeur which the Scandinavian ports had rarely, if ever, before witnessed. Hardrada's fleet consisted of two hundred war-ships and three hundred other vessels, and all the best warriors of Norway

were in his host. He sailed first to the Orkneys, where many of the islanders joined him, and then to Yorkshire. After a severe conflict near York, he completely routed Earls Edwin and Morcar, the governors of Northumbria. The city of York opened its gates, and all the country, from the Tyne to the Humber, submitted to him. The tidings of the defeat of Edwin and Morcar compelled Harold to leave his position on the southern coast, and move instantly against the Norwegians. By a remarkably rapid march he reached Yorkshire in four days, and took the Norse king and his confederates by surprise. Nevertheless, the battle which ensued, and which was fought near Stamford Bridge, was desperate, and was long doubtful. Unable to break the ranks of the Norwegian phalanx by force, Harold at length tempted them to quit their close order by a pretended flight. Then the English columns burst in among them, and a carnage ensued, the extent of which may be judged of by the exhaustion and inactivity of Norway for a quarter of a century afterward. King Harald Hardrada, and all the flower of his nobility, perished on the 25th of September, 1066, at Stamford Bridge, a battle which was a Flodden[8] to Norway.

Harold's victory was splendid; but he had bought it dearly by the fall of many of his best officers and men, and still more dearly by the opportunity which Duke William had gained of effecting an unopposed landing on the Sussex coast. The whole of William's shipping had assembled at the mouth of

8. The battle of Flodden Field was fought early in the reign of Henry VIII. In it the Scotch clans were routed, and their king slain. *Marmion*, by Sir Walter Scott, is a tale of this battle.

the Dive, a little river between the Seine and the Orne, as early as the middle of August. The army which he had collected amounted to fifty thousand knights and ten thousand soldiers of inferior degree. Many of the knights were mounted, but many must have served on foot, as it is hardly possible to believe that William could have found transports for the conveyance of fifty thousand war-horses across the Channel. For a long time the winds were adverse, and the duke employed the interval that passed before he could set sail in completing the organization and in improving the discipline of his army, which he seems to have brought into the same state of perfection as was seven centuries and a half afterward the boast of another army assembled on the same coast, and which Napoleon designed (but providentially in vain) for a similar descent upon England.

It was not till the approach of the equinox that the wind veered from the northeast to the west, and gave the Normans an opportunity of quitting the weary shores of the Dive. They eagerly embarked, and set sail, but the wind soon freshened to a gale, and drove them along the French coast to St. Valery, where the greater part of them found shelter; but many of their vessels were wrecked, and the whole coast of Normandy was strewn with the bodies of the drowned. William's army began to grow discouraged and averse to the enterprise, which the very elements thus seemed to fight against; though, in reality, the northeast wind, which had cooped them so long at the mouth of the Dive, and the western gale, which had forced them into St. Valery, were the best possible friends

to the invaders. They prevented the Normans from crossing the Channel until the Saxon king and his army of defense had been called away from the Sussex coast to encounter Harald Hardrada in Yorkshire; and also until a formidable English fleet, which by King Harold's orders had been cruising in the Channel to intercept the Normans, had been obliged to disperse temporarily for the purpose of refitting and taking in fresh stores of provisions.

Duke William used every expedient to reanimate the drooping spirits of his men at St. Valery; and at last he caused the body of the patron saint of the place to be exhumed and carried in solemn procession, while the whole assemblage of soldiers, mariners, and appurtenant priests implored the saint's intercession for a change of wind. That very night, the wind veered, and enabled the mediæval Agamemnon[9] to quit his Aulis.

With full sails, and a following southern breeze, the Norman Armada left the French shores and steered for England. The invaders crossed an undefended sea, and found an undefended coast. It was in Pevensey Bay, in Sussex, at Bulverhithe, between the castle of Pevensey and Hastings, that the last conquerors of this island landed on the 29th of September, 1066.

Harold was at York, rejoicing over his recent victory, which had delivered England from her ancient Scandinavian foes, and resettling the government of the counties which Harald Hardrada had

9. Agamemnon was the commander of the Greek allies in the siege of Troy, and like William, he was kept long from starting on the expedition.

overrun, when the tidings reached him that Duke William of Normandy and his host had landed on the Sussex shore. Harold instantly hurried southward to meet this long-expected enemy. The severe loss which his army had sustained in the battle with the Norwegians must have made it impossible for many of his veteran troops to accompany him in his forced march to London, and thence to Sussex. He halted at the capital only six days, and during that time gave orders for collecting forces from the southern and midland counties, and also directed his fleet to reassemble off the Sussex coast. Harold was well received in London, and his summons to arms was promptly obeyed by citizen, by thane, by sokman, and by ceorl, for he had shown himself, during his brief reign, a just and wise king, affable to all men, active for the good of his country, and (in the words of the old historian) sparing himself from no fatigue by land or by sea. He might have gathered a much more numerous army than that of William; but his recent victory had made him overconfident, and he was irritated by the reports of the country being ravaged by the invaders. As soon, therefore, as he had collected a small army in London, he marched off toward the coast, pressing forward as rapidly as his men could traverse Surrey and Sussex, in the hope of taking the Normans unawares, as he had recently, by a similar forced march, succeeded in surprising the Norwegians. But he had now to deal with a foe equally brave with Harald Hardrada, and far more skillful and wary.

The old Norman chroniclers describe the preparations of William on his landing with a graphic

vigor, which would be wholly lost by transfusing their racy Norman couplets and terse Latin prose into the current style of modern history. It is best to follow them closely, though at the expense of much quaintness and occasional uncouthness of expression. They tell us how Duke William's own ship was the first of the Norman fleet. It was called the Mora, and was the gift of his duchess Matilda. On the head of the ship, in the front, which mariners call the prow, there was a brazen child bearing an arrow with a bended bow. His face was turned toward England, and thither he looked, as though he was about to shoot. The breeze became soft and sweet, and the sea was smooth for their landing. The ships ran on dry land, and each ranged by the other's side. There you might see the good sailors, the sergeants, and squires sally forth and unload the ships; cast the anchors, haul the ropes, bear out shields and saddles; and land the war-horses and the palfreys. The archers came forth, and touched land the first, each with his bow strung, and with his quiver full of arrows slung at his side. All were shaven and shorn; and all clad in short garments, ready to attack, to shoot, to wheel about and skirmish. All stood well equipped, and of good courage for the fight; and they scoured the whole shore, but found not an armed man there. After the archers had thus gone forth, the knights landed all armed, with their hauberks on, their shields slung at their necks, and their helmets laced. They formed together on the shore, each armed, and mounted on his war-horse; all had their swords girded on, and rode forward into the country with their lances raised. Then the car-

penters landed, who had great axes in their hands, and planes and adzes hung at their sides. They took counsel together, and sought for a good spot to place a castle on. They had brought with them in the fleet three wooden castles from Normandy in pieces, all ready for framing together, and they took the materials of one of these out of the ships, all shaped and pierced to receive the pins which they brought cut and ready in large barrels; and before evening had set in, they had finished a good fort on the English ground, and there they placed their stores. All then ate and drank enough, and were right glad that they were ashore.

When Duke William himself landed, as he stepped on the shore, he slipped and fell forward upon his two hands. Forthwith all raised a loud cry of distress. "An evil sign," said they, "is here." But he cried out lustily, "See, my lords, by the splendor of God,[10] I have taken possession of England with both my hands. It is now mine, and what is mine is yours."

The next day they marched along the seashore to Hastings. Near that place the duke fortified a camp, and set up the two other wooden castles. The foragers, and those who looked out for booty, seized all the clothing and provisions they could find, lest what had been brought by the ships should fail them. And the English were to be seen fleeing before them, driving off their cattle, and quitting their houses. Many took shelter in burying-places, and even there they were in grievous alarm.

Besides the marauders from the Norman camp, strong bodies of cavalry were detached by William

10. *By the splendor of God* was the customary oath of William.

into the country, and these, when Harold and his army made their rapid march from London southward, fell back in good order upon the main body of the Normans, and reported that the Saxon king was rushing on like a madman. But Harold, when he found that his hopes of surprising his adversary were vain, changed his tactics, and halted about seven miles from the Norman lines. He sent some spies, who spoke the French language, to examine the number and preparations of the enemy, who, on their return, related with astonishment that there were more priests in William's camp than there were fighting men in the English army. They had mistaken for priests all the Norman soldiers who had short hair and shaven chins, for the English laymen were then accustomed to wear long hair and mustachios. Harold, who knew the Norman usages, smiled at their words, and said, "Those whom you have seen in such numbers are not priests, but stout soldiers, as they will soon make us feel."

Harold's army was far inferior in number to that of the Normans, and some of his captains advised him to retreat upon London, and lay waste the country, so as to starve down the strength of the invaders. The policy thus recommended was unquestionably the wisest, for the Saxon fleet had now reassembled, and intercepted all William's communications with Normandy; and as soon as his stores of provisions were exhausted, he must have moved forward upon London, where Harold, at the head of the full military strength of the kingdom, could have defied his assault, and probably might have witnessed his rival's destruction by famine and disease, without having to strike a single

blow. But Harold's bold blood was up, and his kindly heart could not endure to inflict on the South Saxon subjects even the temporary misery of wasting the country. "He would not burn houses and villages, neither would he take away the substance of his people."

Harold's brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, were with him in the camp, and Gurth endeavored to persuade him to absent himself from the battle. The incident shows how well devised had been William's scheme of binding Harold by the oath on the holy relics. "My brother," said the young Saxon prince, "thou canst not deny that either by force or free will thou hast made Duke William an oath on the bodies of saints. Why then risk thyself in the battle with a perjury upon thee? To us, who have sworn nothing, this is a holy and a just war, for we are fighting for our country. Leave us then alone to fight this battle, and he who has the right will win." Harold replied that he would not look on while others risked their lives for him. Men would hold him a coward, and blame him for sending his best friends where he dared not go himself. He resolved, therefore, to fight, and to fight in person; but he was still too good a general to be the assailant in the action; and he posted his army with great skill along a ridge of rising ground which opened southward, and was covered on the back by an extensive wood. He strengthened his position by a palisade of stakes and osier hurdles, and there he said he would defend himself against whoever should seek him.

The ruins of Battle Abbey at this hour attest the place where Harold's army was posted; and

the high altar of the abbey stood on the very spot where Harold's own standard was planted during the fight, and where the carnage was the thickest. Immediately after his victory, William vowed to build an abbey on the site; and a fair and stately pile soon rose there, where for many ages the monks prayed and said masses for the souls of those who were slain in the battle, whence the abbey took its name. Before that time the place was called Senlac. Little of the ancient edifice now remains; but it is easy to trace in the park and the neighborhood the scenes of the chief incidents in the action; and it is impossible to deny the generalship shown by Harold in stationing his men, especially when we bear in mind that he was deficient in cavalry, the arm in which his adversary's main strength consisted.

William's only chance of safety lay in bringing on a general engagement; and he joyfully advanced his army from their camp on the hill over Hastings, nearer to the Saxon position. But he neglected no means of weakening his opponent, and renewed his summonses and demands on Harold with an ostentatious air of sanctity and moderation.

"A monk, named Hugues Maigrot, came in William's name to call upon the Saxon king to do one of three things—either to resign his royalty in favor of William, or to refer it to the arbitration of the pope to decide which of the two ought to be king, or to let it be determined by the issue of a single combat. Harold abruptly replied, 'I will not resign my title, I will not refer it to the pope, nor will I accept the single combat.' He was far from being deficient in bravery; but he was no more at

liberty to stake the crown which he had received from a whole people in the chance of a duel, than to deposit it in the hands of an Italian priest. William, not at all ruffled by the Saxon's refusal, but steadily pursuing the course of his calculated measures, sent the Norman monk again, after giving him these instructions: 'Go and tell Harold that if he will keep his former compact with me, I will leave to him all the country which is beyond the Humber, and will give his brother Gurth all the lands which Godwin held. If he still persist in refusing my offers, then thou shalt tell him, before all his people, that he is a perjurer and a liar; that he and all who shall support him are excommunicated by the mouth of the pope, and that the bull to that effect is in my hands.'

"Hugues Maigrot delivered this message in a solemn tone; and the Norman chronicle says that at the word *excommunication,* the English chiefs looked at one another as if some great danger were impending. One of them then spoke as follows: 'We must fight, whatever may be the danger to us; for what we have to consider is not whether we shall accept and receive a new lord, as if our king were dead; the case is quite otherwise. The Norman has given our lands to his captains, the greater part of whom have already done homage to him for them: they will all look for their gift if their duke becomes our king; and he himself is bound to deliver up to them our goods, our wives, and our daughters: all is promised to them beforehand. They come, not only to ruin us, but to ruin our descendants also, and to take from us the country of our ancestors. And what shall we do—whither shall we go, when

we have no longer a country?' The English promised, by a unanimous oath, to make neither peace, nor truce, nor treaty with the invader, but to die, or drive away the Normans."

The 13th of October was occupied in these negotiations, and at night the duke announced to his men that the next day would be the day of battle. That night is said to have been passed by the two armies in very different manners. The Saxon soldiers spent it in joviality, singing their national songs, and draining huge horns of ale and wine round their camp-fires. The Normans, when they had looked to their arms and horses, confessed themselves to the priests with whom their camp was thronged, and received the sacrament by thousands at a time.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, was fought the great battle.

It is not difficult to compose a narrative of its principal incidents from the historical information which we possess, especially if aided by an examination of the ground. But it is far better to adopt the spirit-stirring words of the old chroniclers, who wrote while the recollections of the battle were yet fresh, and while the feelings and prejudices of the combatants yet glowed in the bosoms of living men. Robert Wace, the Norman poet, who presented his "Roman de Rou" to our Henry II., is the most picturesque and animated of the old writers, and from him we can obtain a a more vivid and full description of the conflict than even the most brilliant romance-writer of the present time can supply. We have also an antique memorial of the battle more to be relied on than

either chronicler or poet (and which confirms Wace's narrative remarkably) in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry which represents the principal scenes of Duke William's expedition, and of the circumstances connected with it, in minute, though occasionally grotesque details, and which was undoubtedly the production of the same age in which the battle took place, whether we admit or reject the legend that Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court wrought it with her own hands in honor of the royal conqueror.[11]

Let us therefore suffer the old Norman chronicler to transport our imaginations to the fair Sussex scenery northwest of Hastings, as it appeared on the morning of the fourteenth of October, seven hundred and eighty-five years ago. The Norman host is pouring forth from its tents, and each troop and each company is forming fast under the banner of its leader. The masses have been sung, which were finished betimes in the morning; the barons have all assembled round Duke William; and the duke has ordered that the army shall be formed in three divisions, so as to make the attack upon the Saxon position in three places. The duke stood on a hill where he could best see his men; the barons surrounded him, and he spake to them proudly. He told them how he trusted them, and how all that he gained should be theirs, and how sure he felt of conquest, for in all the world there was not so brave an army, or such good men and true as were then forming around him. Then they

11. The celebrated Bayeux tapestry is a piece of embroidery 230 feet long and about 20 inches wide. It contains over 1500 figures with Latin inscriptions. It was found in the cathedral at Bayeux, and is still preserved in the library in that city.

cheered him in turn, and cried out, " 'You will not see one coward; none here will fear to die for love of you, if need be.' And he answered them, 'I thank you well. For God's sake, spare not; strike hard at the beginning; stay not to take spoil; all the booty shall be in common, and there will be plenty for every one. There will be no safety in asking quarter or in flight; the English will never love or spare a Norman. Felons they were, and felons they are; false they were, and false they will be. Show no weakness toward them, for they will have no pity on you; neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for smiting well, will be the better liked by the English, nor will any be the more spared on either account. You may fly to the sea, but you can fly no farther; you will find neither ships nor bridge there; there will be no sailors to receive you; and the English will overtake you there, and slay you in your shame. More of you will die in flight than in battle. Then, as flight will not secure you, fight, and you will conquer. I have no doubt of the victory; we are come for glory; the victory is in our hands, and we may make sure of obtaining it if we so please.' As the duke was speaking thus and would yet have spoken more William Fitz Osber rode up with his horse all coated with iron: 'Sire,' said he, 'we tarry here too long; let us all arm ourselves. *Allons! allons!*'[12]

"Then all went to their tents, and armed themselves as they best might; and the duke was very busy, giving every one his orders; and he was courteous to all the vassals, giving away many arms and horses to them. When he prepared to

12. *Allons!* means *Forward!*

arm himself, he called first for his hauberk, and a man brought it on his arm, and placed it before him, but in putting his head in, to get it on, he unawares turned it the wrong way, with the back part in front. He soon changed it; but when he saw that those who stood by were sorely alarmed, he said: 'I have seen many a man who, if such a thing had happened to him, would not have borne arms, or entered the field the same day; but I never believed in omens, and I never will. I trust in God, for he does in all things his pleasure, and ordains what is to come to pass according to his will. I have never liked fortune-tellers, nor believed in diviners; but I commend myself to Our Lady. Let not this mischance give you trouble. The hauberk which was turned wrong, and then set right by me, signifies that a change will arise out of the matter which we are now stirring. You shall see the name of duke changed into king. Yea, a king shall I be, who hitherto have been but duke.' Then he crossed himself, and straightway took his hauberk, stooped his head, and put it on aright; and laced his helmet, and girt on his sword, which a varlet brought him. Then the duke called for his good horse—a better could not be found. It had been sent him by a king of Spain, out of very great friendship. Neither arms nor the press of fighting men did it fear, if its lord spurred it on. Walter Giffard brought it. The duke stretched out his hand, took the reins, put foot in stirrup, and mounted; and the good horse pawed, pranced, reared himself up, and curveted. The Viscount of Toarz saw how the duke bore himself in arms, and said to his people that were around him, 'Never

have I seen a man so fairly armed, nor one who rode so gallantly, or bore his arms, or became his hauberk so well; neither any one who bore his lance so gracefully, or sat his horse and managed him so nobly. There is no such knight under heaven! a fair count he is, and fair king he will be. Let him fight, and he shall overcome; shame be to the man who shall fail him.'

"Then the duke called for the standard which the pope had sent him, and he who bore it having unfolded it, the duke took it and called to Raol de Conches. 'Bear my standard,' said he, 'for I would not but do you right; by right and by ancestry your line are standard-bearers of Normandy, and very good knights have they all been.' But Raol said that he would serve the duke that day in other guise, and would fight the English with his hand as long as life should last. Then the duke bade Galtier Giffart bear the standard. But he was old and white-headed, and bade the duke give the standard to some younger and stronger man to carry. Then the duke said fiercely, 'By the splendor of God, my lords, I think you mean to betray and fail me in this great need.' 'Sire,' said Giffart, 'not so! we have done no treason, nor do I refuse from any felony toward you; but I have to lead a great chivalry, both hired men and the men of my fief. Never had I such good means of serving you as I now have; and, if God please, I will serve you; if need be, I will die for you, and will give my own heart for yours.

" 'By my faith,' quoth the duke, 'I always loved thee, and now I love thee more; if I survive this day, thou shalt be the better for it all thy days.'

Then he called out a knight, whom he had heard much praised, Tosteins Fitz-Rou le Blanc by name, whose abode was at Bec-en-Caux. To him he delivered the standard; and Tosteins took it right cheerfully, and bowed low to him in thanks, and bore it gallantly, and with good heart. His kindred still have quittance of all service for their inheritance on this account, and their heirs are entitled so to hold their inheritance forever.

"William sat on his war-horse, and called out Rogier, whom they call De Montgomeri. 'I rely much on you,' said he; 'lead your men thitherward, and attack them from that side. William, the son of Osber, the seneschal, a right good vassal, shall go with you and help in the attack, and you shall have the men of Boilogne and Poix, and all my soldiers. Alain Fergert and Ameri shall attack on the other side; they shall lead the Poitevins and the Bretons, and all the barons of Maine; and I, with my own great men, my friends and kindred, will fight in the middle throng, where the battle shall be the hottest.'

"The barons, and knights, and men-at-arms were all now armed; the foot-soldiers were well equipped, each bearing bow and sword; on their heads were caps, and to their feet were bound buskins. Some had good hides which they had bound round their bodies; and many were clad in frocks, and had quivers and bows hung to their girdles. The knights had hauberks and swords, boots of steel, and shining helmets; shields at their necks, and in their hands lances. And all had their cognizances, so that each might know his fellow, and Norman might not strike Norman, nor Frenchman

kill his countryman by mistake. Those on foot led the way, with serried ranks, bearing their bows. The knights rode next, supporting the archers from behind. Thus both horse and foot kept their course and order of march as they began, in close ranks at a gentle pace, that the one might not pass or separate from the other. All went firmly and compactly, bearing themselves gallantly.

"Harold had summoned his men, earls, barons and vavasors, from the castles and the cities, from the ports, the villages and boroughs. The peasants were also called together from the villages, bearing such arms as they found; clubs and great picks, iron forks and stakes. The English had inclosed the place where Harold was with his friends and the barons of the country whom he had summoned and called together.

"Those of London had come at once, and those of Kent, of Hertfort, and of Essesse. All who could bear arms, and had learned the news of the duke's arrival, came to defend the land. But none came from beyond Humbre, for they had other business upon their hands, the Danes and Tosti having much damaged and weakened them.

"Harold knew that the Normans would come and attack him hand to hand, so he had early inclosed the field in which he had placed his men. He made them arm early, and range themselves for the battle, he himself having put on arms and equipments that became such a lord. The duke, he said, ought to seek him, as he wanted to conquer England; and it became him to abide the attack who had to defend the land. He commanded the people, and counseled his barons to keep themselves all to-

gether, and defend themselves in a body; for if they once separated, they would with difficulty recover themselves. 'The Normans,' he said, 'are good vassals, valiant on foot and on horseback; good knights are they on horseback, and well used to battle; all is lost if they once penetrate our ranks. They have brought long lances and swords, but you have pointed lances and keen-edged bills; and I do not expect that their arms can stand against yours. Cleave whenever you can; it will be ill done if you spare aught.'

"The English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood, and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade in their front through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way by their shields and barricades, their aim was to defend themselves; and if they had remained steady for that purpose, they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in, lost his life in dishonor, either by hatchet or bill, by club or other weapon. They wore short and close hauberks, and helmets that hung over their garments. King Harold issued orders, and made proclamation round, that all should be ranged with their faces toward the enemy, and that no one should move from where he was, so that whoever came might find them ready; and that whatever any one, be he Norman or other, should do, each should do his best to defend his own place. Then he ordered the men of Kent to go where the Normans were likely to make the attack; for they say that the men of Kent are entitled to strike first;

and that whenever the king goes to battle, the first blow belongs to them. The right of the men of London is to guard the king's body, and to guard his standard; and they were accordingly placed by the standard to watch and defend it.

"When Harold had made all ready, and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English and dismounted by the side of the standard; Leofwin and Gurth, his brothers, were with him; and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his standard, which was, in truth, a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory William sent it to the pope, to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight; and they, moreover, made a fosse, which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground, and the first division of their troops moved onward along the hill and across a valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first, and they were led toward another part of the field, forming together as the first body had done. And while Harold saw and examined them, and was pointing them out to Gurth, a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain; and in the midst of them was raised the standard that came from Rome. Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there. The good knights, the good vassals and brave warriors were there; and there were gathered together the gentle barons, the good archers, and the

men-at-arms, whose duty it was to guard the duke, and range themselves around him. The youths and common herd of the camp, whose business was not to join in the battle, but to take care of the harness and stores, moved off toward a rising ground. The priests and the clerks also ascended a hill, there to offer up prayers to God, and watch the event of the battle.

"The English stood firm on foot in close ranks, and carried themselves right boldly. Each man had his hauberk on, with his sword girt, and his shield at his neck. Great hatchets were also slung at their necks, with which they expected to strike heavy blows.

"The Normans brought on the three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight. The first and second had come up, and then advanced the third, which was the greatest; with that came the duke with his own men, and all moved boldly forward.

"As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns; and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and defense.

"The English stood steady to their post, the Normans still moved on; and when they drew near, the English were to be seen stirring to and fro; were going and coming; troops ranging themselves in order; some with their color rising, others turning pale; some making ready their arms, others raising

their shields; the brave man rousing himself to fight, the coward trembling at the approach of danger.

"Then Taillefer, who sang right well, rode, mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland, of Oliver, and the peers who died in Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, 'A boon, sire!' cried Taillefer; 'I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!' And the duke answered, 'I grant it.' Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, 'Come on, come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on, lay on!' At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward, and surrounded, and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

"The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onward; all were bold, and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered whereof the fame is yet mighty.

"Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns; and the shocks of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from over sea charged onward, and again at other times retreated. Then

came the cunning maneuvers, the rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the swords, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman.

"When the English fall the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

"Some wax strong, others weak; the brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well; they pierce the hauberks, and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forward, others yield; and thus, in various ways, the struggle proceeds. In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English, also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many Normans die as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

"The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around,

not knowing where to find shelter. Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the good priest, the Bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them, 'Stand fast; stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing; for, if God please, we shall conquer yet.' So they took courage, and rested where they were; and Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on over a white aube, wide in the body, with the sleeve tight, and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need he held up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault the enemy.

"From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well, that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true soever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upward into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air toward the English; and the arrows, in falling, struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

"The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts that the English call

'wibetes.' Then it was that an arrow, that had been thus shot upward, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands; and the pain to his head was so great that he leaned upon his shield. So the English were wont to say, and still say to the French, that the arrow was well shot which was so sent up against their king, and that the archer won them great glory who thus put out Harold's eye.

"The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily, and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out that the men of France fled, and would never return.

"Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them; for if they had not moved from their position, it is not likely that they would have been conquered at all; but, like fools, they broke their lines and pursued.

"The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English farther on. As they still flee, the English pursue; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets, following the Normans as they go,

rejoicing in the success of their scheme, and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes with words. 'Cowards,' they cried, 'you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands, and seeking to seize our property, fools that ye were to come! Normandy is too far off, and you will not easily reach it. It is of little use to run back; unless you can cross the sea at a leap, or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you.'

"The Normans bore it all; but, in fact, they knew not what the English said: their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand. At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks; and the barons might be heard crying DEX AIE! for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces toward the enemy; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onward to a fresh *mêlée,* the one party assaulting the other; this man striking, another pressing onward. One hits, another misses; one flies, another pursues; one is aiming a stroke, while another discharges his blow. Norman strives with Englishman again, and aims his blows afresh. One flies, another pursues swiftly: the combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *mêlée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

"The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, with the blade a full foot long, and was well armed after

his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In the front of the battle, where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a war horse, and tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle-bow, driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth. I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and about to abandon the assault, when Roger de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the long-handled ax which the Englishman wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched on the ground. Then Roger cried out, 'Frenchmen, strike! the day is ours!' And again a fierce *mêlée* was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

"There was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had, and would willingly have turned to some

other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and, spurring his horse, gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills, he raised his shield, and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell, the lance broke, and the Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely fractured his skull.

"On the other side was an Englishman who much annoyed the French, continually assaulting them with a keen-edged hatchet. He had a helmet made of wood, which he had fastened down to his coat, and laced round his neck, so that no blows could reach his head. The ravage he was making was seen by a gallant Norman knight, who rode a horse that neither fire nor water could stop in its career, when its master urged it on. The knight spurred, and his horse carried him on well till he charged the Englishman, striking him over the helmet, so that it fell down over his eyes; and as he stretched out his hand to raise it and uncover his face, the Norman cut off his right hand, so that his hatchet fell to the ground. Another Norman sprang forward and eagerly seized the prize with both his hands, but he kept it little space, and paid dearly for it, for as he stooped to pick up the hatchet, an Englishman with his long-handled ax struck him over the back, breaking all his bones, so that his entrails and lungs gushed forth. The knight of the good horse meantime returned without injury; but on his way he met another English-

man and bore him down under his horse, wounding him grievously and trampling him under foot.

"And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords and hewed down the barricades, and the English, in great trouble, fell back upon their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

"There were many knights of Chauz who jousted and made attacks. The English knew not how to joust, or bear arms on horseback, but fought with hatchets and bills. A man, when he wanted to strike with one of their hatchets, was obliged to hold it with both his hands, and could not at the same time, as it seems to me, both cover himself and strike with any freedom.

"The English fell back toward the standard, which was upon a rising ground, and the Normans followed them across the valley, attacking them on foot and horseback. Then Hue de Mortemer, with the Sires D'Auviler, D'Onebac, and Saint Cler, rode up and charged, overthrowing many.

"Robert Fitz Erneis fixed his lance, took his shield, and galloping toward the standard, with his keen-edged sword struck an Englishman who was in front, killed him, and then drawing back his sword, attacked many others, and pushed straight for the standard, trying to beat it down; but the English surrounded it and killed him with their bills. He was found on the spot, when they afterward sought for him, dead and lying at the standard's foot.

"Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance, striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord, and press around him, they ply their blows upon the English; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

"One of them was a man of great strength, a wrestler, who did great mischief to the Normans with his hatchet; all feared him, for he struck down a great many Normans. The Duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped, and so escaped the stroke; then jumping on one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and as the duke bent to avoid the blow, the Englishman boldly struck him on the head, and beat in his helmet though without doing much injury. He was very near falling, however; but, bearing on his stirrups, he recovered himself immediately; and when he thought to revenge himself upon the churl by killing him, he had escaped, dreading the duke's blow. He ran back in among the English, but he was not safe even there; for the Normans seeing him, pursued and caught him, and having pierced him with their lances, left him dead on the ground.

"Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and Essex fought wondrously well, and made the Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

The Battle of Hastings

"Then those who kept close guard by him, and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English; and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy, and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around, and were trampled under the horses, crawling upon the earth, and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in the rout, but still the English rallied in places, smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could, beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first, and felled him to the earth.

"Loud was now the clamor, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

"And now the Normans had pressed on so far, that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the

arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on the ventaille of his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

"Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled, but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it was said that he fell under it, and rose no more.

"The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

"The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold, for certain, was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

"William fought well; many an assault did he lead, many a blow did he give, and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third when necessary, so that he fell not to the ground, and

lost not a drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered, and that many of the English fled from the field, and many died on the spot. Then he returned thanks to God, and in his pride ordered his standard to be brought and set up on high, where the English standard had stood; and that was the signal of his having conquered, and beaten down the standard. And he ordered his tent to be raised on the spot among the dead, and had his meat brought thither, and his supper prepared there.

"Then he took off his armor; and the barons and knights, pages and squires came, when he had unstrung his shield; and they took the helmet from his head, and the hauberk from his back, and saw the heavy blows upon his shield, and how his helmet was dinted in. And all greatly wondered, and said 'Such a baron (ber) never bestrode warhorse, nor dealt such blows, nor did such feats of arms; neither has there been on earth such a knight since Rollant and Oliver.'

"Thus they lauded and extolled him greatly, and rejoiced in what they saw, but grieving also for their friends who were slain in the battle. And the duke stood meanwhile among them, of noble stature and mien, and rendered thanks to the King of glory, through whom he had the victory; and thanked the knights around him, mourning also frequently for the dead. And he ate and drank among the dead, and made his bed that night upon the field.

"The morrow was Sunday; and those who had slept upon the field of battle, keeping watch around, and suffering great fatigue, bestirred themselves at break of day, and sought out and buried such of the

bodies of their dead friends as they might find. The noble ladies of the land also came, some to seek their husbands, and others their fathers, sons, or brothers. They bore the bodies to their villages, and interred them at the churches; and the clerks and priests of the country were ready, and at the request of their friends, took the bodies that were found, and prepared graves and laid them therein.

"King Harold was carried and buried at Varham; but I know not who it was that bore him thither, neither do I know who buried him. Many remained on the field and many had fled in the night."

Such is a Norman account of the battle of Hastings, which does full justice to the valor of the Saxons as well as to the skill and bravery of the victors. It is indeed evident that the loss of the battle by the English was owing to the wound which Harold received in the afternoon, and which must have incapacitated him from effective command. When we remember that he had himself just won the battle of Stamford Bridge over Harald Hardrada by the maneuver of a feigned flight, it is impossible to suppose that he could be deceived by the same stratagem on the part of the Normans at Hastings. But his men, when deprived of his control, would very naturally be led by their inconsiderate ardor into the pursuit that proved so fatal to them. All the narratives of the battle, however much they vary as to the precise time and manner of Harold's fall, eulogize the generalship and the personal prowess which he displayed, until the fatal arrow struck him. The skill with which he had posted his army was proved both by the

slaughter which it cost the Normans to force the position, and also by the desperate rally which some of the Saxons made after the battle in the forest in the rear, in which they cut off a large number of the pursuing Normans. This circumstance is particularly mentioned by William of Poictiers, the Conqueror's own chaplain. Indeed, if Harold, or either of his brothers, had survived, the remains of the English army might have formed again in the wood, and could at least have effected an orderly retreat, and prolonged the war. But both Gurth and Leofwine, and all the bravest thanes of Southern England lay dead on Senlac, around their fallen king and the fallen standard of their country. The exact number that perished on the Saxons' side is unknown; but we read that on the side of the victors, out of sixty thousand men who had been engaged, no less than a fourth perished. So well had the English billmen "plyed the ghastly blow," and so sternly had the Saxon battle-ax cloven Norman's casque and mail. The old historian Daniel justly as well as forcibly remarks, "Thus was tried, by the great assize of God's judgment in battle, the right of power between the English and Norman nations; a battle the most memorable of all others; and, however miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England."

Many a pathetic legend was told in after years respecting the discovery and the burial of the corpse of our last Saxon king. The main circumstances, though they seem to vary, are perhaps reconcilable. Two of the monks of Waltham Abbey, which Harold had founded a little time before his election to the throne, had accompanied him to the

battle. On the morning after the slaughter, they begged and gained permission of the Conqueror to search for the body of their benefactor. The Norman soldiery and camp-followers had stripped and gashed the slain, and the two monks vainly strove to recognize from among the mutilated and gory heaps around them the features of their former king. They sent for Harold's mistress, Edith, surnamed "the Fair," and "the swan-necked," to aid them. The eye of love proved keener than the eye of gratitude, and the Saxon lady even in that Aceldama knew her Harold.

The king's mother now sought the victorious Norman, and begged the dead body of her son. But William at first answered in his wrath and the hardness of his heart, that a man who had been false to his word and his religion should have no other sepulchre than the sand of the shore. He added, with a sneer, "Harold mounted guard on the coast while he was alive, he may continue his guard now he is dead." The taunt was an unintentional eulogy; and a grave washed by the spray of the Sussex waves would have been the noblest burial-place for the martyr of Saxon freedom. But Harold's mother was urgent in her lamentations and her prayers; the Conqueror relented: like Achilles, he gave up the dead body of his fallen foe to a parent's supplications, and the remains of King Harold were deposited with regal honors in Waltham Abbey.

On Christmas day in the same year William the Conqueror was crowned at London King of England.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

By Joseph Addison

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The *Spectator* was published first in March, 1711. It appeared daily, and each number was a complete essay dealing with social topics or others of public concern. In no respect did it resemble the n dern newspaper except, perhaps, in that of print ıg a few advertisements, but these were never obtrusive. It might more properly be called a daily magazine, as we understand the term now. With one or two intermissions it was published regularly until 635 numbers had appeared. It contained the choicest and best of the work of Joseph Addison, and much of that of Sir Richard Steele, who was his co-worker. The *Spectator* was published before the modern novel had an existence, and persistent reappearance of the lightly sketched characters voicing their personal sentiments gave to the publication almost the character of a continued story.

This incomparable series of essays on an almost endless variety of topics was always the advocate of right, and was as unsparing in its ridicule of vice as it was earnest in its pleas for virtue. The style was light and gay enough to attract the frivolous, and a deep vein of philosophy that pleased the thoughtful readers ran through every number. The *Spectator* at once became popular and was a welcome morning visitor at the breakfast table of the wealthy and refined and a daily subject of discus-

sion at the coffee-houses where were gathered the wits and the men of leisure of that brilliant period.

Addison introduced a series of characters who met in a club and under various other conditions, to converse on a great variety of topics. There was a Captain Sentry who stood for the army; Will Honeycomb gave the laws relating to the social world; commercial interests were represented by Sir Andrew Freeport; but the very choicest character of all, the one which was drawn with the most skill and care and which stands to-day as a representation of the best that fiction can do, was Sir Roger de Coverley. He appears in about forty numbers and was manifestly the favorite of Addison. It is said that he made Steele promise not to meddle with the character, and when it was finally decided to discontinue the *Spectator,* Addison remarked, "By heavens! I'll kill Sir Roger that nobody else may murder him!"

The first description of Sir Roger, probably drawn by Steele, is found in the second paper and is as follows:—

"The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his

being confined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him 'youngster.' But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act."

The five following essays taken together will give a very good idea of Sir Roger at his home and in the city, though there are a number of other essays that are equally good and as typical of Addison's style.

SIR ROGER'S HOME

AVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I[1] last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the county come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet-de-chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men

1. The "Spectator," whose "speculations" constitute the Essays.

that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics, upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend. My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain

above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.[2]

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity

2. At this time the clergy were generally regarded as an inferior or dependent class.

for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for his decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him, that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on with his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached tomorrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors, who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with

the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

A SUNDAY AT SIR ROGER'S

AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms. and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a

figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer-Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and, indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same

prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. The authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, does, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may

encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire had made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

SIR ROGER AT THE THEATRE IN LONDON

MY FRIEND, Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*,[1] which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church-of-England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this *Distressed Mother*[2] was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy, he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary.[3] My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks[4] should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to

1. By Sir Robert Howard.

2. The "distressed mother" was Andromache, whose devotion to her husband Hector was a frequent theme for the old Greek poets as well as for more modern writers. This play was by Ambrose Philips, one of Addison's friends.

3. Students of the classics read the story in Homer's *Iliad*, where Hector's parting with Andromache is one of the best-known passages.

4. Mohawks. Dissolute young men, sometimes of the better classes, banded themselves together and went about the streets frightening people and not infrequently attacking, maiming, or even killing innocent citizens. They were sometimes disguised as Indians, hence the name.

go away from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles II's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before."

Sir Roger added that they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my coach in readiness to attend you; for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.[5] Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants[6] to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we

5. (1692) In Belgium. English defeated by the French.

6. Staff or stick.

convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit.

As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus,[7] the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione,[8] and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have

7. The characters of this play may all be found in Grecian mythology and are connected directly or indirectly with the Trojan war. Pyrrhus was a famous general, who after the death of Hector and the fall of Troy secured Andromache as his prize. Later, after giving her to Helenus, he sought to marry Hermione but was slain by Orestes.

8. She was privately betrothed to Orestes, but her father ignorantly gave her to Pyrrhus. After his murder she was married to Orestes.

him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence: "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterward to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that, at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear: "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax;[9] but quickly set himself right in that particular, although he admitted that he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy; "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child, by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added: "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

9. The little son of Hector and Andromache. When Troy fell he was thrown from a tower by Pyrrhus and killed in the presence of his mother.

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes,[10] struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterward applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear toward Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke[11] the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death; and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

10. Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, was saved by his sister from death at the hands of Clytemnestra, who had murdered her husband, the father of Orestes. He made Pylades his inseparable friend, and their names are as familiar to scholars as David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias. He revenged himself by killing Clytemnestra and her lover, but because he took the punishment into his own hands, he was tormented into madness by the Furies. By a long and perilous quest, in which he found his long-lost sister, he was restored to reason.

11. Ridicule.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it, being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction it had given to the old man.

SIR ROGER AT THE VAUXHALL

S I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator,* I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door; and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the staircase; but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who was a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking toward it, "You must know," said Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Foxhall.[1] Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue,[2] with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

1. Afterward Vauxhall.

2. On the northwest of France, off which the English gained a great victory over the French fleet in 1692.

After some short pause, the old knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger: "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He can not forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with anyone in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water, but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked what queer old put[3] we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go out at night at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first; but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us, "that if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that her majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land."

3. Pronounced with the *u* as in *but* and meaning *rustic*.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I consider the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me, it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales.

"You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

WE LAST night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted everyone of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"*Honoured Sir*[1].—'Knowing that you was my 'old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear 'sending you the melancholy News of his Death, 'which has afflicted the whole Country as well as his

1. This letter is printed as it was in the original edition of the essays. It illustrates the use of capitals throughout the *Spectator*.

'poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better 'than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his 'Death at the last County Sessions, where he 'would go to see justice done to a poor Widow 'Woman and her Fatherless Children, that had 'been wronged by a neighboring Gentleman; for 'you know, Sir, my good Master was always the 'poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the 'first complaint he made was, that he had lost his 'Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a 'Sirloin which was served up according to Custom; 'and you know he used to take great Delight in it. 'From that time forward he grew worse and worse, 'but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed, we 'were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon 'a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow 'Lady whom he had made love to the Forty last 'Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light-''ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this 'Lady, as a token of his Love, a great Pearl Neck-'lace, and a couple of Silver bracelets set with Jew-'els which belonged to my good old Lady his Moth-'er. He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding that 'he used to ride a-hunting upon to his Chaplain, be-'cause he thought he would be kind to him; and has 'left you all his Books. He has moreover bequeathed 'to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement, with good 'lands about it. It being a very cold day when he 'made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man 'in the Parish, a great Frize-Coat, and to every 'Woman a black Riding-Hood. It was a moving 'Sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, 'commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were 'not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we

'most of us are grown Gray-headed in our Dear 'Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Leg-'acies, which we may live very comfortably upon, 'the remaining part of our Days. He has be-'queath'd a great deal more in charity, which is not 'yet come to my Knowledge; and it is peremptorily 'said in the Parish that he has left Mony to build 'a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say 'some time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, '*Coverley* Church should have a Steeple to it. The 'Chaplain tells everybody he made a very good 'End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He 'was buried, according to his own Directions, among 'the Family of the Coverleys, on the Left Hand of 'his Father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by 'Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six 'of the *Quorum*. The whole Parish follow'd the 'Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning 'Suits; the Men in Frize, and the Women in Rid-'ing - Hoods. Captain SENTRY, my Master's 'Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House 'and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw 'him a little before his Death, he shook him by the 'Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which 'was falling to him, desiring only to make a good 'Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies and the 'Gifts of Charity, which he told him he had left as 'Quit rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly 'seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. 'He makes much of those whom my Master loved, 'and shows great Kindness to the old House-dog, 'that you know my poor Master was so fond of. 'It would have gone to your Heart to have heard 'the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day

'of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed him-'self since; no more has any of us. 'T was the 'melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever 'happened in *Worcestershire*. This is all from, '*Honoured Sir,*

Your most Sorrowful Servant,
EDWARD BISCUIT.

'*P. S.*—My Master desired, some Weeks before 'he died, that a Book, which comes up to you by the 'Carrier, should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport* 'in his Name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew[2] found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing burst into tears and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

2. In several of the essays Sir Roger is in very sharp debate with Sir Andrew.

SIR FRANCIS BACON

THE "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" was born in 1561 and died in 1626. In the brilliant age of Queen Elizabeth the name of Bacon is second to that of Shakespeare only. Born of cultured parents and related closely to nobility, he had in youth all the advantages the age afforded. His precocious intellect enabled him to profit at once by the instruction he received, so that at thirteen years of age he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. At sixteen he visited Paris and saw the world of fashion and diplomacy in that brilliant capital. At the death of his father he returned to England and began the study of law. His progress was rapid and under King James it was phenomenal. Advanced from one position of favor to another, he did not rest until he had been appointed Lord High Chancellor of England and made Viscount St. Albans. He was extravagant in his tastes and expended much more than his large income. If his rise was rapid his fall was sudden, complete, and disgraceful. Before the House of Lords he was accused of accepting bribes, and unable to clear himself, he confessed to numerous offenses. He was subjected to a heavy fine, deprived of all his offices, made ineligible to future preferment, and sentenced to imprisonment at the King's pleasure. Though he was subsequently pardoned, he never regained his power or influence.

It was as an author and philosopher that he achieved his greatest distinction. His extraordinary intellect early saw the weakness of the system of philosophy taught in the universities, and he set for himself the gigantic task of destroying the old and creating a new. His task was too great for the life of one man, but "he passed a sponge over the table of human knowledge and propounded enough of his new philosophy to place his name with those of Plato and Aristotle." In a certain sense, he fell a martyr to his own love for science, as his fatal illness was contracted in an experiment to see if snow had not for flesh the same preservative power that salt possessed.

As an author his chief contribution to English literature is his little volume of fifty-eight essays treating of a variety of subjects. These essays are replete with meaning and worthy of frequently repeated reading, for so condensed are they that one can not at the first perusal appreciate their wealth of thought and vigor of expression. Emerson calls them "a little bible of earthly wisdom." Dugald Stewart, the famous Scotch metaphysician, declares, "They may be read from beginning to end in a few hours; and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in them something unobserved before."

Directness, terseness, and forcefulness are Bacon's most prominent qualities of style. His sentences are short, pointed, incisive, and often of balanced structure. Many of them have the force of epigrams and maxims. He makes frequent use of figurative language, but not so much for beauty of expression as for clearness of thought.

OF EXPENSE

By Sir Francis Bacon

RICHES are for spending, and spending for honor and good actions; therefore extraordinary[1] expense must be limited by the worth[2] of the occasion; for voluntary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for the kingdom of heaven; but ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard, as it be within his compass;[3] and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants; and ordered to the best show,[4] that the bills may be less than the estimation[5] abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.

It is no baseness[6] for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate.[7] Some forbear[8] it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken; but wounds can not be cured without searching. He that can not look into his own estate at all, had need both choose well those whom he

1. Unusual.
2. Importance.
3. Reach.
4. Managed so as to receive the best returns for the money.
5. Opinion.
6. Degradation.
7. Examine the condition of their own property.
8. Give no heed to.

employeth, and change them often; for new are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties.

A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other; as if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable: and the like. For he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay.

In clearing of a man's estate,[9] he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as in letting it run on too long; for hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable[10] as interest. Besides, he that clears at once will relapse; for finding himself out of straits, he will revert to his customs: but he that cleareth by degrees induceth a habit of frugality, and gaineth as well upon his mind as upon his estate. Certainly, who hath a state to repair, may not despise small things; and, commonly, it is less dishonorable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges,[11] which once begun will continue: but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.

Having read the essay carefully we notice that each sentence is fraught with meaning, that there are few if any redundant words and that the sentences practically mark the paragraphs, as we understand the word. Analyzed, the main thought appears to be: Ordinary expenses should be regulated by the income and be carefully guarded. This

9. Freeing it from debts.
10. Disadvantageous.
11. Expenses.

is brought out by a chain of statements or series of maxims that might be put in this form:

I. Ordinary expenses should be limited by the importance of the occasion.

II. Expenses must not exceed one-half the receipts if you would keep even, nor exceed one-third if you would accumulate wealth.

III. Give personal attention to your own property.

IV. If you spend freely in one direction, economize in some other.

V. Free your estate from debts slowly.

VI. Economize in small things.

VII. Beware of expenses that continue.

Running parallel with this main course of thought is a series of secondary statements in which Bacon gives us corollaries of the chief truths and the reasons upon which the truths are based. It is a difficult matter to make the essay more compact than it is, but the following outline may serve to make it clearer:—

OF EXPENSE

I. Limit Expense.
  Extraordinary.
    Purpose—country and God.
    Unlimited.
  Ordinary.
    Purpose—comfort and show.
    Limitation—well within estate.
    Amount.
      For common prudence, one-half receipts.
      For wealth, one-third receipts.

II. Manage Estate.
  Care of
    Personal—fearing no discovery.
    If impossible
      Choose servants carefully.
      Change them frequently.
    If but rarely possible
      Deal with no speculations.
      Clear from debts.

Slow, because
Hasty selling is disadvantageous.
Might relapse into extravagance.
It fixes habits of economy.
Attend to small matters.

III. Beware of expenses that are continuous.

Determine whether the above outline is just and fair in its proportions, whether the chief ideas have been selected and put forth and the secondary ideas properly subordinated. When you have thoroughly accomplished this begin the study of the next essay.

OF STUDIES

By SIR FRANCIS BACON

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth: to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies

NOTE.—Several words in this essay have changed their meaning since the time of Bacon or are used in a different sense from that to which we are accustomed. Look up the words "humor," "crafty," "simple," "admire," curiously," "present," and "witty."

themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom, without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse: but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic, and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores;*[1] nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the reins; shooting, for the lungs and breast; gentle

1. Studies make themselves manifest in the manners.

walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics: for in demonstrations, his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If this wit be not apt to distinguish, or find differences, let him study the schoolmen;[2] for they are *cymini sectores*.[3] If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

2. The philosophers and divines of the Middle Ages, who gave much of their time to fine distinctions in abstract speculations.

3. Hair-splitters. "He could distinguish and divide a hair 'twixt south and south-west side." We use the phrase "hair-splitting."

MODESTINE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Note.—The following narrative is condensed from Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*, an account of an expedition he made alone into the mountains of Southern France. The tramp lasted twelve days and was a great delight to the refined gentleman, although some of his experiences were anything but pleasant in themselves. The book was published in 1879 and at once established the author as an artist in style. There is running through it the thread of an interesting story, most charmingly told. This we have tried to preserve. The largest omissions, indicated by asterisks, deal with the geography, history and customs of the localities he visited, and while valuable for the student they do not possess so general an interest as to justify their inclusion in a collection such as this.

IT WAS already hard upon October before I was ready to set forth, and at the high altitudes over which my road lay there was no Indian summer to be looked for. I was determined, if not to camp out, at least to have the means of camping out in my possession; for there is nothing more harassing to an easy mind than the necessity of reaching shelter by dusk, and the hospitality of a village inn is not always to be reckoned sure by those who trudge on foot. A tent, above all for a solitary traveller, is troublesome to pitch, and troublesome to strike again; and even on the march it forms a conspicuous feature in your

baggage. A sleeping-sack, on the other hand, is always ready—you have only to get into it; it serves a double purpose—a bed by night, a portmanteau by day; and it does not advertise your intention of camping out to every curious passer-by. This is a huge point. If the camp is not secret, it is but a troubled resting-place; you become a public character; the convivial rustic visits your bedside after an early supper; and you must sleep with one eye open and be up before the day. I decided on a sleeping-sack and after repeated visits to LePuy, and a deal of high living for myself and my advisers, a sleeping-sack was designed, constructed and triumphally brought home.

This child of my invention was nearly six feet square, exclusive of two triangular flaps to serve as a pillow by night and as the top and bottom of the sack by day. I call it "the sack," but it was never a sack by more than courtesy: only a sort of long roll or sausage, green waterproof cart cloth without and blue sheep's fur within. It was commodious as a valise, warm and dry for a bed. There was luxurious turning-room for one; and at a pinch the thing might serve for two. I could bury myself in it up to the neck; for my head I trusted to a fur cap, with a hood to fold down over my ears and a band to pass under my nose like a respirator; and in case of heavy rain I proposed to make myself a little tent, or tentlet, with my waterproof coat, three stones, and a bent branch.

It will readily be conceived that I could not carry this huge package on my own, merely human, shoulders. It remained to choose a beast of burthen. Now, a horse is a fine lady among animals, flighty,

timid, delicate in eating, of tender health; he is too valuable and too restive to be left alone, so that you are chained to your brute as to a fellow galley-slave; a dangerous road puts him out of his wits; in short, he's an uncertain and exacting ally, and adds thirty-fold to the troubles of the voyager. What I required was something cheap and small and hardy, and of a stolid and peaceful temper; and all these requisites pointed to a donkey.

There dwelt an old man in Monastier, of rather unsound intellect according to some, much followed by street-boys, and known to fame as Father Adam. Father Adam had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the colour of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw. There was something neat and high-bred, a quakerish elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper, one child after another was set upon her back to ride, and one after another went head over heels into the air; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects. I was already backed by a deputation of my friends; but as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came around and helped me in the bargain; and the ass and I and Father Adam were the centre of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs. The sack had already cost eighty francs; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptised her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed, that was as it should be;

for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, or self-acting bedstead on four castors.

I had a last interview with Father Adam in a billiard-room at the witching hour of dawn. He professed himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for himself; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.

By the advice of a fallacious local saddler, a leather pad was made for me with rings to fasten on my bundle; and I thoughtfully completed my kit and arranged my toilette. By way of armoury and utensils, I took a revolver, a little spirit-lamp and pan, a lantern and some half-penny candles, a jack-knife and a large leather flask. The main cargo consisted of two entire changes of warm clothing—besides my traveling wear of country velveteen, pilot-coat, and knitted spencer—some books, and my railway-rug, which being also in the form of a bag, made me a double castle for cold nights. The permanent larder was represented by cakes of chocolate and tins of Bologna sausage. All this, except what I carried about my person, was easily stowed into the sheepskin bag; and by good fortune I threw in my empty knapsack, rather for convenience of carriage than from any thought that I should want it on my journey. For more immediate needs, I took a leg of cold mutton, an empty bottle to carry milk, an egg-beater, and a considerable quantity of black bread and white, like

Father Adam, for myself and donkey, only in my scheme of things the destinations were reversed.

On the day of my departure I was up a little after five; by six, we began to load the donkey; and ten minutes after, my hopes were in the dust. The pad would not stay on Modestine's back for half a moment. I returned it to its maker, with whom I had so contumelious a passage that the street outside was crowded from wall to wall with gossips looking on and listening. The pad changed hands with much vivacity; perhaps it would be more descriptive to say that we threw it at each other's heads; and, at any rate, we were very warm and unfriendly, and spoke with a deal of freedom.

I had a common donkey pack-saddle—a *barde,* as they call it—fitted upon Modestine; and once more loaded her with my effects. The double sack, my pilot-coat (for it was warm, and I was to walk in my waistcoat), a great bar of black bread, and an open basket containing the white bread, the mutton, and the bottle, were all corded together in a very elaborate system of knots, and I looked on the result with fatuous content. In such a monstrous deck-cargo, all poised above the donkey's shoulders, with nothing below to balance, on a brand-new pack-saddle that had not yet been worn to fit the animal, and fastened with brand-new girths that might be expected to stretch and slacken by the way, even a very careless traveller should have seen disaster brewing. That elaborate system of knots, again, was the work of too many sympathisers to be very artfully designed. It is true they tightened the cords with a will; as many as three at a time would have a foot against Modestine's quarters,

and be hauling with clenched teeth; but I learned afterwards that one thoughtful person, without any exercise of force, can make a more solid job than half-a-dozen heated and enthusiastic grooms. I was then but a novice; even after the misadventure of the pad nothing could disturb my security, and I went forth from the stable-door as an ox goeth to the slaughter.

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalise this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tail-coat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old?"

I told him, I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

"Et vous marchez comme ca!"[1] cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, "You

1. "And you travel like this!"

must have no pity on these animals," said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine about the sternworks, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

The peasant, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice; presented me with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry or masonic word of donkey-drivers, "Proot!" All the time, he regarded me with a comical incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine did wonders for the rest of the forenoon, and I had a breathing space to look about me.

I hurried over my midday meal, and was early forth again. But, alas, as we climbed the interminable hill upon the other side, "Proot" seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belabouring. A moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed

into her own private gait. I think I never heard of any one in as mean a situation. I must reach the lake of Bouchet, where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this uncomplaining animal. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation—he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

It was blazing hot up the valley, windless, with vehement sun upon my shoulders; and I had to labour so consistently with my stick that the sweat ran into my eyes. Every five minutes, too, the pack, the basket, and the pilot-coat would take an ugly slew to one side or the other; and I had to stop Modestine, just when I had got her to a tolerable pace of about two miles an hour, to tug, push, shoulder, and readjust the load. And at last, in the village of Ussel, saddle and all, the whole hypothec turned round and grovelled in the dust below the donkey's belly. She, none better pleased,

incontinently drew up and seemed to smile; and a party of one man, two women, and two children came up, and, standing round me in a half-circle, encouraged her by their example.

I had the devil's own trouble to get the thing righted; and the instant I had done so, without hesitation, it toppled and fell down upon the other side. Judge if I was hot! And yet not a hand was offered to assist me. The man, indeed, told me I ought to have a package of a different shape. I suggested, if he knew nothing better to the point in my predicament, he might hold his tongue. And the good-natured dog agreed with me smilingly. It was the most despicable fix. I must plainly content myself with the pack for Modestine, and take the following items for my own share of the portage; a cane, a quart flask, a pilot-jacket heavily weighted in the pockets, two pounds of black bread, and an open basket full of meats and bottles. I believe I may say I am not devoid of greatness of soul; for I did not recoil from this infamous burthen. I disposed it, Heaven knows how, so as to be mildly portable, and then proceeded to steer Modestine through the village. She tried, as was indeed her invariable habit, to enter every house and every courtyard in the whole length; and, encumbered as I was, without a hand to help myself, no words can render an idea of my difficulties.

I remembered having laughed myself when I had seen good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass, and the recollection filled me with penitence. That was in my old light days, before this trouble came upon me. God knows at least that I shall never laugh again, thought I. But

O, what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!

A little out of the village, Modestine, filled with the demon, set her heart upon a by-road, and positively refused to leave it. I dropped all my bundles, and, I am ashamed to say, struck the poor sinner twice across the face. It was pitiful to see her lift up her head with shut eyes, as if waiting for another blow. I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation. Modestine, in the meanwhile, munched some black bread with a contrite hypocritical air. It was plain that I must make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck. I threw away the empty bottle destined to carry milk; I threw away my own white bread, and, disdaining to act by general average, kept the black bread for Modestine; lastly, I threw away the cold leg of mutton, although this last was dear to my heart. Thus I found room for everything in the basket, and even stowed the boating-coat on the top. By means of an end of cord I slung it under one arm; and although the cord cut my shoulder, and the jacket hung almost to the ground, it was with a heart greatly lightened that I set forth again.

I had now an arm free to thrash Modestine, and cruelly I chastised her. If I were to reach the lakeside before dark, she must bestir her little shanks to some tune. Already the sun had gone down into a windy-looking mist; and although there were still a few streaks of gold far off to the east on the hills and the black fir-woods, all was cold and grey about our onward path. An infinity of little country byroads led hither and thither among the fields. It

was the most pointless labyrinth. I could see my destination overhead, or rather the peak that dominates it; but choose as I pleased, the roads always ended by turning away from it, and sneaking back towards the valley, or northward along the margin of the hills. The failing light, the waning colour, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was traveling, threw me into some despondency. I promise you, the stick was not idle; I think every decent step that Modestine took must have cost me at least two emphatic blows. There was not another sound in the neighborhood but that of my unwearying bastinado.

Suddenly, in the midst of my toils, the load once more bit the dust, and, as by enchantment, all the cords were simultaneously loosened, and the road scattered with my dear possessions. The packing was to begin again from the beginning; and as I had to invent a new and better system, I do not doubt but I lost half an hour. It began to be dusk in earnest as I reached a wilderness of turf and stones. It had the air of being a road which should lead everywhere at the same time; but I pushed Modestine briskly forward, and, after a sharp ascent of twenty minutes, reached the edge of a plateau. The view, looking back on my day's journey, was both wild and sad. Mount Mézenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east; and the intervening field of hills had fallen together into one broad wash of shadow, except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, here and there a white irregular patch to represent a cultivated farm.

Soon we were on a highroad, and surprise seized on my mind as I beheld a village of some magnitude close at hand; for I had been told that the neighborhood of the lake was uninhabited except by trout. The road smoked in the twilight with children driving home cattle from the fields; and a pair of mounted stride-legged women, hat and cap and all, dashed past me at a hammering trot from the canton where they had been to church and market. I asked one of the children where I was. At Bouchet St. Nicolas, he told me. Thither, about a mile south of my destination, and on the other side of a respectable summit, had these confused roads and treacherous peasantry conducted me. My shoulder was cut, so that it hurt sharply; my arm ached like toothache from perpetual beating; I gave up the lake and my design to camp, and asked for the *auberge*.[2]

The inn was among the least pretentious I have ever visited; but I saw many more of the like upon my journey. Indeed, it was typical of these French highlands. Imagine a cottage of two stories, with a bench before the door; the stable and kitchen in a suite, so that Modestine and I could hear each other dining; furniture of the plainest, earthen floors, a single bed-chamber for travellers, and that without any convenience but beds. In the kitchen cooking and eating go forward side by side, and the family sleep at night. Any one who has a fancy to wash must do so in public at the common table. The food is sometimes spare; hard fish and omelette have been my portion more than once; and the visit of a fat sow, grouting under the table and rubbing

2. The village Inn.

against your legs, is no impossible accompaniment to dinner.

But the people of the inn, in nine cases out of ten, show themselves friendly and considerate. As soon as you cross the doors you cease to be a stranger; and although this peasantry are rude and forbidding on the highway, they show a tincture of kind breeding when you share their hearth.

The landlord was a mild, handsome, sensible, friendly old man, astonishingly ignorant. His wife, who was not so pleasant in her manners, knew how to read, although I do not suppose she ever did so.

They were both much interested by the story of my misadventures.

"In the morning," said the husband, "I will make you something better than your cane. Such a beast as that feels nothing; it is in the proverb—*dur comme un âne;*[3] you might beat her insensible with a cudgel, and yet you would arrive nowhere."

Something better! I little knew what he was offering.

Blessed be the man who invented goads! Blessed the innkeeper of Bouchet St. Nicolas, who introduced me to their use! This plain wand, with an eighth of an inch of pin, was indeed a sceptre when he put it in my hands. Thenceforward Modestine was my slave. A prick, and she passed the most inviting stable-door. A prick, and she broke forth into a gallant little trotlet that devoured the miles. It was not a remarkable speed, when all was said; and we took four hours to cover ten miles at the best of it. But what a heavenly change since yesterday!

3. Tough as a donkey.

No more wielding of the ugly cudgel; no more flailing with an aching arm; no more broadsword exercise, but a discreet and gentlemanly fence. And what although now and then a drop of blood should appear on Modestine's mouse-coloured wedge-like rump? I should have preferred it otherwise, indeed; but yesterday's exploits had purged my heart of all humanity.

All the way up the long hill it rained and hailed alternately; the wind kept freshening steadily, although slowly; plentiful hurrying clouds—some dragging veils of straight rain-shower, others massed and luminous, as though promising snow—careered out of the north and followed me along my way. I was soon out of the cultivated basin of the Allier, and away from the ploughing oxen, and such-like sights of the country. Moor, heathery marsh, tracts of rock and pines, woods of birch all jewelled with the autumn yellow, here and there a few naked cottages and bleak fields,—these were the characters of the country. Hill and valley followed valley and hill; the little green and stony cattle-tracks wandered in and out of one another, split into three or four, died away in marshy hollows, and began again sporadically on hillsides or at the borders of a wood.

There was no direct road, and it was no easy affair to make a passage in this uneven country and through this intermittent labyrinth of tracks. It must have been about four when I struck Sagnerousse, and went on my way rejoicing in a sure point of departure. Two hours afterwards, the dusk rapidly falling, in a lull of the wind, I issued from a fir-wood where I had long been wandering, and

found, not the looked-for village, but another marish bottom among rough-and-tumble hills. For some time past I had heard the ringing of cattle-bells ahead; and now, as I came out of the skirts of the wood, I saw near upon a dozen cows and perhaps as many more black figures, which I conjectured to be children, although the mist had almost unrecognizably exaggerated their forms. These were all silently following each other round and round in a circle, now taking hands, now breaking up with chains and reverences. A dance of children appeals to very innocent and lively thoughts; but, at nightfall on the marshes, the thing was eerie and fantastic to behold. Even I, who am well enough read in Herbert Spencer, felt a sort of silence fall for an instant on my mind. The next, I was pricking Modestine forward, and guiding her like an unruly ship through the open. In a path, she went doggedly ahead of her own accord, as before a fair wind; but once on the turf or among heather, and the brute became demented. The tendency of lost travellers to go round in a circle was developed in her to the degree of passion, and it took all the steering I had in me to keep even a decently straight course through a single field.

While I was thus desperately tacking through the bog, children and cattle began to disperse, until only a pair of girls remained behind. From these I sought direction on my path. The peasantry in general were but little disposed to counsel a wayfarer. One old devil simply retired into his house, and barricaded the door on my approach; and I might beat and shout myself hoarse, he turned a deaf ear. Another, having given me a direction

which, as I found afterwards, I had misunderstood, complacently watched me going wrong without adding a sign. He did not care a stalk of parsley if I wandered all night upon the hills! As for these two girls, one put out her tongue at me, the other bade me follow the cows; and they both giggled and jogged each other's elbows. The Beast of Gévaudan ate about a hundred children of this district; I began to think of him with sympathy.

Leaving the girls, I pushed on through the bog, and got into another wood and upon a well-marked road. It grew darker and darker. Modestine, suddenly beginning to smell mischief, bettered the pace of her own accord, and from that time forward gave me no trouble. It was the first sign of intelligence I had occasion to remark in her. At the same time, the wind freshened into half a gale, and another heavy discharge of rain came flying up out of the north. At the other side of the wood I sighted some red windows in the dusk. Here I found a delightful old man, who came a little way with me in the rain to put me safely on the road. He would hear of no reward; but shook his hands above his head almost as if in menace, and refused volubly and shrilly.

All seemed right at last. My thoughts began to turn upon dinner and a fireside, and my heart was agreeably softened in my bosom. Alas, and I was on the brink of new and greater miseries! Suddenly, at a single swoop, the night fell. I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker. A glimmer of rocks, a glimmer of the track where it was well beaten, a certain fleecy density, or night within night, for a tree,—this was all that I

could discriminate. The sky was simply darkness overhead; even the flying clouds pursued their way invisibly to human eyesight. I could not distinguish my hand at arm's length from the track, nor my goad, at the same distance, from the meadows or the sky.

Soon the road that I was following split, after the fashion of the country, into three or four in a piece of rocky meadow. Since Modestine had shown such a fancy for beaten roads, I tried her instinct in this predicament. But the instinct of an ass is what might be expected from the name; in half a minute she was clambering round and round among some boulders, as lost a donkey as you would wish to see. I should have camped long before had I been properly provided; but as this was to be so short a stage, I had brought no wine, no bread for myself, and a little over a pound for my lady-friend. Add to this, that I and Modestine were both handsomely wetted by the showers. But now if I could have found some water, I should have camped at once in spite of all. Water, however, being entirely absent, except in the form of rain, I determined to return to Fouzilhic, and ask a guide a little further on my way—"a little farther lend thy guiding hand."

The thing was easy to decide, hard to accomplish. In this sensible roaring blackness I was sure of nothing but the direction of the wind. To this I set my face; the road had disappeared, and I went across country, now in marshy opens, now baffled by walls unscalable to Modestine, until I came once more in sight of some red windows. This time they were differently disposed. It was not Fouzilhic,

but Fouzilhac, a hamlet little distant from the other in space, but worlds away in the spirit of its inhabitants. I tied Modestine to a gate, and groped forward, stumbling among rocks, plunging mid-leg in bog, until I gained the entrance of the village. In the first lighted house there was a woman who would not open to me. She could do nothing, she cried to me through the door, being alone and lame; but if I would apply at the next house, there was a man who could help me if he had a mind.

I ploughed distressfully among stones and rubbish heaps. All the other houses in the village were both dark and silent; and though I knocked at here and there a door, my knocking was unanswered. It was a bad business; I gave up Fouzilhac with my curses. The rain had stopped, and the wind, which still kept rising, began to dry my coat and trousers. "Very well," thought I, "water or no water, I must camp." But the first thing was to return to Modestine. I am pretty sure I was twenty minutes groping for my lady in the dark; and if it had not been for the unkindly services of the bog, into which I once more stumbled, I might have still been groping for her at the dawn. My next business was to gain the shelter of a wood, for the wind was cold as well as boisterous. How, in this well-wooded district, I should have been so long in finding one, is another of the insoluble mysteries of this day's adventures; but I will take my oath that I put near an hour to the discovery.

At last black trees began to show upon my left, and, suddenly crossing the road, made a cave of unmitigated blackness right in front. I call it a cave without exaggeration; to pass below that arch of

leaves was like entering a dungeon. I felt about until my hand encountered a stout branch, and to this I tied Modestine, a haggard, drenched, desponding donkey. Then I lowered my pack and unbuckled the straps. I knew well enough where the lantern was; but where were the candles? I groped and groped among the tumbled articles, and, while I was thus groping, suddenly I touched the spirit-lamp. Salvation! This would serve my turn as well. The wind roared unwearyingly among the trees; I could hear the boughs tossing and the leaves churning through half a mile of forest; yet the scene of my encampment was not only as black as the pit, but admirably sheltered. At the second match the wick caught flame. The light was both livid and shifting; but it cut me off from the universe, and doubled the darkness of the surrounding night.

I tied Modestine more conveniently for herself, and broke up half the black bread for her supper, reserving the other half against the morning. Then I gathered what I should want within reach, took off my wet boots and gaiters, which I wrapped in my waterproof, arranged my knapsack for a pillow under the flap of my sleeping-bag, insinuated my limbs into the interior, and buckled myself in like a *bambino*. I opened a tin of Bologna sausage and broke a cake of chocolate, and that was all I had to eat. It may sound offensive, but I ate them together, bite by bite, by way of bread and meat. Then I put a stone in my straw hat, pulled the flap of my fur cap over my neck and eyes, put my revolver ready to my hand, and snuggled well down among the sheepskins.

I questioned at first if I were sleepy, for I felt my heart beating faster than usual, as if with an agreeable excitement to which my mind remained a stranger. But as soon as my eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them, and they would no more come separate.

The wind among the trees was my lullaby. Sometimes it sounded for minutes together with a steady even rush, not rising nor abating; and again it would swell and burst like a great crashing breaker, and the trees would patter me all over with big drops from the rain of the afternoon. Night after night, in my own bedroom in the country, I have given ear to this perturbing concert of the wind among the woods; but whether it was a difference in the trees, or the lie of the ground, or because I was myself outside and in the midst of it, the fact remains that the wind sang to a different tune among these woods of Gévaudan. I hearkened and hearkened; and meanwhile sleep took gradual possession of my body and subdued my thoughts and senses; but still my last waking effort was to listen and distinguish, and my last conscious state was one of wonder at the foreign clamour in my ears.

Twice in the course of the dark hours—once when a stone galled me underneath the sack, and again when the poor patient Modestine, growing angry, pawed and stamped upon the road—I was recalled for a brief while to consciousness, and saw a star or two overhead, and the lace-like edge of the foliage against the sky. When I awoke for the third time (Wednesday, September 25th), the world was flooded with a blue light, the mother of the dawn. I saw the leaves labouring in the wind

and the ribbon of the road; and, on turning my head, there was Modestine tied to a beech, and standing half across the path in an attitude of inimitable patience. I closed my eyes again, and set to thinking over the experience of the night. I was surprised to find how easy and pleasant it had been, even in this tempestuous weather. The stone which annoyed me would not have been there, had I not been forced to camp blindfold in the opaque night; and I had felt no other inconvenience, except when my feet encountered the lantern or the second volume of Peyrat's *Pastors of the Desert* among the mixed contents of my sleeping-bag; nay more, I had felt not a touch of cold, and awakened with unusually lightsome and clear sensations.

With that, I shook myself, got once more into my boots and gaiters, and, breaking up the rest of the bread for Modestine, strolled about to see in what part of the world I had awakened. Ulysses, left on Ithaca, and with a mind unsettled by the goddess, was not more pleasantly astray. I have been after an adventure all my life, a pure dispassionate adventure, such as befell early and heroic voyagers; and thus to be found by morning in a random woodside nook in Gévaudan—not knowing north from south, as strange to my surroundings as the first man upon the earth, an inland castaway—was to find a fraction of my day-dreams realized. I was on the skirts of a little wood of birch, sprinkled with a few beeches; behind, it adjoined another wood of fir; and in front, it broke up and went down in open order into a shallow and meadowy dale. All around there were bare hill-tops, some

near, some far away, as the perspective closed or opened, but none apparently much higher than the rest. The wind huddled the trees. The golden specks of autumn in the birches tossed shiveringly. Overhead the sky was full of strings and shreds of vapour, flying, vanishing, reappearing, and turning about an axis like tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven. It was wild weather and famishing cold, and by the time I had got all this done, and had made my pack and bound it on the pack-saddle, the day was tiptoe on the threshold of the east. We had not gone many steps along the lane, before the sun, still invisible to me, sent a glow of gold over some cloud mountains that lay ranged along the eastern sky.

At last the path crossed the river upon a bridge, and, forsaking this deep hollow, set itself to cross the mountain. It wound by upland fields and woods of beech and birch, and with every corner brought me into an acquaintance with some new interest. Even in the gully my ear had been struck by a noise like that of a great bass bell ringing at the distance of many miles; but this, as I continued to mount and draw nearer to it, seemed to change in character, and I found at length that it came from some one leading flocks afield to the note of a rural horn. The narrow street stood full of sheep, from wall to wall—black sheep and white, bleating like the birds in spring, and each one accompanying himself upon the sheep-bell round his neck. It made a pathetic concert, all in treble. A little higher, and I passed a pair of men in a tree with pruning-hooks, and one of them was singing. Still further, and when I was already threading the

birches, the crowing of cocks came cheerfully up to my ears, and along with that the voice of a flute discoursing a deliberate and plaintive air from one of the upland villages. I pictured to myself some grizzled, apple-cheeked, country schoolmaster fluting in his bit of a garden in the clear autumn sunshine. All these beautiful and interesting sounds filled my heart with an unwonted expectation; and it appeared to me that, once past this range which I was mounting, I should descend into the garden of the world. Nor was I deceived, for I was now done with rains and winds and a bleak country. The first part of my journey ended here; and this was like an induction of sweet sounds into the other and more beautiful.

I was now led by my good spirits into an adventure which I relate in the interest of future donkey-drivers. The road zigzagged so widely on the hillside that I chose a short cut by map and compass, and struck through the dwarf woods to catch the road again upon a higher level. It was my one serious conflict with Modestine. She would none of my short cut; she turned in my face, she backed, she reared; she, whom I had hitherto imagined to be dumb, actually brayed with a loud hoarse flourish, like a cock crowing for the dawn. I plied the goad with one hand; with the other, so steep was the ascent, I had to hold on the pack-saddle. Half-a-dozen times she was nearly over backwards on the top of me; half-a-dozen times, from sheer weariness of spirit, I was nearly giving it up, and leading her down again to follow the road. But I took the thing as a wager, and fought it through. I was surprised, as I went on my way again, by what

appeared to be chill rain-drops falling on my hand, and more than once looked up in wonder at the cloudless sky. But it was only sweat which came dropping from my brow.

After dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozère. An ill-marked stony drove-road guided me forward; and I met nearly half-a-dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower—nor nymph nor faunus haunted." The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade: there was no outlook, except northeastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even

as she takes her rest she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old countryfolk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars, and there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighborhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half

full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time, so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house.

I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists: at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the highroad in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of goodwill than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business.

When I awoke again, many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay along in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain tops. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this

gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along,

until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

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A new road leads from Pont de Montvert to Florac by the valley of the Tarn; a smooth sandy ledge, it runs about halfway between the summit of the cliffs and the river in the bottom of the valley; and I went in and out, as I followed it, from bays of shadow into promontories of afternoon sun. A thin fringe of ashtrees ran about the hill-tops, like ivy on a ruin; but on the lower slopes and far up every glen the Spanish chestnut-trees stood each four-square to heaven under its tented foliage. Some were planted each on its own terrace, no larger than a bed; some, trusting in their roots, found strength to grow and prosper and be straight and large upon the rapid slopes of the valley; others, where there was a margin to the river, stood marshalled in a line and mighty like cedars of Lebanon. Yet even where they grew most thickly they were not to be thought of as a wood, but as a herd of stalwart individuals; and the dome of each tree stood forth separate and large, and as it were a little hill, from among the domes of its companions. They gave forth a faint sweet perfume which pervaded the air of the afternoon; autumn had put tints of gold and tarnish in the green; and the sun so shone through and kindled the broad foliage that each chestnut was relieved against another, not in shadow, but in light. A humble sketcher here laid down his pencil in despair.

I wish I could convey a notion of the growth of these noble trees; of how they strike out boughs

like the oak, and trail sprays of drooping foliage like the willow; of how they stand on upright fluted columns like the pillars of a church; or like the olive, from the most shattered bole can put out smooth and youthful shoots, and begin a new life upon the ruins of the old. Thus they partake of the nature of many different trees; and even their prickly top-knots, seen near at hand against the sky have a certain palm-like air that impresses the imagination. But their individuality, although compounded of so many elements, is but the richer and the more original. And to look down upon a level filled with these knolls of foliage, or to see a clan of old unconquerable chestnuts cluster "like herded elephants" upon the spur of a mountain, is to rise to higher thoughts of the powers that are in Nature.

Between Modestine's laggard humour and the beauty of the scene, we made little progress all that afternoon; and at last finding the sun, although still far from setting, was already beginning to desert the narrow valley of the Tarn, I began to cast about for a place to camp in. This was not easy to find; the terraces were too narrow, and the ground, where it was unterraced, was usually too steep for a man to lie upon. I should have slipped all night, and awakened towards morning with my feet or my head in the river.

After perhaps a mile, I saw, some sixty feet above the road, a little plateau large enough to hold my sack, and securely parapeted by the trunk of an aged and enormous chestnut. Thither, with infinite trouble, I goaded and kicked the reluctant Modestine, and there I hastened to unload her. There was only room for myself upon the plateau,

and I had to go nearly as high again before I found so much as standing room for the ass. It was on a heap of rolling stones, on an artificial terrace, certainly not five feet square in all. Here I tied her to a chestnut, and having given her corn and bread and made a pile of chestnut-leaves, of which I found her greedy, I descended once more to my own encampment.

The position was unpleasantly exposed. One or two carts went by upon the road; and as long as daylight lasted I concealed myself behind my fortification of vast chestnut trunk; for I was passionately afraid of discovery and the visit of jocular persons in the night. Moreover, I saw that I must be early awake; for these chestnut gardens had been the scene of industry no farther gone than on the day before. The slope was strewn with lopped branches, and here and there a great package of leaves was propped against a trunk; for even the leaves are serviceable, and the peasants use them in winter by way of fodder for their animals. I picked a meal in fear and trembling, half lying down to hide myself from the road.

This was a very different camp from that of the night before in the cool and silent pine-woods. It was warm and even stifling in the valley. The shrill song of frogs, like the tremolo note of a whistle with a pea in it, rang up from the river-side before the sun was down. In the growing dusk, faint rustlings began to run to and fro among the fallen leaves; from time to time a faint chirping or cheeping noise would fall upon my ear; and from time to time I thought I could see the movement of something swift and indistinct between the

chestnuts. A profusion of large ants swarmed upon the ground; bats whisked by, and mosquitoes droned overhead. The long boughs with their bunches of leaves hung against the sky like garlands; and those immediately above and around me had somewhat the air of a trellis which should have been wrecked and half overthrown in a gale of wind.

Sleep for a long time fled my eyelids; and just as I was beginning to feel quiet stealing over my limbs, and settling densely on my mind, a noise at my head startled me broad awake again, and, I will frankly confess it, brought my heart into my mouth. It was such a noise as a person would make scratching loudly with a finger-nail, it came from under the knapsack which served me for a pillow, and it was thrice repeated before I had time to sit up and turn about. Nothing was to be seen, nothing more was to be heard, but a few of these mysterious rustlings far and near, and the ceaseless accompaniment of the river and the frogs. I learned next day that the chestnut gardens are infested by rats; rustling, chirping, and scraping were probably all due to these; but the puzzle, for the moment, was insoluble, and I had to compose myself for sleep as best I could in wondering uncertainty about my neighbours.

I was wakened in the grey of the morning by the sound of footsteps not far off upon the stones, and opening my eyes, I beheld a peasant going by among the chestnuts by a foot-path that I had not hitherto observed. He turned his head neither to the right nor to the left, and disappeared in a few strides among the foliage. Here was an escape!

But it was plainly more than time to be moving. I fed Modestine with what haste I could; but as I was returning to my sack, I saw a man and a boy come down the hillside in a direction crossing mine. They unintelligibly hailed me, and I replied with inarticulate but cheerful sounds, and hurried forward to get into my gaiters.

The pair, who seemed to be father and son, came slowly up to the plateau, and stood close beside me for some time in silence. The bed was open, and I saw with regret my revolver lying patently disclosed on the blue wool. At last, after they had looked me all over, and silence had grown laughably embarrassing, the man demanded in what seemed unfriendly tones:

"You have slept here?"

"Yes," said I. "As you see."

"Why?" he asked.

"My faith," I answered lightly, "I was tired."

He next inquired where I was going and what I had had for dinner; and then, without the least transition, *"C'est bien,"*[4] he added. "Come along." And he and his son, without another word, turned off to the next chestnut-tree but one, which they set to pruning. The thing had passed off more simply than I hoped. He was a grave, respectable man; and his unfriendly voice did not imply that he thought he was speaking to a criminal, but merely to an inferior.

I was soon on the road, nibbling a cake of chocolate and seriously occupied with a case of conscience. Was I to pay for my night's lodging? I had slept ill, the bed was full of fleas in the shape

4. It is well; all right.

of ants, there was no water in the room, the very dawn had neglected to call me in the morning. I might have missed a train, had there been any in the neighbourhood to catch. Clearly, I was dissatisfied with my entertainment; and I decided I should not pay unless I met a beggar.

The valley looked even lovelier by morning; and soon the road descended to the level of the river. Here, in a place where many straight and prosperous chestnuts stood together, making an aisle upon a swarded terrace, I made my morning toilette in the water of the Tarn. It was marvellously clear, thrillingly cool; the soap suds disappeared as if by magic in the swift current, and the white boulders gave one a model for cleanliness. To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity or semi-pagan act of worship. To dabble among dishes in a bedroom may perhaps make clean the body; but the imagination takes no share in such a cleansing. I went on with a light and peaceful heart, and sang psalms to the spiritual ear as I advanced.

Suddenly up came an old woman, who point-blank demanded alms.

"Good!" thought I; "here comes the waiter with the bill."

And I paid for my night's lodging on the spot.

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On Tuesday, 1st October, we left Florac late in the afternoon, a tired donkey and tired donkey-driver. A little way up the Tarnon, a covered bridge of wood introduced us into the valley of the Mimente. Steep rocky red mountains overhung the stream; great oaks and chestnuts grew upon

the slopes or in stony terraces; here and there was a red field of millet or a few apple-trees studded with red apples; and the road passed hard by two black hamlets, one with an old castle atop to please the heart of the tourist.

It was difficult here again to find a spot fit for my encampment. Even under the oaks and chestnuts the ground had not only a very rapid slope, but was heaped with loose stones; and where there was no timber the hills descended to the stream in a red precipice tufted with heather. The sun had left the highest peak in front of me, and the valley was full of the lowing sound of herdsmen's horns as they recalled the flocks into the stable, when I spied a bight of meadow some way below the roadway in an angle of the river. Thither I descended, and, tying Modestine provisionally to a tree, proceeded to investigate the neighbourhood. A grey pearly evening shadow filled the glen; objects at a little distance grew indistinct and melted bafflingly into each other; and the darkness was rising steadily like an exhalation. I approached a great oak which grew in the meadow, hard by the river's brink; when to my disgust the voices of children fell upon my ear, and I beheld a house round the angle on the other bank. I had half a mind to pack and be gone again, but the growing darkness moved me to remain. I had only to make no noise until the night was fairly come, and trust to the dawn to call me early in the morning. But it was hard to be annoyed by neighbours in such a great hotel.

A hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack,

three stars were already brightly shining, and the others were beginning dimly to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light a lantern while so near a house. The moon, which I had seen, a pallid crescent, all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summit of the hills, but not a ray fell into the bottom of the glen where I was lying. The oak rose before me like a pillar of darkness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind, their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets. These same far-away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky, had looked not otherwise to Roland or Cavalier, when, in the words of the latter, they had "no other tent but the sky, and no other bed than my mother earth."

All night a strong wind blew up the valley, and the acorns fell pattering over me from the oak. Yet, on this first night of October, the air was as mild as May, and I slept with the fur thrown back.

I was much disturbed by the barking of a dog, an animal that I fear more than any wolf. A dog is vastly braver, and is besides supported by the sense of duty. If you kill a wolf, you meet with encouragement and praise; but if you kill a dog, the sacred rights of property and the domestic

affections come clamouring round you for redress. At the end of a fagging day, the sharp, cruel note of a dog's bark is in itself a keen annoyance; and to a tramp like myself, he represents the sedentary and respectable world in its most hostile form. There is something of the clergyman or the lawyer about this engaging animal; and if he were not amenable to stones, the boldest man would shrink from traveling afoot. I respect dogs much in the domestic circle; but on the highway or sleeping afield, I both detest and fear them.

I was awakened next morning by the same dog —for I knew his bark—making a charge down the bank, and then, seeing me sit up, retreating again with great alacrity. The stars were not yet quite extinguished. The heaven was of that enchanting mild grey-blue of the early morn. A still clear light began to fall, and the trees on the hillside were outlined sharply against the sky.

As I began to go up the valley, a draught of wind came down it out of the seat of the sunrise. A few steps farther, and I saw a whole hillside gilded with the sun; and still a little beyond, between two peaks, a centre of dazzling brilliancy appeared floating in the sky, and I was once more face to face with the big bonfire that occupies the kernel of our system.

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When I awoke (Thursday, 3d October), and, hearing a great flourishing of cocks and chuckling of contented hens, betook me to the window of the clean and comfortable room where I had slept the night, I looked forth on a sunshiny morning in a

deep vale of chestnut gardens. It was still early and the cock-crows, and the slanting lights, and the long shadows encouraged me to be out and look round me.

I took refuge on the terraces, which are here greenly carpeted with sward, and tried to imitate with a pencil the inimitable attitudes of the chestnuts as they bear up their canopy of leaves. Ever and again a little wind went by, and the nuts dropped all around me, with a light and dull sound, upon the sward. The noise was as of a thin fall of great hailstones; but there went with it a cheerful human sentiment of an approaching harvest and farmers rejoicing in their gains. Looking up, I could see the brown nut peering through the husk, which was already gaping; and between the stems the eye embraced an amphitheatre of hill, sunlit and green with leaves.

I have not often enjoyed a place more deeply. I moved in an atmosphere of pleasure, and felt light and quiet and content. But perhaps it was not the place alone that so disposed my spirit. Perhaps some one was thinking of me in another country; or perhaps some thought of my own had come and gone unnoticed, and yet done me good. For some thoughts, which sure would be the most beautiful, vanish before we can rightly scan their features; as though a god, traveling by our green highways, should but ope the door, give one smiling look into the house, and go again for ever. Was it Apollo, or Mercury, or Love with folded wings? Who shall say? But we go the lighter about our business, and feel peace and pleasure in our hearts.

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I had hurried to the topmost powers of Modestine, for I dearly desired to see the view upon the other side before the day had faded. But it was night when I reached the summit; the moon was riding high and clear; and only a few grey streaks of twilight lingered in the west. A yawning valley, gulfed in blackness, lay like a hole in created Nature at my feet; but the outline of the hills was sharp against the sky.

Modestine and I—it was our last meal together—had a snack upon the top of St. Pierre, I on a heap of stones, she standing by me in the moonlight and decorously eating bread out of my hand. The poor brute would eat more heartily in this manner; for she had a sort of affection for me, which I was soon to betray.

It was a long descent upon St. Jean du Gard, and we met no one but a carter, visible afar off by the glint of the moon on his extinguished lantern.

Before ten o'clock we had got in and were at supper; fifteen miles and a stiff hill in little beyond six hours!

On examination, on the morning of October 4th, Modestine was pronounced unfit for travel. She would need at least two days' repose according to the ostler; but I was now eager to reach Alais for my letters; and, being in a civilised country of stage-coaches, I determined to sell my lady-friend and be off by the diligence that afternoon. Our yesterday's march, with the testimony of the driver who had pursued us up the long hill of St. Pierre, spread a favourable notion of my donkey's capabilities. Intending purchasers were aware of an unrivalled opportunity. Before ten I had an

offer of twenty-five francs; and before noon, after a desperate engagement, I sold her, saddle and all, for five-and-thirty. The pecuniary gain is not obvious, but I had bought freedom into the bargain.

It was not until I was fairly seated by the driver and rattling through a rocky valley with dwarf olives, that I became aware of my bereavement. I had lost Modestine. Up to that moment I had thought I hated her; but now she was gone,

"And, O,
The difference to me!"

For twelve days we had been fast companions; we had traveled upwards of a hundred and twenty miles, crossed several respectable ridges, and jogged along with our six legs by many a rocky and many a boggy by-road. After the first day, although sometimes I was hurt and distant in manner, I still kept my patience; and as for her, poor soul! she had come to regard me as a god. She loved to eat out of my hand. She was patient, elegant in form, the colour of an ideal mouse, and inimitably small. Her faults were those of her race and sex; her virtues were her own. Farewell, and if for ever—

Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had sold her in my turn, I was tempted to follow his example; and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

By William Cullen Bryant

ERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe in this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear

Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six little mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;

Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

I. RHYME. Make a table of the last words in the lines of every stanza. Arrange the table so that the indentations shall show clearly to the eye the words which rhyme. That you may understand what is meant, we append here a table for the first four stanzas:

I	II	III	IV
weed	drest	wife	she
dame	coat	wings	note
mead	crest	life	he
name	note	sings	throat
link	link	link	link
spink	spink	spink	spink
ours	mine	fear	man
flowers	fine	hear	can
chee	chee	chee	chee

Each stanza consists of nine lines. The first four lines are descriptive and are spoken by the author. The next five lines are the bobolink's song, excepting in the last

stanza, when the song is ours. The first two lines and the last line of the song are always the same. The rhymes in the descriptive quatrain alternate. Of the song, the first four lines rhyme in couplets, while the last line is unrhymed. The rhymes are also indicated to the eye at the beginning of the line as well as at the end. The first and third lines in each stanza begin at the left margin, and the second and fourth are indented. This indentation indicates the alternate rhymes. The first two lines of the bobolink's song are much more deeply indented because they are metrically shorter than the other lines; but they begin at the same point in the line, showing that they rhyme together. The same fact is true of the third and fourth lines of the song. The last line of the stanza, the shortest one in the stanza and the one that rhymes with no other, is indented beyond any other line.

All are perfect rhymes, and in very few instances has Mr. Bryant made any apparent effort to force a rhyme. The word "mead," in the first stanza, is a poetic word for "meadow." The word "drest," in the second stanza, is spelled in an unusual way. Technically speaking, the bobolink has no crest, but Bryant may use the word in the second stanza in a figurative sense with prefect propriety. Perhaps those who know the bobolink's nest would object to the expression "bed of hay" (fifth stanza), as hardly doing justice to the soft bed the little birds make. We may doubt if in prose Mr. Bryant would have said that Robert of Lincoln "bestirs him well," as we find him saying in the sixth stanza. Perhaps the word "crone" in the last stanza brings out a shade of meaning that is not altogether applicable, and yet it may be what Mr. Bryant wished to say.

II. METER. It is rather a difficult task to analyze the meter of this poem. The first line is dactylic, and by reading the poem we find that this is the prevailing foot; but every stanza and almost every line is varied by the introduction of different feet. In one place or another every foot appears, until one often grows confused if he stops to analyze. Taken as a whole, however, the poem is charming even in its irregularity. Let us consider the first stanza:

1. Mer′rily | swing′ing on | bri′er and | weed′
2. Near′ to the | nest′ of his | lit′tle | dame′,
3. O′ver the | moun′tain-side | or mead′,
4. Rob′ert of | Lin′coln is | tel′ling his | name′.
5. Bob′-o′-link, bob′-o′-link,
6. Spink′, spank′, spink′;
7. Snug′ and | safe′ in this | nest′ of | ours′,
8. Hid′den a | mong′ the | sum′mer | flow′ers.
9. Chee′, chee′, chee′.

In the first line there are three dactylic feet followed by an accented syllable. The next line appears to consist of three dactylic feet, but in reading, the last word in the line carries emphasis. The third line has two dactylic feet and one iambic foot; the fourth line has three dactylic feet followed by an accented syllable.

The bird's song, in the last five lines, is exceedingly irregular in structure, but it will be found that the structure is practically the same in all the stanzas. Accordingly, we infer that Bryant meant to imitate the broken measures of the bird's song. The word "bob-o'-link" is a dactylic foot. "Spink, spank, spink" are three accented syllables, as are also the three words "chee, chee, chee."

The two intervening lines are not difficult of scansion, but are not easily classified. You will notice that there is in each of these lines but one dactylic foot; the others are trochees, with the exception of the single accented syllable, which terminates the first of the two lines. Trochees and dactyls are very commonly found together. Iambics and anapests are also common in combination.

Enough has been said here to give you an understanding of the meter of *Robert of Lincoln*. It is not worth while to carry it out farther. If you pay too much attention to the structure, you will destroy appreciation of the underlying rhythm, which here is very strong. Remember that the purpose of metrical analysis is not to label and classify poems as iambic, trochaic, etc., but is to assist merely in an appreciation of the music.

III. READING FOR THE MUSIC. When you have brought out the structure sufficiently, read the stanza

aloud. In the first four lines lend your voice to the swinging motion of the dactyls; Robert himself is swinging. When you reach his song, be sprightly and quick in your utterance, and place a strong emphasis on the accented syllables in the first line, "bob′-o'-link, bob′-o'-link." Bryant has chosen the next three words, with their numerous consonants and short, snappy vowels, for the purpose of bringing out the sharp, disconnected notes of the bird's song. The trochees in the next two lines imitate the rolls and trills in the song, which are in great contrast to the emphatic introductory note. To these lines you do not give the broad swinging motion of the descriptive part of the stanza, but the lively, rollicking measures that make the body of the bobolink's song. The words "chee, chee, chee" are the three final song notes, each prolonged as is indicated by the double final vowel.

Wherever the meter is very pronounced, many people find it difficult to read aloud without making the accents too prominent, and it seems necessary to repeat the caution, that reading must not degenerate into scansion. In reading aloud, one finds certain thought-units which very frequently do not correspond with the metrical units of the lines. These thought-units are groups of words which are closely related, and whose utterance is given practically with one impulse. If the first stanza were divided into these thought-units, and the emphatic words underscored, the contrast between reading and scansion might become more apparent:

Merrily swinging | on brier and weed |
Near to the nest | of his little dame, |
Over the mountain side | or mead, |
Robert of Lincoln | is telling his name: |
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, |
Spink, | spank, | spink; |
Snug and safe | in this nest of ours, |
Hidden among the summer flowers. |
Chee, chee, chee!

It is a difficult matter to represent oral reading graphically, and you must remember that the underscoring of words in the stanza above does not show the inflections and modulations of the voice with any degree of accuracy, but the vertical lines do indicate the thought-units. You will notice at once that these units do not correspond with metrical feet. The real music of poetry is made by the combination of the rhythm in the metrical feet, the emphasis and modulation given in expressing the thought, and a third element, which we have not yet mentioned. This last element is found in the vocal power of the words. Some words are in themselves musical, while others are harsh and unpleasant to the ear. The poet realizes this and chooses his words with care. In this first stanza you will notice the force of our remark by comparing the first line with the sixth; the latter is evidently harsh and unmusical when compared with the others, and it is only tolerable in that by contrast it heightens the tinkling music of the bird's name and the more delicate harmony of the two following lines.

The other stanzas are very similar to the first and need no further explanation, although you must watch for variations from the dactylic feet in the first four lines of each stanza, and for variations in the third and fourth lines of the bird's song. As you read you may find these two lines scanning more easily as iambics and anapests.

IV. INTERPRETATION. This lively little poem is so great a favorite with the children that it seems worth while to offer some suggestion for its interpretation.

a. Words, Phrases, etc. "*Robert of Lincoln.*"

This is a fanciful name which has been derived from the bird's note, which sounds like "Bob-o'-link," as though he had abbreviated the words "Robert of Lincoln."

"*Quaker wife.*" The female bobolink is, as Bryant describes her, very plain in her appearance, quite unlike her brilliant mate. The allusion is to the gray and sober clothing worn by that religious sect, the Quakers.

"*Off is his holiday garment laid.*" The male bobolink, like most other birds, sheds his gay feathers in the late summer, and the new ones which come out are much soberer in color. After the bobolinks migrate they live in

the rice fields of the South, where they are known as rice birds, and unfortunately are considered a great table delicacy.

"*We sing as he goes.*" There is a very happy idea in this last stanza. Up to this time the bobolink has, in every stanza, sung his own song, but now that he has forgotten it (and few birds do sing in the autumn), we take up the refrain and sing the invitation for him to return.

b. Character Study:

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

From Bryant's description.	*From Robert's song.*
In Summer	In Summer
Gaily dressed.	Fond of home.
Merry.	Proud of his dress.
Gleeful.	Gallant and brave.
Braggart.	Defiant.
Industrious.	Affectionate and complimentary.
In Autumn	Self-commiserating.
Plainly dressed.	
Sober.	
Silent.	
Humdrum.	

Robert is very much of a person, as Bryant depicts him. In the first place, as may be seen in the table, the poet gives us some characteristics, and in the second place Robert tells us some things himself by his song and by his actions.

Make a similar outline of the character of Robert's Quaker wife and contrast the two.

c. The Song. Consider the two important lines of the song in each of the first seven stanzas, in order to think of these lines together.

(1) Stanza 1. About what does Robert first sing? What is his chief thought about this nest of his? How many, and what qualities does he see in the location of this nest? Is the fact that it is among "summer flowers" of any great interest to him?

(2) Stanza 2. What is next in importance to the safety of his nest? Was it a new coat that he was wearing? How long had he been wearing it? What trait of character is shown by the line, "Sure there was never a bird so fine."

(3) Stanza 3. Of whom does Robert think now? Who is the "kind creature"? What does he mean by "brood"? Is he thinking more of himself or of his wife in this stanza? What are the "thieves" and "robbers" she might fear?

(4) Stanza 4. Of whom is he thinking now? Is the trait of character he shows in these two lines in harmony with the trait of character Bryant gives him in the third line of this same stanza? Who are the "cowards" he speaks of? What propriety is there in calling them cowards?

(5) Stanza 5. Of whom is he singing now? Does he call her a "nice good wife" because she is doing what she ought to do or because she gives him liberty? Does this show him to be conceited?

(6) Stanza 6. How is this new life likely to be hard for Robert? Is he a "gay young fellow" in respect to his clothes or in respect to his character? Do you think he resents the idea that he has to work, or is he playfully sympathizing with himself?

(7) Stanza 7. What is the subject of his song in the seventh verse? How does this compare with the subject of the song in the first stanza?

Do you not think that, after all, Robert's chief concern is for his nest and its safety? Do you think he is, in spite of his brag and his gay dress, a good husband and father?

(8) Stanza 8. What is the "merry old strain" that Robert piped? Do you think you can join with Bryant in hoping that Robert will come back?

d. Descriptive Lines. The analysis of the descriptive quatrains which introduce each stanza shows the following leading thoughts:

(1) Stanza 1. The merry Robert of Lincoln sings his name from an elevated position near his nest. (The

bobolink nests in meadows and is not generally found on mountain sides.)

(2) Stanza 2. The bobolink is gaily dressed in black and white. ("Wedding-coat" alludes to the fact that male birds take on brilliant plumage just before the nesting season.)

(3) Stanza 3. The female is a pretty, plain little bird that sits faithfully on her nest.

(4) Stanza 4. She is modest, shy and no singer, while he is a braggart and a brilliant vocalist.

(5) Stanza 5. In the nest are six white eggs spotted with purple, which the mother covers.

(6) Stanza 6. The male bobolink works hard feeding the young as soon as they are hatched.

(7) Stanza 7. As he feeds the young, the male bobolink becomes sober and silent, his plumage changes and he ceases to sing.

(8) Stanza 8. In autumn the sedate bobolink migrates to the South with his grown-up brood.

V. CONCLUSION. As we have seen, this lyric gives us something of natural history and much of bird character, and exhibits great skill in composition. It is a noteworthy instance of the poet's power in imitating, by the sound of his lines, the song of the bird. In other words, the sound is in harmony with the sense. Moreover, in an indirect way it shows Bryant to be an appreciative observer of nature and a lover of birds, who is more interested in their beauty and their sweet songs than in a scientific inquiry into their habits.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

HIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

It is only the person who has read widely that can recognize many allusions, and it will always be true that some will escape the closest reader. If a person is unacquainted with the Bible, whole sentences might be quoted and pass without recognition; if he has never read the stories of classical mythology, the names of Mars and Minerva would suggest nothing to him; and to a person who does not know the history of the United States, the sentence "We have met the enemy and they are ours" would have little significance. In *The Chambered Nautilus* allusions are numerous:

In the first line, "ship of pearl" alludes to the belief of the old-time mariners that the nautilus rose to the surface of the water and spread its tentacles, "purpled wings," like sails to the breeze.

In the fourth line comes the phrase, "where the Siren sings." For an explanation of this, one must go to the dictionary or encyclopedia or to some book where the stories of Grecian mythology are to be found.

When Ulysses and his men sailed away from Circe's island, they passed the ledge where the Sirens sang. The Sirens were beings with the bodies of birds and the heads of women, who sang such entrancing melodies that mariners were led to wreck and destruction on the ledge. Ulysses filled the ears of his sailors with wax and made them bind him to the mast so he could not break loose nor stop the course of the vessel. In this way he escaped the Sirens. The story is told in the *Odyssey*.

In the last line of that stanza, the "cold seamaids" are the mermaids, who, as people believed in ancient times, were beings with bodies of fish and heads of women. The mermaid lived under the sea and was usually represented as holding a mirror in one hand and combing her long hair with the other.

"Irised" and "crypt" in the last line of the next stanza suggest ideas from widely separated times, the first going back to Grecian mythology for its meaning, and the latter bringing its significance from the Middle Ages. Iris was the beautiful Greek goddess, the swift-flying attendant of Juno, who passed invisible through the heavens but left behind her, to show that she had passed, the brilliant many colored train of her robe, which we now know as the rainbow. An irised ceiling is a ceiling colored like the rainbow. In the Middle Ages especially, churches were built over dark crypts, which were used as chapels or burying places.

In the last stanza, the lines

"Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,"

contain a most vivid allusion. Many a great cathedral with a vast, resplendent dome is a new temple nobler than a preceding one, and occupies the same spot where centuries ago some low-vaulted shrine was placed.

The significance of the entire poem rests on the fact that the little mollusk builds its shell in spiral form, increasing its size year by year.

JOHN KEATS

NOT long before his death Keats[1] wrote, —"If I should die, I have left no immortal work behind me, nothing to make my friends proud of my memory, but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had the time I would have made myself remembered." He is remembered, is famous, and the other sentence he framed as he lay dying, the epitaph on his tombstone in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, is as mistaken as the fear that prompted it. "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." He was not twenty-six years of age when he died, but he had written a few perfect poems and had exerted a permanent influence on the poetry of his language.

What a mournful tragedy his life was! His father was a hostler in a livery stable and Keats's boyhood was passed in London. His parents were ambitious for their children but died when John was a boy. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but disliking surgery immensely he quarreled with his master just before the expiration of his term. At nineteen all his interests centered in poetry, and at twenty-one he decided to devote himself exclusively to it.

Always delicate in health and nervous in temperament, everything he undertook was done at the highest tension and in a manner most unsatisfac-

1. John Keats was born in 1795 and died in 1821.

tory to himself. He was an extremist in everything and his inability to accomplish what his ambition prompted was a source of constant irritation. But it was an irritation with himself that never reacted upon his friends, and no one ever had friends whose devotion was more absolute and unselfish. "Sensitiveness and self-analysis were striking characteristics, and though he often resolved to free himself from his morbid musings, he could not throw off their thrall."

A long pedestrian trip through the English lake region and Scotland, taken with the hope of improving his health, was too arduous an undertaking and brought on the first symptoms of his fatal malady. On his return he nursed a brother through his last illness and suffered acutely in his sympathetic soul.

About this time he met the young woman with whom he fell desperately in love, whose image haunted him always and to whom he addressed passionate letters in his absence from her. Tormenting himself with his high aspirations, which he felt he could scarcely realize, hounded by heartless critics who sneered at his pretensions and ridiculed his poetry, passionately in love but too proud to accept assistance and too sincere to marry with no assured income, and facing the certainty of ill health, is it any wonder that life was a burden to him and that when the first hemorrhage came from his lungs he recognized his death warrant?

Though kind friends surrounded him and tended him with a devotion that has no parallel, he steadily declined. A journey to Italy did little to relieve him and, suffering all the pangs of disappointed

ambition and a hopeless love, he looked forward to death as a release, wondered when this "posthumous life" of his would come to end and "felt the flowers growing over him." His friend Severn, who tended him with assiduous care during his last illness, says of the end: "I lifted him up in my arms—when he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept."

Keats's love of the beautiful was the inspiration of his life and of his poetry. The two years that preceded his first violent attack of illness were the period of his most finished work and what was written during that interval is thoroughly in keeping with his ideal. It is beautiful in form and in rhythm, and shows such a felicitous choice of word and figure that it charms the reader's every sense. Where can be found anything to equal the beauty of his *Ode on a Grecian Urn, To a Nightingale, On Indolence* and *To Psyche?* And then the matchless *Ode to Autumn*:

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him now to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hues;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Whence came so delicate an appreciation of nature to the son of the city hostler? Where did he learn to see and to feel the bountifulness of the harvest, the rich season of fruitage? That first stanza is instinct with the life of generous autumn. But the second is different, though still preserving the most perfect unity of thought. It is the literary stanza, the stanza which gives rein to the imagination and clothes the spirit of autumn with a personality as vital and as graceful as classic models can furnish.

"Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind."

But autumn is not bounteous only, nor is the classic spirit of rest its only sentiment. There is a hint of the maturity that precedes decay, a pensive feeling that all must change, a premonition of the approaching winter. The birds no longer sing, the

small gnats see death approaching, the lambs are full-grown, the swallows are gathering for their long flight. If one cannot catch the poetic spirit of these stanzas he knows not Autumn or is not sensitive to the power of words.

Of his longer poems *Endymion* was the first and the one that called forth the biting criticism of his opponents. He realized its imperfections fully and criticized it as he did his other poems with an unfailing judgment. But he offered no apology, for he felt and said that he had done his best. *Hyperion, The Eve of St. Agnes* and *Lamia* are more mature poems, and mark the height of his powers and the beginning of their decline. Keats desired to win fame as a dramatist but his efforts in that direction were not a success. It is upon his lyrics that his fame rests, a fame that will be as lasting as the language itself.

The pathetic story of his life is essential to a thorough appreciation of his art, but he has not given us in his writings much trace of the incidents of his sorrowful career. Poetry was his very existence—he loved it and he lived it. His verses were as dear to him as his own heart's blood, and a fame that rested on imperfect performance would have been more difficult to bear than the contemptuous jibes of his arrogant critics.

Speaking of one of the poet's most characteristic powers Lowell says: "Keats had an instinct for fine words, which are in themselves pictures and ideas, and had more the power of poetic expression than any modern English poet. And by poetic expression I do not mean merely a vividness in particulars, but the right feeling which heightens or subdues a

passage or a whole poem to the proper tone and gives entireness to the effect. There is a great deal more than is commonly supposed in this choice of words. Men's thoughts and opinions are in a great degree vassals of him who invents a new phrase or reapplies an old epithet. . . . We reward the discoverer of an anesthetic for the body and make him member of all the societies, but him who finds a nepenthe for the soul we elect into the academy of the immortals."

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

By JOHN KEATS

NOTE.—The Greeks were a people in whom the love of the beautiful was highly developed. It manifested itself, among other ways, in the construction of temples, simple in design but elegant and impressive; in the creation of statuary that today stands unrivaled; in the modeling of household utensils and ornaments of unique shape and charming decoration. Their vases and urns were varied and graceful and frequently covered with lifelike figures in outline or silhouette. It is one of these urns that we must see before Keats as he writes his exquisite ode.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe[1] or the dales of Arcady?[2]

1. The vale of Tempe was a valley through which the river Peneus flowed. It lay between Mt. Olympus, the home of the gods, and Mt. Ossa. At times narrowing into a deep gorge with precipitous sides, it widens elsewhere into beautiful spots which the poets have described as having cool shades and verdant walks made delightful by flowers and the sweet songs of birds.

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggles to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve:
She can not fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that can not shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

2. Arcadia was one of the largest provinces of that part of Greece south of the Gulf of Corinth. It is a region adapted to pasturage, and the early Arcadians were shepherds. Vegetation was rich and magnificent and the scenery beautiful. The inhabitants were deeply devoted to music and Pan was their chief deity. Their simple life has been a favorite subject for the poet.

What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

As we read the poem we must build up the pictured beauties of the urn and gather the thoughts they stirred in the poet's mind. What names does he give the urn in the first four lines? What is the significance of "foster-child of Silence and slow Time"? Can the urn speak? Is it of modern design? What is the significance of "Sylvan historian"? We know at once that the little figures on the urn have a pastoral story of olden times to relate and we are ready to enjoy its "flowery tale." What is the subject of the next three lines? What phrases modify it? Where do the deities or mortals live? Why is it appropriate to mention Tempe and Arcady? Is "leaf-fringed legend" an apt phrase for a pastoral epic? Where are the pipes and timbrels? Are they in use?

Where are the "soft pipes" he would have "play on"? How can their music be sweeter than that which is heard? Why cannot the youth leave his song nor the trees be ever bare? How can the lover forever love, his mistress be ever fair? Is this idea shown in the preceding stanza?

Does the same idea continue through the third stanza? Is it found in the fourth stanza? In the last? State in your own words his idea, the consistent thought, of every stanza. What is the "happy melodist forever piping songs"? What is above "all breathing human passion"?

Can you see the altar, the mysterious priest, the heifer all bedecked with garlands for the sacrifice? Is there a picture of a town or citadel on the urn? Why should Keats mention them then? Why does he call it a "pious morn"?

In the fifth stanza what is the "Attic shape"? Why should the shape be called "Attic"? What is the "fair attitude" that is addressed? Why does he call them "*marble* men"? What is the message Keats finds in the urn and its beauties?

The reader has by this time discovered that there is a perfect unity of thought in the poem, that not only has the poet been consistent in each stanza with the ideas of all the others, but that nowhere have distracting ideas been introduced. The thought marches straight on to the conclusion. There is a well-defined plan upon which the poem is constructed. This constitutes *unity*, the primal requisite of every artistic creation. There is, besides the unity in form, a unity of style in the several stanzas so that at no time is the reader sensible of jarring discords or unpleasant lines. There is nothing heavy or clumsy in the lyric; it is everywhere light and graceful, delicately wrought and highly finished. These characteristics give the poem that formal unity without which no composition can lay claim to first rank. The production still possesses an indefinable something that binds its every element together, that gives form and being to it all and makes us sensible that the ode is a whole, complete and unalterable, with as distinct a personality, as perfect a shape, as the urn whose beauty is celebrated. We would resent any modification as violently as we would condemn the vandal who scratched the pictures on the urn or clipped its graceful sides.

THE FATE OF THE INDIANS[1]

By CHARLES SPRAGUE[2]

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over our heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the defying death song, both were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the

1. This selection is from a speech delivered by Mr. Sprague at Boston on the Fourth of July, 1825.

2. Charles Sprague was a New England banker, who wrote a great deal and achieved extended popularity as an orator. His style of speaking was brilliant and impressive, and his speeches were strong and influential. He was a great-hearted, sympathetic man, and the wrongs of the Indians early appealed to him. He was born in Boston in 1791 and died in 1875.

tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that swayed in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds.

And all this had passed away. Across the ocean came a Pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! And his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil, where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs have dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying away to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever.

1. WORDS AND PHRASES. *"Generations"* (par. 1). A generation, in this sense, means the average life of man from father to son, that is, about one-third of a century.

"*Embellishes*" (par. 1). Makes beautiful.

"*Council fire*" (par. 1). It was the habit of the leading men in an Indian tribe to gather about a fire and hold council before entering upon any great undertaking in hunting, in war, or in making peace. In some tribes, the Indians erected a large wigwam, in which these councils were held. The fire seems to have been an important part of the ceremony.

"*Pinion*" (par. 2). Wing.

"*Bark*" (par. 3). A small sailing vessel.

"*Doom*" (par. 4). Unhappy fate, or destiny.

2. ALLUSIONS. "*Echoing whoop*" (par. 1) and "*war cry*" (par. 4). It was the custom of the Indians to keep up their courage and endurance in battle by shouting aloud to one another. Each tribe had its own peculiar war cry, which was recognized not only by members of that tribe but by their foes.

"*Defying death song*" (par. 1). When an Indian was in imminent danger of death, from which he could see no way of escape, he sang his death chant. There are numerous accounts of Indians doing this when under the extremest torture. It violated every tradition of the race for an Indian to show signs of suffering or pain, and this song of his was a defiance to his enemies and a preparation for death.

"*The smoke of peace*" (par. 1). When Indian tribes made peace, representatives of both tribes sat around the fire. One of them lighted a pipe, from which he drew a puff of smoke, and then passed the pipe on to the next, who smoked and, in turn, passed the pipe on until it returned to the man who had lighted it. The pipe of peace was smoked between individuals and was as sacred a symbol of friendship and devotion as the giving of salt is among the Arabs.

"*Tables of stone*" (par. 2). This is an allusion to the writing of the Ten Commandments upon the tables of stone. See *Exodus* xxxii, 15, 16. You can find what became of those original tables of stone by reading *Exodus* xxxii, 19, and can read of the renewing of the tables in *Exodus* xxxiv, 1, 4.

"*God of Revelation*" (par. 2). This means the God of the Bible, the God of revealed religion, and not, specifically, a God as described in the book of *Revelation*.

"*Pilgrim bark*" (par. 3). This was the *Mayflower*, which, with the first Pilgrims, landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620.

"*Foot of the conqueror is on his neck*" (par. 3). In olden times, when battles were largely personal hand-to-hand conflicts, and especially during the age of knighthood, when men were encumbered by heavy armor, the victor literally placed his foot upon the body of the person he had overthrown. The beaten man accepted this as final and was thereafter the slave of the victor. Here the phrase is used figuratively.

3. FIGURES OF SPEECH. "*Same moon that smiles*" (par. 1). Human beings smile: the moon can not smile; but as the moon has a pleasing appearance, and its light is soft and gentle, we may personify it by giving it an attribute of the human being. Personification is a very common figure, which you will find again and again in this selection.

"*Wigwam blaze beamed*" and "*council fire glared*" (par. 1). Here are two other examples of personification. Note the force of the figures and their contrast. The blaze in the wigwam, around which the family sits, *beams* like a good-natured human being; the council fire, in whose vivid light war may be declared, *glares* like an angry man.

"*Tiger strife*" (par. 1). As the tiger is a very fierce animal, "tiger strife" must be a very fierce battle. Metaphor.

"*From many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer*" (par. 2). The prayer originated in the heart and was uttered by the tongue, but as the bosom contains the heart, we may figuratively speak of the bosom as the source of the prayer. What figure of speech is this?

"*Had traced them on the tables of their hearts*" (par. 2). The Commandments were traced on tables of stone, but the commandments which the Indians obeyed were held only in their hearts; so their hearts may be com-

pared to the tables of stone upon which the Commandments were written. What figure is this?

"*Midday throne*" (par. 2.) The sun really has no throne, but its brilliance in the heavens, and its power to bring glory to the day, give one the idea of kingly majesty, and so we speak of the sun upon his throne at midday.

"*Pine that had defied*" (par. 2). This is personification. It means that it had withstood a thousand storms.

"*Seeds of life and death*" (par. 3). The Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* came here to seek for freedom to worship God as they pleased; it was life to them to do so. But that they and their descendants might live and enjoy this country, the Indian must be driven away; consequently, liberty, or life, for the white became death to the Indian. Such were the "seeds of life and death." Note that the figure continues through the next sentence. The seeds of death, it is said there, "sprang up in the path of the simple native."

"*Blotted forever*" (par. 3). A blot of ink smeared over a page will make the writing invisible. Utilizing this idea, we may say that darkness blots out the light of day; and, carrying the figure still further, this peculiar people is blotted forever from the face of the continent.

"*Falcon glance*" (par. 3). The falcon is a bird of prey that was formerly used in hunting. It not only has great power of sight, but its eye is keen and flashing. The Indian had an eye of similar intensity, and thus we come to speak of his "falcon glance."

"*Lion bearing*" (par. 3). The derivation of this figure is similar to that of the one preceding.

"*Crawl upon the soil*" (par. 3). The animals we most detest, such as worms, snakes and other reptiles, crawl upon the soil. By applying these words to the Indians, we show how complete was their degradation. It does not mean literally that they crawled.

"*Have withered from the land*" (par. 4). A plant withers in hot sun and dies away.

"*Their arrows are broken*" (par. 4). They have lost their implements of war and chase, and the few that remain use the implements of the white men.

"*Springs have dried up*" (par. 4). To a certain extent this is literal, for the clearing of land and the advance of civilization have destroyed thousands of springs at which the Indians drank. More figuratively, the expression means that they no longer can use the pools in the wilderness, but must drink from wells as white men do.

"*Cabins are in the dust*" (par. 4). When the Indians disappear, their cabins decay or are burned and go back to dust and ashes. In a figurative sense it means that there are no longer any Indian homes.

"*Council fire has . . . gone out on the shore*" (par. 4). This is a figurative way of saying that the Indians no longer meet in council.

"*War cry is fast dying away*" (par. 4). Literally, this means that their war cry is no longer heard except at intervals and in remote parts of the country.

"*The distant mountains*" (par. 4). This may be an allusion to the Rocky Mountains, which in 1825 were at the extreme west of the inhabited country. And again, the author may merely have used it figuratively to show that the Indians are being driven westward.

"*Doom in the setting sun*" (par. 4). As the sun sets in the west, and night comes on, so the Indian race is disappearing in darkness; that is, the Indian sees that his race is becoming extinct as the sun is extinguished at night.

"*Mighty tide*" (par. 4). Twice in every twenty-four hours the ocean rolls in toward the shore and sweeps everything before it until the tide is at its full height. The white men, coming from the east, have been like a mighty tide of water which has rolled over this country. The figure is continued in the words "last wave", further on in the sentence.

4. GENERAL QUESTIONS. "*The rank thistle*" (par. 1). Why does the speaker choose the thistle? (The thistle in civilized communities is regarded as a weed and exterminated wherever possible. The small fields of the Indian probably never suffered from the inroads of the Canadian thistle.)

"*The wild fox*" (par. 1). No more timid animal exists than the fox, nor is there a wiser animal or one

more intelligent in hiding himself from his foes. The author uses the fox to show that there were no whites about. (The probabilities are, however, that the fox was as much afraid of the Indian as he was of the white man.)

"*Noble limbs*" (par. 1). As a matter of fact, the Indians were large, lithe and strong. Before they were contaminated by the whites their physical development was noble.

"*Behind his lowly dwelling*" (par. 2). Do the stars seem to set as the sun does? In what part of the sky do they set?

"*Sacred orb*" (par. 2). What is the orb alluded to here? Why is it called the "sacred" orb?

"*Fearless eagle*" (par. 2). Is the eagle really fearless, or is it merely that because of his great size and his tyranny over smaller birds we have come to regard his as fearless? How does he act in the presence of man? May the word "fearless" allude to his flight?

"*Wet in clouds*" (par. 2). The Indian gazed at the eagle, flying far above the earth, circling about for hours without apparent weariness, in storms as well as in sunshine, and saw in the bird a personification of his deity.

"*Peculiar people*" (par. 3). The Indians were not an odd or unusual people, but they were peculiar to this country.

"*Untrodden west*" (par. 4). How far had civilization extended west in 1825, when this speech was delivered? What parts of the country could then be called "untrodden west"? What parts are now untrodden west? Are there any Indians now living as wild tribes in this country? In what states are there Indians on reservations? As a matter of fact, are the Indians really dying away? Is it true to a greater extent now than it was in 1825? Was Mr. Sprague a prophet?

"*Over them forever*" (par. 4). Is it a fact that the Indians will become an extinct race?

5. ANALYSIS OF THOUGHT. The thought may be analyzed as follows (the numbers in parentheses indicate the paragraphs of the oration):

a. Not long ago this was a wild country (1).

b. The Indians:
- Lived here (1).
- Loved here (1).
- Wooed their mates (1).
- Hunted deer (1).
- Gazed on the moon (1).
- Built wigwam fires (1).
- Built council fires (1).
- Bathed in the lakes (1).
- Paddled their canoes (1).
- Warred (1).
- Smoked peace pipes (1).
- Worshipped the Great Spirit (2).
- Saw the Great Spirit.
  - In the stars (2).
  - In the sun (2).
  - In the flowers (2).
  - In the pine (2).
  - In the eagle (2).

c. The Pilgrims came bringing
- Life for us (3).
- Death to the Indians (3).

d. The face of the country is changed (3).

e. The Indian
- Of falcon glance (3).
- Of lion bearing (3).

} is gone.

f. The Indian's offspring is degraded (3).

g. The Indian race have
- Withered (4).
- No arrows (4).
- No springs (4).
- No cabins (4).
- No council fire (4).
- No war cry (4).

h. The Indians
- Know they are doomed (4).
- Shrink away (4).
- Must soon disappear entirely (4).

i. Summary. Not long ago this was a wild country and the Indians inhabited it. The white man came, the country has been changed and the Indians have nearly disappeared.

6. THE ORATION. This extract which we have printed here is not a complete oration; it is an extract from a speech, and may be considered rather the conclusion, or peroration, which follows an argumentative speech. The speaker does not cite instances to show that there has been any real mistreatment of the Indian, and he does not ask for a change in the present methods of treatment, but he does make a powerful appeal to our emotions, excites our sympathies for the Indian, and leads us, by indirection, to think that the Indian has been mistreated and that his disappearance is to be charged to ill treatment by the whites. He secures our sympathy by picturing to us, in poetic language, the Indians before the white man came to this country. Though he speaks to us of their hunting and their warfare, he leads us to think of them as, physically, a strong and graceful race; intellectually, bold and wise, and very devout in their simple way. By the powerful contrast which he brings up in the third and four paragraphs, he still further excites our sympathies and compels us to feel, at the end, that we are, in a measure, personally responsible for the Indian's sufferings.

You can imagine that if this speech were delivered by a man of good presence, who had a rich, full voice, which he managed with skill, he could move you almost to action in defense of the Indians. Such is the purpose of oratory—to move to action by enlisting the feelings of the auditors.

You do not often find a selection more replete in figures, or one that requires a much wider range of knowledge on the part of the reader. Mr. Sprague flatters your intelligence by speaking in figurative terms, for he assumes that you know what the figures mean and how to apply them.

A CALL TO ARMS

By PATRICK HENRY

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Patrick Henry was born in Virginia in May, 1736. As a boy he gave little promise of being a scholar and, accordingly, he was started in business. He showed little aptitude for this occupation, soon failed and became very poor. After his marriage, he tried farming for two years, but was no more successful, and later again failed in keeping a store. He had, however, become a great reader, had managed to pick up a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek, and after his failure in business he read law and soon received license to practice. By the time he was twenty-seven he had become prominent in the latter profession and soon acquired a very considerable practice.

When the Stamp Act was passed, Henry was a comparatively unknown member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, but the cause of liberty received his ardent support and he soon sprang into great prominence by the resolutions in which he denied the right of the British Parliament to enforce any tax upon America. It was in the debate which followed that he uttered those remarkable words, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I his Cromwell, and George III"—(Here he was interrupted by the presiding officer and by members, who cried, "Treason! Treason!")—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

He succeeded in winning the adoption of his resolutions, though by a small margin.

His success in this matter brought him recognition throughout the country, and everywhere they echoed the word, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." In 1774 the House of Burgesses was dissolved by Lord Dunmore, because of the active part they had taken in condemning the Boston Port Bill. Patrick Henry was a member of the first Revolutionary Convention of Virginia, in 1774, and there still further established his leadership by his matchless eloquence.

It is interesting to know that in the war which followed, Patrick Henry was placed in command of the Virginian forces, but that the active command was given to another. Although Henry was so disappointed and chagrined by this action that he resigned his commission, yet he was active in the Continental Congress, and subsequently became governor of Virginia, where at times he was forced by circumstances to rule almost like a king. He assisted in the ratification of the Federal Constitution for Virginia, and might have been a United States senator, a member of Washington's cabinet and chief justice of the United States Supreme Court if he had not declined the positions. He died in 1799.

The speech from which this selection is made was delivered in the Virginia Provincial Convention, on the twenty-eighth of March, 1775. Patrick Henry had introduced resolutions to organize a militia and put the colony into condition to defend itself against the British. The resolution had met with great opposition and, after several vigorous

speeches had been made against it, Mr. Henry spoke. There are different versions of the speech, but writers agree substantially.

MR. PRESIDENT,—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

2. Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to

be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

3. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains

which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

4. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

5. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free —if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

6. They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

7. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

8. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are

already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

1. Study of Words, Phrases and Figures. There is good, sound argument in this speech, but a consideration of that may well be deferred until we have mastered the meaning of the sentences one after another.

a. Paragraph 1. (1) "*Very worthy gentlemen.*" The members of the Convention who had opposed the measure of Patrick Henry. "Very worthy" is a formal phrase, and while we might possibly consider it to be used in a slightly ironical sense, yet it is probably better to think of it merely as an example of the elaborate courtesy sometimes used in debate.

(2) "*In proportion to.*" This is an allusion, and a very common one, to an arithmetical process. You might express it in mathematical terms after this fashion:

(Unimportant question): (Great question) :: (Free debate): (Very free debate).

The inference of this figure is that the question under debate is so important that a man must be allowed to say exactly what he thinks, regardless of the consequences.

(3) "*Giving offense.*" To whom might there be fear of giving offense? (There might be fear of giving offense to the debaters who had spoken on the other side, but probably he refers here to the British Government.)

(4) "*Treason towards my country.*" What was Patrick Henry's country? Was he not a subject of England? Did he place above his duty to the English crown, his duty to the colony of Virginia? Do you think that he meant that his country was the colony of Virginia, or did he consider his country to be the colonies which then stretched along our Atlantic seaboard? Had anything been done at this time toward a union of those colonies?

(5) "*Above all earthly kings.*" Who was the earthly king to whom he might be supposed to feel allegiance?

b. Paragraph 2. (1) "*Illusions of hope.*" Are we to infer from this that hope is liable to be disappointing; that most of the things which we hope for do not come true? Or does he mean that if man hopes without reason, he is liable to be disappointed?

(2) "*That siren.*" For an explanation of this allusion see page 455. Who is "that" siren? (Hope.) What figure, other than an allusion, is there in the words "that siren"? (Personification. Hope is represented as singing.)

(3) "*Transforms us into beasts.*" The sirens did not transform men into beasts. They lured mariners to destruction on rocks. Circe, however, upon whose magic isle Ulysses tarried just before he met the sirens, did transform some of the followers of the Greek leader into wallowing swine. The story is told in the *Odyssey*. Do you think Patrick Henry was a little confused in his recollections of Greek mythology?

(4) "*Having eyes, see not,* etc." You will understand the allusion here if you read *Jeremiah* v, 21; *Matthew* xiii, 13.

(5) "*Temporal.*" Earthly, political, governmental.

(6) "*May cost.*" Is the word "cost" used in a strictly literal sense?

c. Paragraph 3. (1) "*Lamp by which,* etc." What is the basis of this figure? (A lamp gives light, hence by carrying it we are prevented from stumbling.) Is this a figure based on comparison? Is the comparison expressed or implied? What is the figure? (Metaphor.) Is there also an allusion in the expression "by which my feet are guided"? (See *Psalms* cxix, 105.)

(2) "*The lamp of experience.*" What is the figure here?

(3) "*British Ministry.*" What was the "British Ministry?" Who were important men in the British Ministry at that time? Which one was a friend to America?

(4) "*Insidious.*" Intended to entrap.

(5) "*Our petition.*" What petition was this? To whom was the petition made? What fate had it met? (Remember the date at which this speech was made, and look up the question in your histories.)

(6) "*A snare to your feet.*" Is there a figure here? (See *Jeremiah* xviii, 22.)

(7) "*Betrayed with a kiss.*" What is the allusion here? (Read *Mark* xiv, 44, 45.)

(8) "*Comports.*" Agrees.

(9) "*Which cover our waters.*" What are the preparations that "cover our waters"? (British warships.)

(10) "*Darken our land.*" What were these preparations?

(11) "*Are fleets and armies,* etc." Does Patrick Henry expect his hearers to answer this question to him? Does he expect them to make an answer to him in their own minds? What answer does he expect? What is the effect of such a question as this? (It is a very emphatic way of saying that fleets and armies are not necessary to a work of reconciliation.)

(12) "*Gentlemen, sir.*" Note use of "gentlemen." This method of speech is an old parliamentary practice.

(13) "*Bind and rivet upon us those chains.*" Here is an allusion to the way in which the captives in war were brought home as slaves by conquering leaders. There is also a figure of speech. What is it?

d. Paragraph 4. (1) "*Oppose to them.*" What is the antecedent of "them"?

(2) "*Held the subject up.*" Could you actually hold a subject up in the light? What could you hold up in the light? What figure of speech is this which substitutes one thing for another, a symbol for the thing? (Metonymy.)

(3) "*Avert the storm.*" Is it a real storm he would avert? What, then, is the figure of speech here used?

(4) "*Petitioned . . . remonstrated . . . supplicated.*" Compare these words in meaning. Which is the stronger, "petitioned" or "remonstrated"? "Remonstrated" or "supplicated"? Which two words are nearest alike in meaning?

(5) "*Prostrated ourselves.*" Is this a literal expression? Do you suppose that the representatives whom America had sent to England did literally prostrate themselves before the king? Are there nations where subjects prostrate themselves before the king? Is it sometimes a part of a religious ceremonial? If this is a figurative expression, what is the figure?

(6) "*Tyrannical hands.*" Does he mean to stop the "hands" of the ministry? What is this figure in which "hands" is used to mean the body and hence the "acts" of the ministry? (Synecdoche.)

(7) "*Spurned . . . from the foot of the throne.*" What two figures are found in this clause of the sentence?

e. Paragraph 5. (1) "*Fond.*" Does this word mean "dear" or "foolish"?

(2) "*Appeal to arms.*" What is the literal meaning of this figure?

(3) "*God of Hosts.*" What allusion is there here? (*Psalms* lxxx, 7, 14, 19.) Does the "God of Hosts" differ from any other God? If not, what characteristic of God is shown by the expression "God of Hosts"? (The God of Hosts is God in his warlike capacity, as a leader of the ancient hosts of Israel.)

f. Paragraph 6. (1) "*They tell us.*" Who tell us? (Doubtless the leaders of the opposition, who have just spoken against the measure Patrick Henry introduced.)

(2) "*Stationed in every house.*" Is this hyperbole? What is the usual effect of hyperbole? Does it have the usual effect here?

(3) "*Supinely.*" Literally, the word "supine" means "reclining." Figuratively, "supinely" means "heedlessly" or "indolently."

(4) "*Lying supinely,* etc." What figure is expressed in the words quoted and what continues through the sentence? Is more than one figure given here? What is a "delusive phantom"? Actually, what is the meaning of "hugging the delusive phantom"? How many figures in this sentence?

g. Paragraph 7. (1) "*Three millions of people armed,* etc." Is there hyperbole here? Is the effect of the

exaggeration forcible? Is the exaggeration in the number of people or in the claim that all would be armed?

(2) "*Holy cause.*" Could the cause of the colonists properly be called a "holy cause"?

(3) "*Presides over the destinies.*" What is the literal meaning of this?

(4) "*Raise up friends.*" What is the literal meaning of this? What friends were "raised up" for the colonists? (Lafayette; the French; Pulaski.)

(5) "*The battle . . . is not to the strong alone.*" To what is this an allusion? (See *Ecclesiastes* ix, 11.)

(6) "*Election.*" Choice. Is this a common usage of the word "election"?

(7) "*Chains are forged.*" What figure is this? In how many instances in the oration does he use figures relating to chains?

(8) "*Our chains are forged.*" What kind of a sentence is this? How many of these exclamatory sentences are there in the speech? How many exclamations are there that are not sentences? How many questions are used in the speech? Are some of these questions really exclamations? (See paragraph 8: "Why stand we here idle"? "What would they have?") Do any of these questions anticipate an answer? What is the effect of these exclamatory and interrogative sentences?

(9) "*Boston.*" What had happened in Boston prior to the date of this speech? Had Patrick Henry heard of any fighting at or near Boston, or was he expecting to hear it? (See paragraph 8.) How long a time was then required to carry news from Massachusetts to Virginia? How long a time is necessary now?

h. Paragraph 8. (1) "*Extenuate.*" Excuse, or lessen the importance of.

(2) "*Peace, peace,* etc." For the allusion, see *Jeremiah,* vi, 14, and viii, 11.

(3) "*The war is actually begun!*" Is this hyperbole? Where did the war begin? Did Patrick Henry know that it had begun in Massachusetts?

(4) "*The next gale.*" Why does he use the word "gale"? Does he mean literally that the Virginians would

hear the clash of arms in Massachusetts? What, then, is the figure?

(5) "*Brethren . . . in the field.*" Who were the brethren? Where were they in the field? Who were the Minute Men?

(6) "*Peace so sweet.*" What is the figure?

(7) "*Price.*" What figure of speech?

(8) "*Forbid it, Almighty God!*" Note the exclamatory sentence and the fact that this is an apostrophe.

2. ANALYSIS OF THE ARGUMENT. a. Structure of the speech. Structurally, this speech is an excellent one to study, for it contains a very distinct *introduction*, that is followed by a *body* of arguments, which lead to a distinct *conclusion* and terminate in an eloquent *peroration*. Paragraph 1 is the introduction; paragraphs 2 to 7 constitute the body of the oration, and paragraph 8 contains the conclusion and the peroration.

b. Introduction. (1) I respect my opponents but I see things differently.

(2) I shall speak without reserve because:

This is no time for ceremony.

This is a vital question.

This is a question of freedom or slavery.

Speaking without reservation is the only way to get the truth.

Silence would be treason to my country.

Silence would be disloyalty to God, whose commands are more binding than those of George III.

c. Body. (1) Hope is gone (par. 1).

(2) We are blind (par. 2).

(3) I wish to know the truth and provide for it (par. 2).

(4) I can judge the future only by the past (par. 3).

(5) The past shows me nothing to hope for (par. 3).

(6) The British talk favorably, but they make warlike preparations (par. 3).

Send unnecessary fleets and armies here (par. 3).

(7) These preparations mean war and subjugation to us (par. 3).

(8) We can not free ourselves by argument; we have tried that for ten years (par. 4).

(9) We have exhausted every other means of opposition (par. 4).

(10) We must abandon all hope of reconciliation (par. 5).

(11) We must fight (par. 5).

(12) We are stronger now than we will be if we wait irresolutely (par. 6).

(13) We are really strong now, and God will fight with us (par. 7).

(14) Moreover, we can be vigilant, active and brave, which is better than to be strong (par. 7).

(15) We should prepare to fight at once (par. 7).

d. Conclusion and Peroration. (1) Really, we have no choice in the matter, for the war is actually begun.

(2) Life is not dear enough to be purchased by chains and slavery.

(3) I prefer death to loss of liberty.

3. Climax. When a series of words occurs in a sentence, the most forcible arrangement is to place the words so that ideas follow one another in the order of importance. In paragraph 4 is a good example of this arrangement: "We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves . . ." In the next sentence also the ideas are presented in such a way as to lead to a climax at the end.

Not only are the words arranged this way, but the most effective arrangement of sentences leads up to a climax. In fact, the idea is carried still further in any good oration —each paragraph may end in a climax, and the whole oration leads to one grand climax at the end. Considering this speech, we find that each paragraph is in itself a climax and that there are four climaxes, in the larger sense, of which the last is the highest.

You will see that when Mr. Henry begins, there is no feeling or emotion apparent in what he says, but that by the end of the first paragraph he has risen to some excitement. Then he pauses and drops back to where he began, addresses the president again, and in the second paragraph

does not reach a height so great as in the first. At the beginning of the third, however, he does not drop quite to the level of the first and second; and from the beginning of the third, through the fourth and fifth, feeling is constantly rising until it terminates in his thrilling appeal to arms. There are little breaks in the rise of feeling at the end of paragraphs 3 and 4, but they are not profound. At the end of the fifth paragraph, however, interest and excitement subside considerably, though he begins the sixth paragraph at about the level where he closed the third. From the beginning of the sixth to the end of the eighth, there is scarcely an interruption in the progress of the climax till he closes in that stirring outburst, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

You will not have difficulty in appreciating the meaning of what has just been said, but if you do not quite understand now what is meant by climax, and do not appreciate what perfect examples of it are shown in this speech, reverse the position of some of these sentences. Imagine Patrick Henry as rising in his place and saying at the very outset, "Mr. President,—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" In all probability the members of the Convention would have laughed at him. But by the time he had wrought upon their feelings to the end of this speech, they were ready to echo his words and vote for his resolution.

4. Style. A few qualities of Patrick Henry's style are well worth noticing. You will see that he has not selected high-sounding words that carry weight because of their volume, as Webster might have done, but he has selected words which are clear, clean-cut and full of meaning. Only once or twice has he shown any weakness in this respect. One of the chief qualities of his style, then, is its directness. Moreover, every sentence is marked by earnestness, and his frequent references to himself show his sincerity. It appeals to high motives in us and abounds with noble sentiments which every patriotic American can appreciate. These are some of the reasons why we can not read this speech without being profoundly moved by it.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

NOTE.—The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated by respelling them phonetically. *N* is used to indicate the French nasal sound; *K*, the sound of *ch* in German; *ü*, the sound of the German *ü*, and French *u*; *ö*, the sound of *ö* in foreign languages.

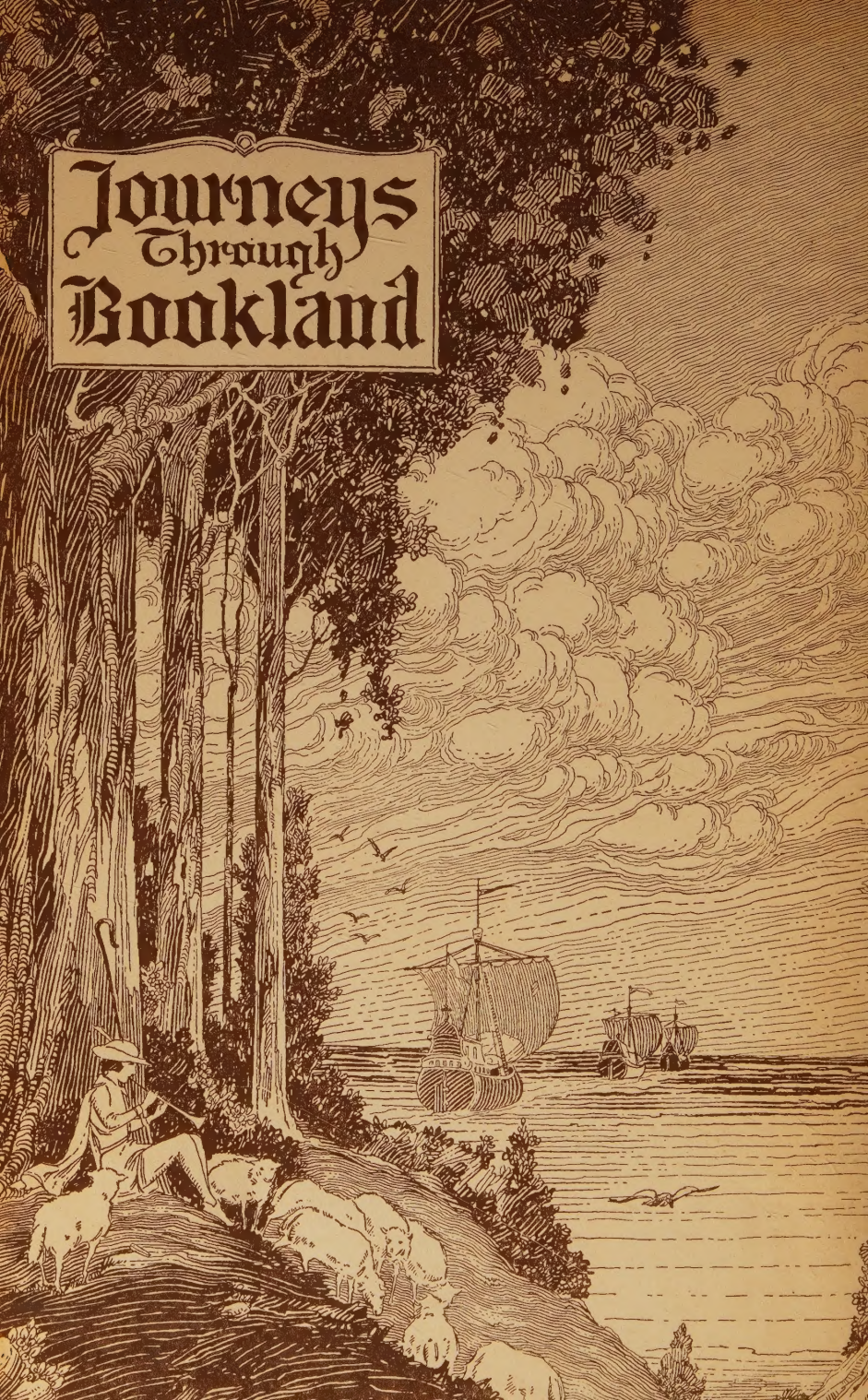
ACELDAMA, *a sel′ da mah*
ACHILLES, *a kil′ leez*
AEDUI, *eed′ u i*
ALBINUS, *al bi′ nus*
ALENCON, *ah loN soN′*
ALMAINE, *al′ mayn*
ALESIA, *a lee′ sy a*
ANDROMACHE, *an drom′ a ke*
ARMADA, *ahr may′ dah*, or *ahr mah′ dah*
ARTEMIDORUS, *ar″ tem y do′ rus*
ASOLO, *ah′ zo lo*
ASAPP UL DOWLAH, *ah′ saf ool dow′ lah*
ASTYANAX, *as ty′ a nax*
AUMALE, *o mahl′*
BALAKLAVA, *bah lah klah′ vah*
BAYEUX, *bah eu′*
BEAUVAIS, *bo vay′*
BEAUJEU, *bo zheu′*
BEGUMS, *bee′ gumz*
BLENHEIM, *blen′ ym*
BLOIS, *blwah*
BOEOTIA, *bee o′ shy a*

BOILOGNE, *bwa lohn′*
BOUQUET, *boo kay′*
BOURCHIER, *boor′ chy ur*
BRETONS, *brit′ uns*
BRUTES, *broo′ teez*
CAIRO, *ki′ ro*
CAIUS OCTAVIUS, *kay′ yus ok tay′ vy us*
CALAIS, *kah lay′*
CHÆRONEA, *ker o nee′ a*
CHALONS, *shah loN′*
CHAMPLAIN, *sham playn′*
CHAMOUNI, *shah mou nee′*
CHARLEMAGNE, *shahr′ le mayn*
CHARLEROY, *shahr″ l rwah′*
CHIARA, *kee ah′ rah*
CICERO, *sis′ e ro*
CONFUCIUS, *kon fu′ she us*
CREASY, *kree′ sy*
CRECY, *kres′ see*, (FRENCH) *kray see′*
CRESSY, *kres′ sy*
CORNARO, *kor nah′ ro*
D'AUBIGNY, *do been yee′*
DECIUS BRUTUS, *dee′ shus broo′ tus*
DEMOSTHENES, *dee mos′ the nees*
DIANA, *di an′ ah*, or *di ay′ na*
DIOCLETIAN, *di″ o klee′ shan*
EPHESUS, *ef′ ee sus*
FELIPPA, *fay leep′ pah*
FROISSART, JEAN, *frwah sahr′*, *zhoN*
FROUDE, *frood*
GERGOVIA, *jer go′ vy a*
GNIDOS, *ni′ dos*
HARCOURT, *hahr′ kurt*
HENGIST, *hen′ gist*

HERMIONE, *her mi′ o ne*
HUMBRE, *hum′ bur*
HYPATIA, *hy pay′ she ah*
HYPERIDES, *hy per′ y deez*
JARDIN, *zhar daN′*
JULES, *joolz*
JUNGFRAU, *yoong′ frow*
LAS CASAS, BARTHOLOME DE, *lahs kas′ sas, bar tol′ o may day*
LAUTERBRUNNEN, *low″ ter broon′en*
LENTULUS SPINTHER, *len′ tu lus spin′ thur*
LIGARIUS, *li gay′ ry us*
LUCA, *loo′ kah*
LUIGI, *lu ee′ jy*
LYCÆANS, *li see′ anz*
LUXEMBOURG, *lux oN boor′*
MACEDONIA, *mas″ ee do′ ny ah*
MAFFEO, *mah fay′ o*
MARCUS AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, *mahr′ kus ee mil′ y us-lep′ y dus*
MERE DE GLACE, *mayr deh glahs′*
METELLUS CIMBER, *me tel′ lus sim′ bur*
METELLUS SCIPIO, *ma tel′ lus sip′ y o*
MOINE, *mwahn*
MONSIGNOR, *mohn say nyor′*
MONT BLANC, *moN bloN*
MONTCALM, *mont kahm′*
MONTREUIL, *moN treu′y*
MONTSAULT, *moN so′*
NUNCOMAR, *noon′ ko mar*
ORESTES, *o res′ teez*
ORNE, *orn*
OUDE, *owd*
PHENE, *fay′ ne*

PHILIPPI, *fy lip′ i*
PICARDY, *pik′ ar dy*
PLANTAGENETS, *plan taj′ e netz*
PLEIDES, *plee′ ya deez*
POICTIERS, *pwah ty ay′*
POITEVIN, *pwah t vaN′*
POMPONIUS ATTICUS, *pom po′ my us at′ ty kus*
PONTHIEU, *poN tyeu′*
POPILIUS, *po pil′ y us*
PYLADES, *pil′ a deez*
PYRRHUS, *pir′ us*
PULTOWA, *pul to′ va*
RAJAH OF BENARES, *rah′ jah* of *ben ah′ reez*
ROGIER, *ro zhyay′*
RONCESVALLES, *ron″ thes val′ yays*
ROUEN, *roo″ oN′*
SABINUS, *sa bi′ nus*
SAINT DENIS, *saN dnee′*
SAINT LEGER, *saynt lej′ er*, or *sil′ in jur*
SALOPIAN, *sal o′ py an*
SCARABÆUS, *skar a bee′ us*
SCUTARI, *sku tah′ ry*
SEBALD, *say′ bahld*
SEINE, *sayn*
SENLAC, *sen′ lak*
STRABO, *stray′ bo*
SUJAH DOWLAH, *soo′ jah dow′ lah*
SWAMMERDAMM, *swahm′ mur dahm*
TAILLEFER, *tayl fayr′*
TENERIFFE, *ten″ ur if′*
TOURS, *toor*
TREBONIUS, *tree bo′ ny us*
TREVISO, *tra vee′ so*
TITIAN, *tish′ an*

Valmy, *val'' mee'*
Varro, *var' ro*
Vauxhall, *vo' hall*
Vercingetorix, *vur sin jet' ɔ riks*
Verres, *ver' reez*
Wace, *vahs*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